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THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE

FOR 1878.

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THE

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JANUARY, 1878.

"SPRING UP, O WELL."

By Rev. Dr Culross, Highbury.

AFTER leaving Egypt, the children of Israel spent many years in the wilderness, led like the blind "by a way that they knew not." As they approached the Land of Promise, they passed through the waste, uncultivated region that lay immediately eastward of Moab; and there the supply of water once more failed them. The Lord spake unto Moses, "Gather the people together, and I will give them water;" and he gathered them accordingly at the station afterwards called Beer or the Well. There the princes and nobles, the chiefs and leaders of the host, began by the direction of Moses to loosen and scoop out the arid soil, so as to form a great hollow or basin; all join in the work, and the trench fast deepens; presently, from the seams and veins of the earth the cool, fresh water begins to steal into the great hollow that has been made; and as it gushes in and rises higher and higher, sparkling in the sunlight, this little song is sung—one of the oldest snatches of song in the world—given forth by some unknown singer, "Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it: the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves." The song was easy to learn, and was at once taken up and became popular; and, ages after, on the other side of Jordan, it might be heard from the lips of maidens and children as they drew water from well or fountain in dripping and flashing buckets.

Looking at the little song, one is inclined at first to say, *There is not much in it.* Granted. It is not to be set side by side with even the shortest and slightest of the psalms of David. It can hardly be described as religious in its character. It is not long enough to be called a ballad. It is merely a carol, or what in Scotland they call a

"Well," with as slight variation as possible, is more than anything else a word used in field or grove. But we may see a great truth or great principle disclosed in a very lowly incident—as we may see the glory of the sun in a dew-drop; and slight and simple as this singular lay is, it suggests some things worth thinking about. I would name three of them, which seem to be appropriate as we enter upon the new year.

First, *here is a place of useful work done.* Here is a well opened in the desert. Water, as everybody knows, is one of the great sustainers and gladdeners of life. It is not a luxury but a necessary. Through it would be very dull for us. I suppose we could do without the flowers of the field; we could do, although the sky were ashen instead of azure, with no cloud-scenery or sunrise and sunset glory; we could do, although the birds of the air were all dumb and the wind never made music in the forest: but, common and cheap as water is, we could not do without *that*; it is one of the prime necessaries of life. God shows his goodness in giving it so plentifully. He sends it in millions of secret veins through the earth; conveys it in his clouds; scatters it in showers; makes it gush forth in spring and fountain; pours it along the channel of brook and river; gathers it in lake and ocean; and so the earth is enriched with beauty and plenteousness.

Where the children of Israel were now journeying, water was very scarce, and, of course, their numbers increased the difficulty. In such a region he who *digged* a well was a public benefactor. This is what the princes and nobles now engage in doing. In the first instance the well was for the supply of the congregation; but they were not to continue in the wilderness, and, after they were gone, the well would remain and would be a boon for ages to come.

It may seem a great leap from the digging of a well to the work that Christian churches have in hand, and yet the one thing makes a good parable of the other. Our church work may be set forth under various figures—as, for example, it is the sowing of precious seed; it is the conducting of a warfare under the Captain of salvation against the powers of evil; it is the erecting of a spiritual temple for the Divine glory, it is the holding forth of gospel-light in the world's darkness. In like manner church work may be regarded as the digging of a well in the desert where the weary and thirsty and perishing may drink and live for ever. If a Christian Church answers to its calling this is the very kind of thing it is engaged in doing. The well does not create the water—it is merely the cup, so to speak, in which the water is held; and a church is but a cup or well to hold the water of life which is the gift of God. Men around us are fainting, yea, perishing of thirst; nothing in the world can satisfy them. In presence of that great misery our business is to be ministers of God's grace, and all our church work of its various kinds, our schools, our tract distribution, our personal efforts, our public services on the Lord's day, and whatever else may be named, all is just like the digging of a well in

the desert for the water of life to fill, to which the thirsty and perishing may come and drink and live for ever.

Next, *here is union in work.* When a captain is reported to have gained a victory we take for granted that his men were with him; and when we are told that the princes and nobles of the people digged the well, we infer that they were assisted by their followers. All ranks and classes took part in the work from the noble downwards; no one thought it beneath him to assist. It is a common good that is sought, and all seek it together, just as in the primitive church, they were "of one heart and of one soul."

This is disclosure of another principle that should rule in our church-work—the principle of union, involving unselfishness on our part, brotherly love and confidence and forbearance, gracious sympathy, willingness to give up something in order that we may work in concert with others, more concern about the thing to be done than the way of doing it. Isolated Christians, working singly and separately, or by ones and twos, often do much to advance Christ's cause. Probably we have no just conception of the amount of good that is accomplished in this way. The very influence of Christian living is beyond calculation, when godly men put their godliness into everything, sacred or secular, that they set their hand to. But when this has been said, and, if need be, emphasized, it has to be added that we must work in concert. Stress is laid on this in Scripture, as may be seen from such expressions as these:—"If two of you shall agree"—"Fellow-helpers to the truth"—"With one mind striving together for the faith of the Gospel." It is as with the human hand. Take one of the fingers, the fore-finger for example; it can do many things by itself separately. I lay it on my pulse, to know how my heart beats; I turn over the leaf of a book with it; I use it to point a stranger the way; I place it on my lips to signify silence; I single out the individual to whom I would say, *Thou art the man:* I shake it in warning or remonstrance. But the hand can do, not five times as much as a single finger, not fifty times as much, not five hundred times as much, but five thousand times—and more. So with Christian churches: each is *a hand,* to be made use of by the Holy Spirit; there must not merely be "individual effort," but combined and united effort, on the New Testament principle, "As every one hath received the gift, even so let him minister." It is allowed to no man that he do nothing—or he comes under the condemnation of the wicked and slothful servant who buried his talent in the earth. One grand weakness of our churches is the failure to realise that when one is made a Christian, he is so made not for his own sake alone, but that he may unite with others in advancing the kingdom of light by aggression on the kingdom of darkness. He is not, as it were, a marble statue, chiselled and placed on a pedestal to show the skill of the Divine Sculptor; but a fresh and living *force,* thrown into the battle by Jesus Christ.

And yet how this is forgotten by many! They are members of the church; they pay their pew-rent or subscription when due; they appear regularly in their places on the first day of the week, and there is an end: as for hands blistered with work, or brows wet with honest sweat—you might go through half a church without finding much of *that*. The consequence is comparative powerlessness in churches *as churches*, with a strong tendency to a worldly spirit and worldly conformity. It would be a good beginning for this year that we should make confession of our sin and failure, and yield ourselves in a fresh surrender to our Saviour's will.

Next, *here is God blessing united work*. Remember it was the wilderness in which they were digging. It might seem as if their labour must be in vain—as soon expect to squeeze water out of flint—and that they were only preparing a grave for themselves in the sand. But ere they began their work, God was ready with His blessing beforehand. There was abundance of water in the veins of the earth, waiting to be drawn forth by digging; and as soon as the shaft had gone deep enough, the water came; and so God's word was fulfilled, "In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

So we may count upon God in our church work. No fear of His failing us and disappointing our trust. No labour done in His name is ever really lost. His word shall not return unto Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereto He sent it. "Ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." The place in which our work is attempted may seem very unpromising; carelessness, impiety, ignorance, brutalism, hardened and callous ungodliness, may prevail on every side; and it may seem as vain to think of opening and keeping open a well of living water in such a neighbourhood as in the desert sands; but let a band of true-hearted Christian people unite in the work at the Divine bidding, and the blessing is sure—they *cannot fail*.

Lastly, *here is joy in work*. There is work in which there cannot possibly be any pleasure—prison labour, for example, like picking oakum or turning a crank. But even good work, noble and beneficent in nature and intention, is sometimes done dejectedly and cheerlessly. Sometimes it is done under a mere stern sense of duty, as an obligation that *must* be discharged, under the compulsion of conscience. Here on the contrary, is work done joyfully. "Then Israel sang this song: Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it."

Like joy is there in true work for the Lord Jesus Christ when a church sets itself to that work unitedly and earnestly: even should they go forth weeping there is joy behind the tears. There is the joy *of service*, akin to that of Jesus, who said, "I delight to do Thy will;

O my God." There is the joy of *success*, the joy of saving men akin to that of heaven, where there is joy in the faces of the angels over one sinner that repenteth. The best cure known for grumbling on the part of church members, for discontent, for wounded dignity, for slighted importance, for irritability of temper, for a captious and snarling disposition, is to engage with heart and soul, with strength and will in this blessed service. Let any poor, unhappy Christian grumbler whose eye runs over these lines honestly try the prescription, and he will be astonished ere the first month of the year is over to find how his spirit has become sweetened and his whole outlook brightened, and how much more loveable and worthy of confidence his Christian brethren seem.

The joy at the well broke out in song. The song, as has already been said, was only a carol or "lilt," but it is very bright and gladsome. Work goes best when it goes to music. Sailors straining at a rope or bending to the oar like to set their efforts to a tune. Even a woman "singeth at her spinning wheel," and though she may think of her song more than of her flax, her fingers are none the less delicate to feel and skilful to adjust so as to produce a perfect thread.

It is well to do Christian work after like fashion, to mingle it all and inspire it all with gladsome praise. There are some in our churches who sing but do no digging; there are some who dig but do not sing. The best way is to combine the two employments. Our work will be the better done for our song. We shall do it with less fatigue. We shall do more of it. We shall have more satisfaction in it; it will be altogether of better quality. While, then, we do our work, intent and strong,

> Let our "souls pursue
> Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
> The better for the sweetness of our song."

Here is a fine key-note for a Christian worker's song, in whatever department of Christian labour he may be engaged—"Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it." There is a familiar hymn often sung which begins in this way—

> "Work, for the night is coming;
> Work through the morning hours;
> Work while the dew is sparkling;
> Work 'mid springing flowers;
> Work when the day grows brighter;
> Work in the glowing sun;
> Work, for the night is coming,
> When man's work is done."

s a good, earnest hymn, and we have need of it. Its key-note is ie night cometh when no man can work." Yet one could wish *her* worker's hymn, with this for its key-note, a key-note as us and inspiriting as the song of the lark soaring upward in the

sunny morn—"Spring up, O well," and sparkle and flash in God's sunshine; "Spring up, O well," and let the weary and thirsty drink and live; "Spring up, O well," and let the wilderness and the solitary place be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose; "Spring up, O well,"

"within my heart
Rise to all eternity."

MR. BIRRELL'S MEMOIRS OF DR. BROCK.*

IT has been remarked that the nation is happy whose annals are short. When a country is peaceful and prosperous, the task of the historian is simple and easy. As it is with communities, so is it generally with individuals, and especially with churches and ministers. The most prosperous churches have fewest changes; the most successful ministers have the longest pastorates. Reasons for this may soon be found, both in the churches and ministers. It indicates, in the churches, an absence of that restlessness and dissatisfaction which prevent growth and disturb the minister. It indicates, in the minister, a capacity for his work, and an expansiveness of mind which keeps pace with the growth of his congregation. It is a lamentable thing for the Church when ministers find themselves used up in a pastorate of a few years, and to whose continued ministerial existence, with any comfort or usefulness, change is a necessity. Of these facts we have an illustration in the subject of this paper. Dr. Brock's long ministerial life was embraced by only two pastorates. One at Norwich, over one of our most important provincial churches; the other in London, over a church gathered by himself, and which, under his fostering care, became one of the largest and most influential churches in the metropolis.

Of the first minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, Mr. Birrell has given us a brief and interesting memoir; sufficiently long to embrace all the leading incidents of Dr. Brock's life, and sufficiently short to be read through without weariness, which is no slight recommendation, and more than can be said of many memoirs of recent publication. The public have been long and impatiently expecting the book, but if they adopt the motto, *sat cito si sat bene*, the delay will be forgiven.

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* "The Life of William Brock, D.D.," First Minister of Bloomsbury Chapel, London. By Charles M. Birrell, Author of "The Life of Richard Knill of St. Petersburgh." London: James Nisbet & Co.

It is a calm, sober representation of the character and work of a minister of Christ, who for forty years occupied a place among the leaders of the denomination, and took part in most of the evangelistic and philanthropic efforts by which that period was marked. Appended to the memoir are "Recollections" by his much-esteemed son, the Rev. Wm. Brock, of Hampstead, which are especially interesting. They open up to us the inner life and home of the Doctor; they make us acquainted with his sympathy, his susceptibility, his tenderness and his dependence, with those traits of our common humanity which bring him into closer union with ourselves and awaken our interest, affection, and sympathy. The book will prove a most suitable New Year's Gift, and an appropriate companion at this season of social and family gatherings.

A brief *resumé* of this memoir will interest our readers, and whet their appetite for the volume itself. In the lovely county of Devon, and the delightful vale and town of Honiton, Dr. Brock was born on February 14th, 1807. His father believed that he was descended from one of the families from Holland who sought refuge in the more sequestered parts of Devon, and escaped the persecution and martyrdom which befel some of them in this country at the hand of its Protestant Queen. His parents were associated with a congregation of Unitarian or Arian Baptists. He, however, became a member of the orthodox Baptist Church, a Sunday School teacher, and, in the midst of annoyances and persecution, a distributor of books and tracts; manifesting the spirit and stimulated by the remembrance of his earliest English ancestors. His wife, and the mother of Dr. Brock, was a daughter of the Rev. Thos. Alsop, pastor of the Baptist Church at Prescot, and descendant of the Rev. Vincent Alsop, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, who was ejected for Nonconformity in 1662, and afterwards exercised his ministry at Westminster. She was endowed with a genial disposition and sound judgment, "possessing a voice which was the very cheerfulness of music."

When Dr. Brock was four years old his father died. The widowed mother, whose kindly influence and devotedness lived in the memory of the son, "who felt beyond all power of expression her claim to be held in everlasting remembrance," toiled hard for her family, and brought them up in the knowledge and fear of God. When eight years old he became a scholar in the Endowed Grammar School at Honiton, "under the care of a clergyman who was a notoriously severe master, addicted to modes of punishment scarcely known now even in our workhouses or gaols."

"There was not," he writes, "a single element in the school with which I could sympathise; not a habit or a predilection that was at all likely to assimilate with me. It was thoroughly aristocratical and high church. Not a boy either was there amongst them all under twelve or thirteen years of age. Several were sixteen or eighteen—great fellows, six feet high. Any worse place for me could scarcely have been found. It was a great mistake. There

was literally no teaching. If I got through a sentence or two in translation, without any monstrous mistakes, I was not punished; if I did mistake, there was no mercy. Sometimes it was—'Strip, sir, that you may be birched;' at other times it was 'Go, kneel in the middle of the room, and hold this book out at arm's length.' At other times it was a fierce seizure of both my ears, or a savage grip at my throat, with as much shaking or dragging up and down the room as the prevailing burst of inhumanity inspired.

"To make matters worse, a set of boys determined to resent the intrusion of 'a beggar' upon the school. They were gentlemen. Who was I? It was arranged to hunt me from the schoolroom door across the playground to the outer gate. My only chance was to be out first, which my position favoured, and to be off like an arrow. I came in for it with all my precaution very often, and merciless kicks or blows were the result. Within the schoolroom I was the general butt—a sort of victim upon whom the juvenile gentility of the establishment was at liberty to wreak its reckless and brutal spite! You can have no idea of the sort of feeling which prevailed at that time against tradespeople, especially if they were Dissenters, on the part of the squirearchy and the clergy. It was a mixture of hatred and contempt."

This drudgery was endured for nearly four years, but it may have helped in training him for his future life, and inducing a hatred of all tyrannies, whether political, social, or ecclesiastical.

When in his fourteenth year he was apprenticed to a watchmaker at Sidmouth. He thus refers to it:—

"My apprenticeship began in September, 1820, committing me to a servitude of seven years. I was to be taught the art and mystery of watchmaking; to be boarded and lodged with the family for the entire period, and to be allowed a few days' holiday every year. I had been forced, as a schoolboy, to rough it—roughing it was still to be my lot, and such roughing that I remember it almost with dismay. My master was illiterate and profane. His wife was ill-favoured, ill-bred, ill-mannered, and ill-disposed; a wrangler with her husband, and with all who came within her reach. My fellow-apprentices were ignorant, boisterous, and debased, knowing nothing more about literature or religion than the beasts which perish. Until I entered the house, I do not believe there was a book within its walls. Whatever talk there was, either in the shop or at the table, never rose above vulgar twaddle. The domestic arrangements were beggarly and bad. Neither food nor beverage were tolerable in quality, or sufficient in amount. I had to sleep on the stairhead for years. Of the commonest conveniences there were hardly any; of the ordinary comforts there were none at all. The material and the moral wretchedness of the place was complete. It troubles me to remember it. I have not over-charged my representation in the least.

"For a while it was more than I could bear. To my mother I wrote piteous complaints. She sent me the means to buy some necessary food; and once she interfered. By degrees, however, I became inured to the domestic hardships; and things which I could not help, I tried to bear as best I could. As I remember unto this day, it was trying to bear it, but the discipline, I dare say, did me good.

"By the moral wretchedness which surrounded me I was especially distressed. When Sunday came I found that neither Mr. nor Mrs. B. was going to church. Mr. B. was going to the belfry to chime the people into church, but he was afterwards coming home again. This I found to be the general rule. In no way whatever was there any recognition of God. It had been arranged that I should attend the services in the Independent Chapel, the only place in the town with whose minister or congregation my mother had any acquaintance. Mr. Ward was then the minister—a good minister of Jesus Christ. I went on the first Sunday both morning and evening, spending the intervals of service in

the way that I knew my mother would approve. The next morning I was christened, as they told me, 'Parson Brock,' a designation, by-the-by, which adhered to me all through my Sidmouth life. Banter and chaff I might have borne easily enough, but it turned out that banter and chaff were by no means all. Mr. B. distinctly attempted to annul the arrangement for my going to chapel. 'He wouldn't have any of the saints about his place;' and then he swore. My fellow-apprentices joined in the swearing and in its denouncings. 'Trust them for making the place too hot to hold me unless I would give my religion up.' Correspondence a little mended matters, and, so far as violence went, I was to be let alone. One thing, however, was carried out, and that was the determination that I should have none of my reading and praying, either in getting up or in going to bed. I was warned never to try that again, but, as I did not exactly see any reason why I should not, I just did what I had been wont to do before getting into bed that night. Away came S.'s shoe from his hand to my head with an emphatic warning that as often as I said my prayers like that so often the shoe would be flung, and the harder it hit me the better should he be pleased. On considering the matter, I concluded that I might read and pray elsewhere, no particular virtue attaching, as I gathered, either to a given place or to a specific time. It was one of my earliest exercises in practical casuistry, and having made known to my persecutor that I meant to do so, I thenceforward adopted another method of acknowledging and worshipping God. I see the spot now, a little way up the cliff on the Salcombe side of Sidmouth, where I have offered up times and often my praises and my prayers. Whether for the matins or the vespers it was equally a pleasant place. I have a notion that I pointed out the place to your brother William when we were at Sidmouth by ourselves some years ago."

In the midst of these difficulties he maintained his integrity and faithfulness to God, and secured the respect and confidence of his master, who proposed to him, at the expiration of his apprenticeship, to continue in the business and share its profits. This, however, he declined to do.

From Sidmouth he removed to Hertford. There he attended Mr. Anthony's ministry, "by whose instruction he grew in intelligence and was insensibly impelled in the direction of the true work." There he became acquainted with a Mr. Nicholas, a plain and simple man, a pedlar, who for many years walked to and fro, to preach gratuitously to thirty or forty villagers at Collier's End, about fourteen miles from Hertford. By him he was induced to preach, and led to devote himself to the ministry.

Accepted by the committee of Stepney College, he was placed for six months under the training of Mr. Hawkins, at Derby, in reference to whom he writes—"To the last hour of my life shall I thank God that I ever sat as a disciple at his feet." He then went to Stepney, at that time under the presidency of Dr. Murch. He there became "a man of note among his fellows," and a popular supply both in London and the country. On the death of Mr. Mann, he preached at Maze Pond Chapel, and was invited to supply there on probation. At the same time he received a similar invitation from the church at Norwich, over which the venerable Mr. Kinghorn had presided for forty years. It was not easy to decide which to accept.

"At last," he writes, "my mind inclined very clearly and strongly for

Norwich. It seemed plain to me that, of the two places, the country one would give me the largest leisure for the prosecution of my studies. Social life, too, in Norwich among the Nonconformists was, at that time, singularly agreeable and reputable, and to its several benefits I knew I should presently be introduced. I lost no time in making known my inclination to the deacons at Maze Pond. One interview followed another, the object on their part being to prove that I should have more advantages, literary, educational, and social, in the metropolis than elsewhere. I listened respectfully and candidly, but I was unconvinced. My leaning to Norwich became stronger every day."

It is seldom that a student is invited to commence his ministerial work in so important a position, and much more seldom that two such important churches seek the same student. There must have been something remarkable in the man to produce such importunate desires for his services.

"With a figure tall, somewhat thin and pliant, an easy and careless gait, flaxen hair lying in no particular direction, together with blunt though gentle speech, he gave the impression of having come fresh from free country life. The head was not of the intellectual type, but the face was full of decision, energy, and reserved power, with a certain leonine force which made you sure that he had a point to carry, and that it certainly would be carried. The mouth, however, had no severity, but was full of kindliness and humour, and in its smile extremely sweet; while the deep-toned voice, although joined with a somewhat cumbrous articulation, told of trust and sympathy. It was the sort of voice which is felt to be most in harmony with religious thought and emotion. The complete bearing of the man in short was unconventional and unaffected, the countenance so transparent and cheerful, and the spirit, especially in the devotional service—the actual religion of the assembly—so serious, lowly, and filial, that he stole away the heart of critical and fastidious hearers, so that they never thought of imperfections, which he himself was the last to deny or extenuate."

For fifteen years he laboured at Norwich with much pleasure and success. In the midst of congenial society, surrounded by men of intelligence, a leader in public movements connected with politics and religion, with much to stimulate and send forth all the fire and energy of his soul,—these years must have been years of intense, if not unalloyed, enjoyment. Respecting this period his son writes :—

"The enchantment of distance, no doubt, hangs about the Norwich days; yet it was a stirring atmosphere, that of the whole provincial city; better for a boy to breathe than that of the monotonous village street, on the one hand, or of this overgrown metropolis on the other. My father's share in what was passing was considerable, as this memoir has shown; and he expected us to take almost as vivid an interest in it as he did himself. We were soon initiated into most of the burning questions of the day, and if we were not from our childhood ardent Abolitionists, sturdy Nonconformists, and thoroughgoing Liberals, it was no fault of his. The names of Knibb and Burchell, Fowell Buxton and Joseph Sturge, Richard Cobden and John Bright, were household words with us. What days were those when Mr. Knibb was expected in Norwich, fresh from the perils of the Jamaica courthouse, or when good Mr. Fuller, a full-blooded negro, on his way to mission-work in Africa, made his memorable visit, bringing a couple of yams with him, and trying to make us say that we enjoyed the flavour! I could have been scarcely nine years old when, at what must have been infinite inconvenience to himself, my father contrived to push a way for me into St. Andrew's Hall, and to find room beside him on the orchestra, on that memorable winter night when

Cobden encountered on their own ground the Corn-Law chivalry of Norfolk, with stout Mr. Edmund Wodehouse at their head, and bore away with him the enthusiastic suffrages of the assembled citizens. The Parliamentary election of 1847 found the Norwich boys as strenuous politicians as their elders; we watched the contest as keenly, and as carefully recorded the results. The white cockade was worn proudly on our young Radical breasts as the poll proceeded; and when, after his honourable defeat, Serjeant Parry drove through the market-place amid the cheers of his supporters, we cheered with the loudest. No doubt there is a ridiculous aspect in which this juvenile ardour may be represented. To some indifferent philosophers it will seem that our fathers were turning us into prigs. Their verdict, however, may be questioned. Of course our understanding of these grave political matters was shallow; of course we came down 'to see the battle,' and to enjoy the noise; yet there was a residuum of conviction under all, and a healthy stirring of the spirit; and if all fathers trained their sons to take an early interest in principles which they themselves hold dear, might it not be better both for Church and State?

"The focus of activity and of thought was St. Mary's. It is Sunday morning; the congregation are gathering in their spacious meeting-house, which has a certain simple taste and elegance about it, striking even a child; and about them there is a look of leisure, and much friendly speech and greeting as they enter, and a general sense of being at home with each other. All classes, or nearly all, are represented, from the worthy old pensioners in the almshouses to city manufacturers and magistrates. The farmers and millers from the country round muster strongly; they have driven early into town, and rested awhile in their Sunday lodging-rooms, and now they sit in their family pews, with their children round them, like patriarchs. What an array of noble old white heads there is in the gallery where we sit! What an aggregate of solid sense and sound belief, with a strong doctrinal basis at the bottom of it, and best of all, a warm experience! They sit with a certain grand air, as of people to whom Joseph Kinghorn has ministered, and who still expect to be fed with 'the finest of the wheat.' But it is half-past ten now, and the quiet whispers in which friends have been indulging are hushed. The well-trained choir are in their places round the table-pew; and into the little box under the pulpit good Mr. James Cozens has just stepped, senior deacon of the church, and charged with the reading of the hymns. Then the red baize door in the wall immediately behind the pulpit opens, and punctual as in later years, the preacher is in his place. Service begins, perhaps with the simple announcement of the line:—

'Welcome, sweet day of rest.'

All know the hymn, and can sing it without book. Everything that follows is fresh, flowing, and vigorous. But beyond that general impression, a boy does not usually carry much away from prayer or sermon; and the next thing I remember is the long waiting for him in the chapel after all was ended, and the joyful privilege of walking home with him alone."

Not very long after his settlement at Norwich he was married to Miss Mary Bliss, a member of the church at Shortwood—a lady in every respect a help-meet for him, who was much respected by the church. Mr. Reed writes:—"She was greatly esteemed. Naturally quiet and retiring, she never did harm or caused distress, but sustained her husband nobly in all his work. She was lovely in her life, and he knew how to praise her worthily."

The immediate cause of his removal from Norwich is well known. In December, 1848, Bloomsbury Chapel, erected by the princely liberality of Mr. (now Sir S. Morton) Peto, was opened. Dr. Brock

was invited to become the minister. Failure of health rendering his removal from Norwich desirable, he consented—not, however, without apprehensions of discomfort and difficulty. These are expressed in a letter to Mr. Peto, which is worthy of being transcribed:—

"I am in trouble lest my ministry should turn out to be unsuitable for the congregation you desire to see at Bloomsbury. My own impression is that the ability which God has given me is not of the kind which is wanted there. Here I am known, faults and all; there I am unknown, except, indeed, as an occasional preacher; and I need not tell you the difference between hearing a man now and then, and always. The preaching which would be tolerably acceptable two or three times a year, would probably satiate when it came to be two or three times a week. I shrink from the thought of being sent first to gather together, and then to consolidate, a new congregation in the metropolis. I am not unmindful of the all-sufficiency of the Holy Spirit. I have known too much of that all-sufficiency to mistrust it; but it is given only to men in the right places, and I do not know that Bloomsbury is my right place.

"Then I am apprehensive of much discomfort in consequence of the follies and the fashionableness prevailing among professing Christians. I do believe that the Church, and our portion of it, has fallen into a fearful condition of lethargy, and of conformity to the 'pride of life.' Believing this, I am much in the habit of speaking and acting accordingly, oftentimes, as I know, to the displeasure of those I address. They are, however, now accustomed to it, and I am less affected by their disesteem. But a new congregation, and a congregation made up partly of London professors, would probably so resent it as to impede my usefulness and mar my peace. I am greatly disquieted at the prospect of a congregation composed principally of persons whose wealth, tastes, and tendencies would lead them complacently to associate with ungodly men.

"Then I cannot hide from myself that my course on many public questions is deemed by many persons unjustifiable in the extreme. Not being able to bring myself to the opinion that ministers of the Gospel should let all public matters alone, I am not likely to let them alone.

"With my convictions of Christian duty, I cannot refrain from saying what I think about the oppression of the poor, the carnality of our national religious establishments, the general character of our legislation, and much that is deplorable in the condition of the commonwealth at large. I have always striven, as I trust I always shall strive, to avow my convictions in a way that becometh the Gospel; but avow them I must. My religion compels me to be the citizen throughout. Of course, I endeavour scrupulously to abstain from all political partizanship; but from politics, properly understood, I dare not abstain. I never have done so in Norwich, I never would do so in London. But hence I am sorely afraid difficulty would arise. I am not sure that if I should pursue the same course when minister of Bloomsbury Chapel as I have pursued while minister of St. Mary's, you yourself would not be annoyed and grieved.

"I am fearful it would be so. I am fearful you would regret having for your pastor a man known to be a person of so-called ultra-sentiments, and of sentiments, moreover, known to be especially offensive to many whose good opinions you desire to conciliate and secure. And as with yourself, so with others who may be expected to make Bloomsbury their home; and thus that mutual confidence so essential to the effective working of the great experiment you have undertaken, would be endangered if not destroyed. How, indeed, can we entertain the slightest hope of the success of your experiment in the absence of, I had almost said, unfaltering confidence between yourself especially and the minister at Bloomsbury? How many things must be talked over without reserve? How many things must be done before all the world in unity of action

and of judgment? How many things will be sure to occur which will require the habitual exercise of reciprocal forbearance, generous sympathy, and unwavering trust?"

To leave his people at Norwich gave him yet greater solicitude.

"I cannot bear the thought," he says in a letter to a friend with whom he had discussed the question, "of leaving Norwich. The associations I have formed and the influence I have gained, with the opportunities for usefulness both in the city and in the county, render my removal a formidable thing. Such a sojourn as mine has been for upwards of fifteen years in this one place endears the situation to me beyond all expression. My witness is in heaven that the people are in my heart to live and die with them. Never were they kinder, never were they more ready to minister to my welfare in every way."

Great was the grief and sensation occasioned by his removal. Mr. Reed writes:—

"His brother ministers felt an irreparable void, for he was a tower of strength in council and action, and a warmly sympathising friend. His people were for a time inconsolable, and the citizens in general missed a foremost figure in all emergencies, ever ready with fearless speech, prompt decision, energetic conduct, and the advice of experience. His impulsive, generous nature and his brave and manly character formed so rare a combination that they felt it to be one hardly likely to come to them again."

His ministry at Bloomsbury was what, under such circumstances, might have been expected. The situation of the chapel; the popularity of the preacher; the reputation of Sir Morton; his almost, if not at that time quite unprecedented liberality in the erection, single-handed, of so costly a building,—all contributed to open up a sphere of work the results of which none could calculate. Dr. Brock was equal to the occasion. The appliances and facilities thus afforded were employed by him faithfully and wisely. Bloomsbury became the centre of Christian agencies of all kinds. Young men and maidens, rich and poor, employers and employed, St. James and St. Giles, were all brought under the influence of its operations; and very speedily a church numerous, strong, intelligent, and active, was gathered together, from which radiated beams of light, cheering and blessing the district around, and reaching the extremities of the land. At the third septennial celebration—at which an address, accompanied by a casket of a thousand pounds, was presented to him—he said, after thanking the Church for their kindness, "We began the Church with sixty-two members, and there have passed into it nearly 2,000 persons, to more than one half of whom I hope to have been God's minister for good."

For his varied work in connection with his church, and also of a more general and public kind, we must refer our readers to the memoir. One moment's reference to the London Baptist Association may be permitted. To him, in connection with Mr. Lewis and one or two others, its formation may be attributed. The first meeting was held at Bloomsbury Chapel. In its progress he took the deepest interest, and must have found pleasure and satisfaction.

In September, 1872, he resigned the pastorate of Bloomsbury Church. He was induced to do so by several considerations—for instance, the approaching death of his much-beloved wife, and the fancied or real apprehension that he would not much longer sustain the church in all its vigour and effectiveness. At any rate, he was resolved not to wait until his apprehension was realised. He felt himself becoming inadequate to the work required, and that to wait for the church to find it out would be to wait until the mischief would be done. This resignation under the circumstances must have been a difficult, but it was a noble deed, worthy of imitation. The church mourned, but appreciated it, and generously raised a sum of money securing comfort to their beloved pastor for his remaining days.

The separation from an affectionate people and the scene of long and successful work would, nevertheless, be a trial, especially in concurrence with his heavy bereavement. But he found strength in Jesus whom he had preached. He also found solace in work. His faculties were still vigorous; he was able and inclined still to preach, and constant opportunities were afforded him. Churches everywhere eagerly sought his services, and reading and composition were still to him pleasant occupation. In his son's family he found a congenial resting-place, until, the climate of Hampstead proving trying to him, he removed for the winter season to Hastings, where, on November 13th, 1875, he quietly passed away to his home above.

It was but a very short time before his death that he delivered his most effective address at the Autumnal Meetings of the Union at Plymouth.

"The principal public duty," says his biographer, "which had been devolved upon him was the delivery of a parting address to four young missionaries. He had, with his usual conscientiousness, profoundly meditated his subject; and the large congregation, together with the touching interest of the event, called forth apparently undiminished powers. The soul-stirring effect of the oration, deepened by subsequent events, was at the time remarkable."

The following reminiscence of Mr. Lewis does not represent it in too warm colours:—

"His last memorable appearance at the Baptist Union meetings, held at Plymouth during the first week of October, 1875, will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to attend them. His recent resignation of the pastorate at Bloomsbury, and the feeling that in future he would occupy a much less prominent sphere than that which he had so long filled, caused his numerous friends to gather about him and listen to his voice with unusual interest. The address which he gave to four young brethren, who were set apart for service in the foreign missionary field, was felt by all present to be one of the most effective pulpit utterances to which they had ever listened. Its vivid representations of the necessities of the heathen world, its powerful assertion of the sufficiency of the Gospel to meet the requirements of perishing men, its incisive criticism of modern objections, and its prophetic confidence in the final triumphs of the Cross, were crowned by the hallowed unction which

suffused the language of encouragement and counsel in which he spoke to the missionary brethren. The congregation, which filled the spacious chapel in George-street, was completely entranced by the energy which pervaded his every word. He was apparently in perfect health—"his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated"—but he nevertheless spoke as though his feet were planted on the steps of the throne of God and the Lamb. It was his "apotheosis," and our eyes were holden, or we had seen the celestial convoy waiting to conduct him to the heavens. It has been permitted to very few of the servants of God to lay aside the prophet's mantle in such an impressive manner, or to bequeath to their successors such heart-utterances as were these—unconsciously to himself and to his hearers—his parting words."

In the same strain the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon wrote in his magazine:—

"It was grand, nay sublime. It was an address so wise, so faithful, so full of the Spirit of God, that had he known that he should never meet his brethren again, it was such a valedictory as he might have chosen to deliver. To us it seemed all it should be, no more, no less. Characteristic, massive, ornate, rich in words too ponderous for our tongue, and in tones which would have suited none but himself; but withal homely, hearty, intense, overwhelming, as nearly perfect as can come of mortal man. It did our inmost soul good, mainly because of the soul within it."

But, with one single reference, the testimony of the Rev. W. G. Lewis, to his social and domestic excellences, this paper must conclude:—

"Great and noble as Dr. Brock was in public, there was an indescribable charm about his domestic life; for within that portly frame of his he carried a heart full of the gentleness of a little child, and enriched with a wondrous sympathy. He was not hasty in forming friendships, but those who were admitted to his confidence found it a pleasant retreat. He was one of the most welcome guests that ever entered the dwellings of his friends, and those who visited the sacred enclosure of his own home found him a peerless host. The troubles of his friends became his troubles, their interests were held in common with his own, and their children loved him as another father. Only those who knew him in the family circle, and at the family altar, could fully appreciate the genial cordiality and rich fruits of his friendship. He would gently and joyously romp with little infants, and as they grew up into youth and maturity, his generous concern for their welfare deepened in its hearty solicitude."

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

OUR aim in this series of papers is to seize the ever-varying phases of current thought, and so to describe them that the readers of this Magazine may be kept fairly *au courant* with the most recent developments of intellectual activity, whether in theology or science, literature or philosophy. The work is more difficult than in any previous period of history: it will be still more difficult in the times that are coming; but its difficulty constitutes its importance. Not the most diligent student of contemporary life

can hope to keep *fully* apace with the "march of mind," or to chronicle half its movements. In order to study its dominant characteristics, he must be content to see its minor phases slip past him. Workers and searchers in the field of knowledge are daily becoming more numerous; the field itself is constantly enlarging its area; old facts are turned over afresh, less familiar ones are pushed to the front, hidden ones are disclosed; discoveries by later discoveries are made obsolete ere they have time to announce their advent; inventions are superseded in their birth; theories are constructed, defended, exploded, and discarded before the world has had time to hear of them; the spirit of inquiry pushes itself everywhere, acknowledging no limits to its right of entrance; the verdicts of history, the conclusions of science, the axioms of philosophy, and the doctrines of theology, are equally the subjects of restless, inquisitive scrutiny. Too often over each and all, the spirit of jealousy and partizanship preside. The sciences—physical, intellectual, social, theological—armed to the teeth, are ready to spring at each other's throat. The field of search is turned into a battlefield; and where we looked for the sobriety and modesty of inquiry, we are greeted by mailed hosts and the clang of war.

How very trite is all this! Yes; but only to those who have leisure to survey the scene. We write for others: first, for those who, without such leisure, still wish to know something of what is passing outside the little circle of their daily life; next, for those who are disturbed by sounds of controversial strife, the cause of which they do not understand; for those who tremble for holy truth;—who, hearing only the surging of the tempest, fear lest the foundations should be destroyed. Here knowledge is tranquilising. The strife is not so terrible when we can follow its movements and discern its tendency. What is has been. Every age has had to fight its way toward the light. The axioms of to-day were the hypotheses of yesterday; and the settled convictions of the generation that now is, were to some previous one the floating opinions of the few, regarded with curiosity and fear by the many. Controversy clarifies opinion and crystallises truth. Enough of introduction;—perhaps too much.

PROFESSOR MAX VON PETTENKOFFER, in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, deals with a question which, although of great importance to the comfort and health of our homes, has as yet attracted but little attention, namely: "*The Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms, &c.*" Everyone knows, of course, what an air of cheerfulness a few choice plants impart to a large room; on the other hand, many will have observed that in small or badly ventilated rooms they are invariably offensive except under the most scrupulous conditions of daily care. Who has not been staggered by the damp, stifling,

earthy smell of such places; made worse rather than better by the almost stagnant air being overloaded with the perfume of foliage and flower? Yet we have always been under the impression that plants in rooms have a directly sanitary value; that they tend in fact to purify the air. We are not singular. It is an impression which most people would defend as correct, especially as it rests on the unquestionable scientific fact that plants absorb carbonic acid, and exhale oxygen, thus restoring the balance of atmospheric gases disturbed by the opposite process of animal respiration. "Many conclude, therefore," says Professor Pettenkoffer, "that the air in a green wood must contain less carbonic acid than that in a city, or that of an extensive tract of waste land;" and "have not even medical men proposed to adorn schoolrooms with plants in pots instead of ventilating them better, in order that their leaves and stems might absorb carbonic acid from the mouths of the children, and give out oxygen instead?" And is not the proposal a rational one? O dear, no! "The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralise the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated." After careful experiments made on the air of the Libyan desert, "from sandy wastes and from oases," it is found that "the amount of carbonic acid does not differ in the least in the air from the barren wastes and the greenest oases." In further experiments, "the amount of oxygen in the air on the summit of Mont Blanc has not been found to differ from that in the city or the swamps of Bengal. Neither is it greater in forest or sea air than in the air of the desert." Among others in various places—

"Roscoe made experiments on the air at a station in the middle of Manchester, and at two stations in the country. He was originally of opinion that the vast manufactures of Manchester, chiefly dependent on the consumption of coal, must produce a perceptible effect on the carbonic acid in the air; but he also discovered that the air in the space in front of Owens College contained no more than the air at the country stations. He also observed occasional variations; but when the carbonic acid increased or diminished in the city, it was generally just the same in the country."

Professor Petenkoffer himself conducted a long series of experiments in the Royal Winter Garden at Munich. "There could not be a more favourable opportunity for experimenting on the air in a space full of vegetation. This green and blooming space was not exposed to the free currents of air which at once immensely rarefy all gaseous exhalations, but was kept warm under a dome of glass through which only the light of heaven penetrated. Although not hermetically sealed, the circulation of air in such a building, compared with that in the open air, is reduced over a hundred thousandfold. . . . . Now, what was the result? The proportion of carbonic acid in the air in the winter garden was almost as high as in the air outside."

The professor's conclusion is that the hygienic value of plants *in*

rooms (the same remark does not apply so strictly to plants in the open air) is confined to the pleasure they give.

No doubt the subject will engage more attention, and, perhaps, further investigation, with more delicate tests, may somewhat modify earlier conclusions. Meanwhile, however, the facts already established may be held to decide this, that a room overcrowded with growing plants cannot be healthy. The damp, earthy exhalations, with their production of minute fungoid growths, are, beyond question, deleterious; and, if their effect is not neutralised by the production of oxygen, the sooner the system of turning living-rooms into miniature greenhouses is exploded the better.

Questions ecclesiastical are almost the only questions that are capable of exciting warm and general interest. Efforts to reanimate the Liberal Party in England are but partially successful. The leaders seem to be casting about for a policy sufficiently popular to carry them into power, sufficiently mild to excite a minimum of opposition, and sufficiently backed by public opinion to afford them the rewards of victory without the risks of a campaign. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster have pronounced for the extension of the county franchise; and to the former Mr. Lowe has replied in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in an article which, as a piece of English composition, is very clever, very smart, and, occasionally, even funny, but which possesses no other merit in particular, since it neither answers Mr. Gladstone's argument, nor throws any new light on the question. Mr. Lowe has never concealed his opinion that the settlement of 1832 ought not to have been disturbed. He cannot understand that nations, like children, are apt to outgrow their clothes; and he hates "democracy" as blindly as any French Conservative does. He makes himself quite merry over the fact that Mr. Gladstone's argument for the extension of the county franchise would, if pressed to its issue, lead to universal suffrage; apparently unconscious that his own, if similarly pressed, is a plea for an aristocratic oligarchy.

But *cui bono?* The extension of the county franchise is scarcely a debatable question. There is hardly a man but feels that it was virtually settled by the last Reform Bill. No doubt it will be resisted until the constituencies imperatively demand it; but the bulk of both Liberals and Tories know that resistance must cease before long, and probably they have no insuperable objection to it. The really debatable points are when, and by which party, the measure shall be carried. But for the present nobody cares very much about it. At all events, it is not a "blazing" question. It may become so before long, and surely will if it is not settled; but as yet it awakens no very deep or widespread enthusiasm. Of course it is preposterous that a

man should be disfranchised because he happens to live on the wrong side of the way, but nobody feels violently aggrieved by it—very often not even the man himself. Nobody writhes with indignation, nobody smarts under a burning sense of wrong. People talk about it; smile at the "anomalies of our glorious constitution," and then go on their way, knowing full well that when the counties are determined to have household suffrage, they can have it, if not from the Liberals, then from the Tories. And it is precisely because this conviction prevails that the extension of the county suffrage cannot be made a successful rallying cry for a divided party.

When we pass from political to ecclesiastical questions, we are suddenly conscious of having passed from an atmosphere of comparative serenity to one of decided storm.

Evangelical Churchmen, who were told three years ago that Ritualism was to be "stamped out," and who thought the millennium had come in consequence, are awaking to the startling discovery—startling to themselves, to nobody else—that the Public Worship Regulation Act, which was to vindicate the Protestant character of the Establishment, is a wretched failure. Ritualism is more rampant than ever. Being "stamped out" evidently agrees with it. The Church is all but given up to it. The Primate—whom it treats with uniform contempt—is bland and complimentary to it. The Evangelicals are cowed by its audacity and its singular power of thriving by repression. A few months ago they took the field against it with an anticipatory shout of triumph, brandishing the brand new weapon just issued from the Government manufactory; and lo! they are beaten along the whole line. Not only do the irrepressible Ritualists not care a snap for the new weapon, but the weapon itself shows dangerous tendencies to commit as much havoc at the breach as at the muzzle. The enemy laughs at it, and the gunners are beginning to fear it! What can be done?

The Ritualists, however, have made a new departure, and we are curious to see what will come of it. Hitherto, while denouncing the Public Worship Regulation Act, and the new court, and Lord Penzance, and everybody concerned, they have been piously emphatic in their demand that judgment in spiritual things should be committed only to spiritual powers, and equally emphatic in asserting their entire readiness to submit themselves to such powers. Against the charge of "lawlessness" they protest that they do not resist lawful authority, but unlawful, such as apostles resisted when they said, "Whether it is right in the sight of God to hearken unto men rather than unto God, judge ye." In short, they simply resist the subjection of the Church of Christ to the governments of this world. This is so obviously reasonable, and so entirely in harmony with the principles of the free Churches, that probably many even among Dissenters have been caught by it, and have joined in the cry

of persecution that has been raised by the clerical party. And it may be as well to say, once more, that such language from the Established clergy betrays either gross ignorance of their own position, or a culpable willingness to throw dust in the eyes of the public. The Church of England is not a free Church. It is a Government institution. It lives and moves and has its being in the State. To the State it owes its emoluments, prestige, and authority; therefore to the State it is and must be amenable. A clergyman is one who has engaged to discharge certain duties, on certain well-defined conditions, in return for which he enjoys certain not unsubstantial advantages; and it is no more "persecution" to require that he shall fulfil the conditions of his engagement than it is to require that a tradesmen shall fulfil the contract for which he has received payment. If to receive the appointment and pay of State officials, and then refuse obedience to State regulations, is not lawlessness, we should like to know what is.

But let that pass. It may appear soon that the Ritualists are as little disposed to obey their bishops as they are to obey Lord Penzance.

Mr. Mackonochie has placed a crucifix and an image, or picture, of the Virgin Mary in his church. The Bishop of London orders their removal, not on the ground that they are unlawful, but because they have been placed where they are without "a faculty," and Mr. Mackonochie flatly refuses to remove them. He says they are greatly valued by the poor people who attend his church, and that they are important witnesses to the two cardinal doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement; moreover, he is sure they could not be removed without producing on the minds of these same poor people the impression that some dishonour was done to our Lord and His mother, and so perhaps they might fall back into the sin from which they have been saved.

The bishop condescends to reason with him, and expresses his opinion that the doctrines really taught by images and pictures are proved by the logic of facts to be not so much the Incarnation and Atonement as Mariolatry, and what is only distinguishable from idolatry by a refinement impalpable to ordinary minds. He ventures also to express a charitable doubt whether the faith of the worshippers at St. Alban's does really rest on so frail a foundation as an image or a picture. Finally, he reminds the recalcitrant vicar of his oath of canonical obedience, and is curious to know what it binds a clergyman to, if it does not oblige him to undo, when required, what he has wrongly done.

But the vicar, who, it must be said, treats his bishops with scant courtesy, is not to be moved either by argument, blandishment, or appeals to morality. To most people it will appear as if he was more concerned for the orthodoxy of his parishioners than for their godliness. He is quite sure that if the images were removed the people would so misinterpret the act that "it would be impossible (at least

without years of preaching, if then) to convince them that the removal of such objects at a time like this was not meant to cast a slur upon our Blessed Lord and His mother. Thus there would be danger lest, seeing, as they would conceive, the faith of God on which they rested repudiated before their eyes, they should fall back into sin from which that faith had withdrawn them."

This most religious vicar seems to be sublimely unconscious of the fact that he is giving these same "poor people," about whose orthodoxy he is so deeply concerned, a lesson, as to the binding nature of oaths, of which, if they are at all the kind of people he represents them to be, they can hardly stand in need.

The case must now go into court; not, as we understand it, into the court of Lord Penzance, the jurisdiction of which Mr. Mackonochie would certainly refuse to acknowledge, but into the consistory court of the bishop. That the case will be decided against the vicar there can be little doubt. The only point will be the illegality of his acting without "a faculty," and on this point we suppose the law is decided. What then does the vicar gain by his obstinacy? In the first place, he has openly defied a bishop who is the object of the scarce-concealed antipathy of every "catholic" in his diocese; he has thus carried the "catholic" doctrine to its logical issue, and placed himself in the van of his party; and though the more moderate men, such as Canon Carter, may protest against his conduct, there will no doubt be others to emulate his example. Next, he has gained time. An appeal will lie from the bishop's court to the Judicial Committee, and this affords abundant opportunity for getting up a cry of "persecution," and for spreading alarm among those excellent people whose sole care being to save the Establishment are ready to tolerate any illegality, however glaring, rather than endanger it. Beyond all, there is the not remote possibility that the final decision will be a compromise, or that it will be accompanied by some *obiter dicta* which will leave the vicar virtually master of the situation, and open every parish church in the kingdom to images of Mary. Be this as it may, those who have carefully watched the Ritualistic movement probably expect that, by some means or other, the Vicar of St. Alban's will have his own way in the end.

No people in Europe have more serious cause for studying the crisis through which France is now passing than Englishmen have; for in no country in Europe have the forces which are hurrying France to ruin so encouraging a field for their exercise as in England. What those forces are may be easily discovered by any one who will take the trouble to look below the surface of things. The stupidity, vacillation, and obstinacy of Marshal MacMahon may engage a little too much attention. It is intended they should. He is put forward, has been from the first, as a cover for the real actors in the tragedy. It is certain that he owes his elevation to the Presidency of the Republic to the facts that he was no Republican, knew nothing of

politics or of constitutional principles, was unfit to exercise political power, was blindly devoted to "the Church," and held command of the army. He was designed to be the dupe and tool of men to whom the ruin of a great nation is as nothing compared with their own interests. Monarchists and Imperialists alike have relied, rely still, on his ignorance and obstinacy for the success of their schemes. The *ancienne noblesse*, at least what the Revolution left of it, the mushroom nobility of the Empire, the "plutocracy of new wealth," all look to him—not to his sagacity, not to his power—but to his "manageable" stupidity, for the restoration of their position.

But behind all these, mightier than all these, stands THE CHURCH, that is, Ultramontanism, that unscrupulous power to which the liberties and the lives of men are as nothing, and which would rather see all Europe in flames than the smallest of its interests imperilled.

"The Church has come back no longer indolent, bloated, and depraved, but full of zeal and passion, with the memories of its long martyrdom in its soul, with the temper of men who are ready to suffer or to inflict martyrdom, so that all things be done to edification and the glory of God and His Church. They have got together wealth again by the lawful methods of persuasion, which they use for corporate not for personal ends; they aim at the young, and they give themselves to education in all its forms; they are resolved that society shall not escape them again, for they have rivetted anew, as for centuries they have not done before, their hold on the resources of Government."—*Frederic Harrison, in the Fortnightly Review.*

It is not to her political divisions, only or chiefly, that France owes her agony, but to the ascendancy over her life and institutions of the Catholic priesthood. Bourbonists, Orleanists, and Buonapartists would be instantly deprived of their power to disturb society were the Church to declare for the Republic.

Englishmen, most of them, scarcely realise the immense change that has passed on the Romish system in the last forty years, or the extent to which it menaces the commonwealth of nations. From centre to circumference it is Ultramontane. It is wholly bent on recovering its grasp of the governments of Europe. It aims at empire. It is openly at war with civilisation, freedom, and science, and incompatible with patriotism. The governments of continental nations distrust and hate it; but they also fear it, and, less scrupulous than ourselves about rights of conscience, they endeavour to bind its hands. But their fear is a tribute to its power. It is aggressive, resolute, subtle, and tortuous. It knows how to use free institutions to compass its own designs, and those designs include the destruction of the very freedom which, in the day of its weakness, affords it a safe asylum and a fulcrum for its power.

We would abridge no man's heritage of freedom on account of his religious faith. The Papist has the same right to his belief as the Protestant. But we would have all Protestant Englishmen to remember that Ultramontanism is not to be trusted, however fair its words or bland its manners.

BAPTIST AUTHORS.

A Series of Occasional Papers.

I.

JOHN FOSTER.

IT is in no sectarian spirit, and with no desire for that "self-glorification" which has frequently been attributed to the Baptist denomination, that we begin a short series of articles on Baptist Authors. It is doubtless possible that Baptists—in common with their brethren of other denominations—have a due sense of their ecclesiastical merits, and that it would be quite superfluous for them to pray that they might be granted "a guid conceit o' themselves." Nonconformists of all grades are charged by candid critics with maintaining a spirit of watchful jealousy and persistent self-assertion, and, whatever truth there may be in the charge, there can be no doubt that the members of the dominant Church display towards us a temper of mind which is admirably adapted to arouse such a spirit, and to keep it in active exercise. We have, during a considerable number of years, been brought into tolerably close contact with various religious communities, and have observed in all of them the presence of faults very similar to those which they charge on others. Baptists are not one whit more self-satisfied, or more prone to self-congratulations than are the Congregationalists, the Wesleyans, the Presbyterians, or the Episcopalians.

There is in some quarters an opposite spirit, which, while it may seem more enlightened and generous, is, in reality, no less despicable and injurious. We have no need to apologise for a healthy and vigorous denominationalism, or to be ashamed of our distinctive principles, if, at least, we believe them to be deduced from the teachings of the New Testament, and an expression of the will of God. And to depreciate those principles, or to speak slightingly of the men who, directly or indirectly, uphold them, is no sign of intellectual superiority or of more enlightened charity. A man's philanthropy is of little worth if it is so large and comprehensive that it dissolves the ties which bind him to his own home. Mr. Dale warned us of this danger in his speech at the Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union, held in Birmingham some fifteen months ago. "It is," he remarked, "too much our habit to depreciate our own literature. . . . Why, if a man writes an article in 'Good Words,' you all think it a beautiful and admirable article: the same man writes in the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, and you care nothing for it. I say that is a scandal and a shame, and, if you are to have a

healthy spirit in your separate churches, I believe you are likely to promote it . . . by means of that denominational literature which it is not safe to depreciate and despise."

It is not, of course, of denominational literature strictly so called that we are writing now, but of the literature created by men who belonged to our denomination. With regard to it the question has often been virtually asked, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and much of it is neglected simply because of what we may term the accident of its origin. We have heard Baptists talk fluently of their acquaintance with such theological writers as Taylor, Barrow, South, John Henry Newman, Frederick Robertson, James Martineau, and Stopford Brooke, and boast that they had scarcely a Baptist author on their shelves. Now, we would not on any account restrict the range of a man's reading, but would, on the contrary, urge him to become acquainted with the great writers of every school in poetry and philosophy, in theology and science. No author should be placed on our *Index Expurgatorius* except on moral grounds. It is the duty of intelligent men, especially if they are teachers of others, to "prove all things," and to make themselves familiar with every side of a question, and not only so but to learn, whenever they can, even from an enemy. And he is a poor student who cannot gather lessons of priceless worth from Catholics as well as Protestants, from Rationalists and Agnostics as well as from Christians. Truth, it cannot be denied, is often found in strange company.

But it does not therefore follow that we are to neglect the writers of our own faith, or give point to the proverb "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country and in his own house." The broadest liberality, the most refined culture, cannot require us to ignore the productions of those writers who willingly shared the comparative obscurity of our denomination that they might prove their loyalty to their conscience and so fulfil the law of Christ. Our annals have been rendered bright by the names of men whose genius and piety would have reflected honour on any community, and who, but for their religious associations, would have acquired far greater fame. It is at once our duty and our interest to honour their memory, to familiarise ourselves with their example, and carry on towards its completion the work in which they delighted. We shall find that it is no narrow or sectarian task to which we shall thus be urged. Representative Baptist authors have never been Baptists only. They have never been Baptists first and Christians afterwards. We know no body of men who are freer from the charge of having loved their church more than Christ, their party more than truth. They have rendered service to every department of theological inquiry. Biblical expositions, refutations of scepticism, illustrations of practical Christian ethics, defences of civil and religious liberty form as conspicuous a feature of their work as discussions on "the mode and subjects of baptism," and the bulk of them are more

at home and have evidently a keener delight in discussing the elements of our common faith than in expounding our denominational peculiarities. Who can regard as mere sectarians "the glorious dreamer" of Bedford, the quaint and heroic Keach, the devout and saintly Beddome, the profound and massive-minded Andrew Fuller, the eloquent Robert Hall, the thoughtful and thought-inspiring Foster? These, with many others, are men of whom we may well be proud, and for whose association with our denomination we should be unfeignedly grateful to the great Head of the Church. They have left us a literature which may still be studied with profit, and which, notwithstanding the general progress of recent years, we could ill afford to lose. And the gratitude we cherish for the memories of the past is deepened by the fact that we have still among us men who take no secondary place among the writers of the day. There are in our pulpits preachers whose published sermons rank in the first order and are read in every section of the Christian Church; and in other departments of Biblical or general literature what names are more highly esteemed than those of Dr. Angus, Dr. Manning, Dr. Green, and Mr. Cox?

This series of articles will make no pretension to completeness; in fact, it cannot be complete. The materials at our command are so plentiful that we suffer from an *embarras de richesse*, and we must be content with a mere selection. That selection, moreover, will be made without any regard to chronological order, and as it suits our convenience.

We take first the name of a man whose fame as an author probably comes next to Bunyan's, and who has been justly described as the Prince of Essayists.

JOHN FOSTER was born on the 17th of September, 1770, at a small farmhouse between Hebden Bridge and Wainsgate, in the parish of Halifax. His parents, though of humble life, were distinguished for their soundness of understanding, their stern integrity, and their fervent piety, and some of the essayist's best and most sterling qualities were doubtless inherited from them. As a child he had strongly-marked peculiarities. Before he was twelve years old he felt "a painful sense of an awkward but entire individuality." His habits were thoughtful and reserved. He was constitutionally pensive and reflective, delighting in solitude more than in society, and frequently rambling alone through the woods and forests, keenly enjoying the grand and varied scenery of his native hills. For some years he assisted his parents in weaving, but the work was indifferently done, for the lad's mind was far away from the dull, mechanical operation in which his hands were engaged, and he foreboded for himself work of a very different order.

On the completion of his seventeenth year, he became a member of the Baptist church at Hebden Bridge, of which the venerable Dr Fawcett was pastor. Soon after this he was urged to dedicate his

talents to the Christian ministry; and, having resolved to do so, entered Brearley Hall, where Dr. Fawcett, in addition to his other labours, superintended the instruction of several theological students. Here Foster remained for three years, and, at the close of his term, proceeded for twelve months to the Baptist College at Bristol. This step was important to Foster, not only from its direct consequences, but because of the close and intimate relationship into which it brought him with the Rev. Joseph Hughes, the founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who at that time was classical tutor at Bristol. Mr. Hughes was not two years older than Foster, and their minds were so congenial that they at once became firmly attached, and, as it proved, life-long friends. No reader of Foster's correspondence can fail to see that his character was powerfully and beneficially influenced by this friendship; and the Christian Church owes to Mr. Hughes, on this score, a debt of gratitude that cannot easily be discharged.

As a student, Foster was thorough and painstaking, but not brilliant. He was surpassed in readiness by men greatly his inferiors in strength and versatility of mind; but it was no hardship to him to sacrifice present applause for the sake of deeper and more permanent results. All that he did, he did well; his mind was disciplined to habits of hard and persevering work, and his acquisitions were neither superficial nor transitory.

On leaving Bristol, Mr. Foster "supplied" for upwards of three months the church at Newcastle-on-Tyne, which had for some time previously been under the pastoral care of the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn, subsequently of Norwich. His preaching does not seem to have been universally acceptable, or to have created great enthusiasm, and he left the place without having "received a call." There were a few who thoroughly appreciated his preaching, and on whom it made an indelible impression. A specimen of it is preserved in the fragmentary notes of the two beautiful, and we should have thought powerful, sermons on the text "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest" ("Literary Remains," p. 228, *et seq.*). Early in 1793 Foster was invited to preach at Swift's Alley, Dublin. The congregation was small when he went, and became less. "A dull scene it was, in which I preached with but little interest, and they heard with less." Eight or nine months terminated the engagement, and it was not until 1797 that Foster became a settled minister. Early in that year he accepted the pastorate of a General Baptist church at Chichester, where he remained for two years and a half.

It is not difficult to account for what has been called his want of success in the ministry. His delivery was not effective, his style was peculiar, and his sermons were not at all in the beaten track. He was both a deep and an original thinker, apt to "take his hearers to the stars" (as some of them complained), and puzzling them as to what he was driving at."

Then, his opinions were at this time somewhat unsettled. He thought that "churches are useless and mischievous institutions, and the sooner they are dissolved the better." He objected to everything institutional in religion, except public worship and the Lord's Supper. He never administered the ordinance of baptism, and in mature life never witnessed it. He wished church institutions of all orders and shapes to be dissolved, that religion might be set free as a grand spiritual and moral element. His views on this question were manifestly one-sided, and resulted from a peculiarity of his temperament rather than from clear insight and intelligent conviction.

His doctrinal beliefs, too, were irregular. "I have discarded, for instance," he writes to his friend Hughes, "the doctrine of eternal punishment. I can avow no opinion on the peculiar points of Calvinism, for I have none, nor see the possibility of forming a satisfactory one. I am no Socinian, but I am in doubt between the orthodox and Arian doctrines, not without some inclination to the latter. It is a subject for deliberate, perhaps long investigation, and I feel a sincerity which assures me that the issue, whatever it may be, must be safe." This sincerity was indeed a great safeguard, and absolutely we indispensable to a man of Foster's strongly speculative mind, and we believe that it was largely owing to it that on these great doctrinal questions he was in the course of a few years brought into substantial harmony with the Evangelical churches. "I love the evangelic style of truth when I read it or hear it more than any other; it appeals directly to my heart and makes me aspire ardently to attain that divine discipleship, that devotion to Jesus, which would make me zealous and useful and happy. . . . My opinions are in substance Calvinistic. . . . I have always, without the interval of a moment, deemed it (the doctrine of the Atonement) a grand essential of Christianity. How still more emphatically welcome it becomes as one discovers more of one's own heart." (See "Life," I., pp. 81, 82, and 110.)

He prosecuted his ministry at Chichester with great earnestness, but with less apparent success than he hoped for. The congregation suffered from frequent deaths and removals, and, worst of all, he was surrounded by an atmosphere of utter spiritual indifference. There was "a mortal coldness and incurable decay." His Chichester correspondence, however, is among the most valuable he has left. He was undergoing an experience which aided his intellectual and spiritual development in an unusual degree. He had great searchings of heart and fervent aspirations after "perfection, as it shines beauteous as heaven and, alas! as remote"; he attained a clearer apprehension of the mysteries of the Christian faith, and was animated by a spirit of more resolute consecration than he had known before.

On the termination of his pastorate at Chichester, he resided for a time with his friend Hughes at Battersea, preaching in various pulpits, teaching a number of "black boys from Sierra Leone," and mixing freely in society. It was at this time he first met "the friend" to

whom his essays were addressed, and who subsequently became his wife.

In 1800 he removed to Downend, a village five miles from Bristol; in 1804 he accepted the invitation of the congregation which met in Shepherds Barton, Frome. His ministry there was more generally appreciated than it had been in any previous place, but he was unfortunately compelled to resign his position in two years and a half from his entrance upon it, in consequence of the swelling of a gland of his neck, which seriously interfered with his speaking. His residence at Frome is memorable on other grounds. It was during its continuance that the "Essays" which secured him his fame were published. He has himself explained the circumstances in which they originated, and of the care expended on their composition his letters afford the amplest proof. Their appearance was hailed with delight by the most competent judges, and it was felt on all hands that a writer of unusual power had entered the so-called "republic of letters." Robert Hall described him as one "who, to a vein of profound and original thought, together with just views of religion and of morals, joins the talent of recommending his ideas by the graces of imagination and the powers of eloquence. A cast of thought original and sublime, an unlimited command of imagery, a style vigorous, varied, and bold, are some of the distinguishing features of these very singular essays." Sir James Mackintosh affirmed that they proved their author to be "one of the most profound and eloquent writers that England has produced," and this was, in fact, the prevalent feeling. The essays are four in number—On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself, On Decision of Character, On the Application of the Epithet "Romantic," and On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste.

The first essay depicts the influence of external events in the formation of character, as illustrated in direct instruction, companionship, books, natural scenery, and observation of society. The whole essay is instinct with power, but the most remarkable section is that which traces the progress of an atheist, and shows the utter absurdity of his position. A contemner of God is said to be one of the most daring beings in creation.

> But, indeed, it is heroism no longer if he *know* that there is no God. The wonder then turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence which can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for THIS attainment. This intelligence involves the very attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For, unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives

to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, precludes all other divine existence by being Deity himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects does not exist. But he must *know* that he does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection, and acts accordingly.

The invisibility of God is a subject which brings into prominence some of the most momentous and practical questions which the human mind has striven to solve. These questions could not escape the notice of so keen and reflective an observer as Foster, and he, here discusses them, as a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* remarked some years ago, "with a power unparalleled in theological literature."

The Essay on Decision of Character is that by which Foster is most widely known. It is not in our estimation the greatest or most valuable of the series, but it has attained the highest popularity, and has, on this ground, been the most useful. We need not here attempt to analyse it.

That on the Epithet "Romantic" has long been a special favourite with us. After exposing the eagerness with which men employ terms of censure, he shows that the true idea of the romantic is expressive of the sentiments which arise from a disproportionate imagination, which continually invades the sphere of the judgment, and takes everything out of its hands. The modes of this ascendancy are the persuasion of something peculiar and extraordinary in a person's destiny, the entertainment of hopes and projects inconsistent with the known relations between means and ends, reckoning on happy casualties, &c.

The exercise of the imagination is, Foster contends, a misnomer. It is not exercise, it is indulgence.

Imagination may be indulged till it usurp an entire ascendancy over the mind, and then every subject presented to that mind will be taken under the action of imagination instead of understanding; imagination will throw its colours where the intellectual faculty ought to draw its lines; will accumulate metaphors where reason ought to deduce arguments; images will take the place of thoughts and scenes of disquisitions. The whole mind may become at length something like a hemisphere of cloud scenery, filled with an ever-moving train of changing, melting forms of every colour, mingled with rainbows, meteors, and an occasional gleam of pure sunlight, all vanishing away, the mental like this natural imagery, when its hour is up, without leaving anything behind but the wish to recover the vision. And yet, the while, this series of visions may be mistaken for operations of thought, and each cloudy image be admitted in the place of a proposition, or a reason, or it may be even mistaken for something sublimer than thinking. . . . . In that paradise the mind walks delighted, till some imperious circumstance of real life calls it thence and gladly escapes thither again, as soon as the cause of the avocation can be got rid of. There, everything is beautiful and noble as could be desired to form the residence of angels. If a tenth part of the felicities that have been enjoyed, the great actions that have been performed, the beneficent institutions that have been established, and the beautiful objects that have been seen in that happy region, could have been imported into this terrestrial place—what a delightful

thing, my dear friend, it would have been each morning to awake and look on such a world once more.

The manner in which the principle is applied to the possible or prospective regeneration of the world is singularly striking, and those who imagine that knowledge alone will effect a moral renovation can scarcely maintain so invalid a position in face of Mr. Foster's trenchant exposure of its weakness.

The essay on the *Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion* is the most elaborate and valuable of the series. Nowhere has Foster displayed on so wide a scale the originality and strength of his thought, the soundness of his critical and historical judgment, and the finished beauty of his style. As an analysis of human nature and a dissection of its moral principles the essay is indeed unrivalled. The prime cause of the deplored aversion is the innate depravity of man, but subordinately it is accounted for by the fact that Christianity is the religion of many weak and uncultivated minds, and is, therefore, supposed to be beneath the notice of the educated. The peculiarity of language adopted by religious writers, on which Foster justly animadverts, has also been a fruitful source of mischief, and finally the contempt exhibited towards religion by writers of taste, poets, philosophers, essayists, &c., has led others to ignore or despise it. We cannot extend our notice of this admirable production, in which the prejudices of "cultivated" men are exposed with a triumphant force of argument, and the claims of Christianity vindicated with an affluence of thought and a splendour of imagery which must command universal respect.

In 1806 Foster began his contributions to the *Eclectic Review*, and these he continued (with some considerable interruptions) until within a few years of his death. They number in all—according to the list at the end of Volume II. of his "Life"—184 pieces. Some of them are comparatively short, and they possess various degrees of merit; but those of them which have been published separately are in every sense worthy of the author's high reputation, and form quite a storehouse of information on the various subjects of which they treat. They have not the brilliance of Macaulay's "Essays," nor the polished wit of Sydney Smith's; but they display a keenness of observation, a profound reflectiveness, and a massiveness of thought to which neither of those illustrious writers could lay claim. Foster's connection with the *Eclectic* was of incalculable service. He imparted to it something of that "decision" in which it had previously been defective, and secured for it a degree of "spirit and independence" which rendered it a far more effective advocate of liberal Christianity than on its old lines it could possibly have been. Foster was averse to all compromises, and could submit to no conditions which acted as a restraint on his freedom. If, by the just exercise of his freedom, wealthy supporters were offended, he could not help it, and he was strong in the confidence that others would

approve, and no loss be suffered. And his confidence, as the sequel proved, was well founded.

After his marriage, which took place in 1808, Foster removed to Bourton-on-the-Water. The morbid affection in his throat so far diminished that he was again able to preach "here and there" every Sunday, and as it would seem with growing acceptance. His literary labour was continued with unabated ardour, and he was in various ways exercising a wider and more powerful influence than he had formerly done. In 1817 he returned to the scene of his former labours in Downend, in the hope that his ministry would now be more successful. But in this he was disappointed. "I did not," he wrote after some months' experience, "anticipate quite so complete a failure; I did fancy it possible that a natural manner of speaking, that illustrations and pointed applications tending to preclude the too usual dullness and formality of religious discourse, and that a language generally clear of hard or fine words might perhaps engage in some considerable degree the attention of even uncultivated minds, and, indeed, I think I have hardly preached in any other place where they did not enjoy it somewhat more than they have done here." He acknowledges that, by the application of a great deal more time and effort, "a more obvious and attractive mode of exhibiting religious subjects would be attainable, but I cannot feel the duty of making a laborious effort to change my manner for the sake of attracting persons to whom it would be after all less attractive than the very crudest exhibition at the Methodist meeting." This disappointment must have been very bitter, and it is difficult to believe that even these unlettered rustics could not understand or be interested in the bulk of the sermons Foster preached at Downend. But it is to be feared that congregations, whether in town or country, do not as a rule care for instruction. It is unpleasant for them to have their attention taxed. They prefer a style of preaching which makes little demand on their mental activity, and such men as Foster must be content to see preaching of a different order from their own carrying the day. We may rebel against this fact as much as we like; we may attribute it to mental indolence, to languor of feeling, to spiritual indifference, or whatever other cause we please, but we are compelled to recognise it, and ministers who wish to retain their hold on the people must adapt themselves to it, and, within such limits as are sanctioned by their sense of duty to Christ, "become all things to all men in order that they may save some."

Foster's next publications (we are not speaking of the Reviews in the *Eclectic*) were his *Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance* and a Discourse on *The Propagation of Christianity in India*. The extent of the evils of popular ignorance have never been more powerfully depicted than in these pages. Instances are adduced from ancient and modern times, and from our own country, which are simply startling. The various objections to the increase of knowledge are answered

in a manner which seems to us absolutely conclusive, and the advantages of knowledge are pointed out with a vigour and a skill which have never been surpassed. Foster's essay on this subject has had no small influence in the discussions of recent years and it has greatly aided the measures adopted by the Legislature to remove this foul blot from our national life. "It is a work," to quote the words of Dr. Pye-Smith, "which, popular and admired as it confessedly is, has never met with the thousandth part of the attention it deserves."

Some time after this followed the essay prefixed to Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," a masterly production, longer and abler by far than the work to which it is professedly an introduction, and having little vital connection with it. It is to all intents and purposes an independent treatise, produced under strong and persistent pressure from the publisher, but full of Foster's peculiar genius, and in every way a noble book.

The celebrated "Broadmead Lectures" were prepared by Foster at the solicitations of his friends, who urged him after his removal to Stapleton—within three miles of Bristol—to deliver a lecture once a fortnight at Broadmead Chapel. This lecture was arranged so as to interfere as little as possible with the services in other places of worship, and in this way an audience was formed which contained a greater proportion of intelligent and educated persons than any single congregation could have furnished. The work entirely coincided with Foster's wishes, gave full scope to his peculiar powers, and he entered upon it heartily. Of these lectures it is here impossible to speak. They have been published in two volumes, and heartily as they were appreciated by the select circle to which they were originally addressed, they have been more heartily appreciated since. We know of ministers who have read them again and again. The man who "scattered congregations" in his lifetime has made his influence felt in thousands of pulpits, both in Great Britain and America. He has "lived again in minds made better" by his words, and upon none of his contemporaries, illustrious as some of them were, has a greater honour in this respect been conferred.

We must, however, hasten to a close. There is little of outward incident in Foster's subsequent career to which we need allude. The death of his eldest son in 1826, and of Mrs. Foster in 1832, powerfully affected him, and led to those musings on the unseen and eternal which were so thoroughly characteristic of his mind. His speculations were perhaps "bold and daring," but they were always reverent, and though we cannot agree with them all, we would not have had them suppressed. On the duration of future punishment, Foster never came into harmony with the popular belief. His letter to the Rev. Edward White on that subject is one of his ablest productions, and presents its own side of the question in the strongest possible light. If the matter had to be settled on purely *d priori* grounds, if it were simply a matter of moral argument, we could not answer Foster.

But he has given comparatively little attention to the argument from Scripture, which, with us, is the most important of all, and by which the question must be decided. He allows that "the language of Scripture is formidable; so strong that it must be an argument of extreme cogency that would authorise a limited interpretation," and we venture to think that he has failed to show that its language does not imply what according to the orthodox doctrine it has always been understood to imply.

There are various other productions of Foster's which we had intended to notice but cannot—his "Observations on the character of Robert Hall as a Preacher," his letters on "the Established Church" and on "the Ballot," his correspondence with Miss Saunders, and the posthumous essay "On the Improvement of Time." On no part of his writings should we have dwelt with greater pleasure than on his "letters." They reveal him in all the phases of his character, and some of them are as powerful as the best of his essays. The reflections from his journal, again, are literally "packed with thought," single lines often being worth more than a dozen pages of an ordinary author. What gems we have in such sentences as the following:—

This soul shall either govern this body or shall quit it.

All pleasure must be *bought* at the price of pain. The difference between false pleasure and true is just this—for the *true* the price is paid *before* you enjoy it; for the *false*, *after* you enjoy it.

The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle *restored* can become as firm as one that has never been moved.

One of the strongest characteristics of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

Power, to its very last particle, is duty.

Foster's death, which took place on October 15, 1843, has been touchingly portrayed by his friend and biographer, Mr. Ryland, to whose pages we must refer the reader for all details.

Our article leaves much unsaid, but we trust it will not have been written in vain. We are loath to quit the subject, for its fascination increases upon us, and it would be no hardship to linger over it much longer. But time and space alike forbid, and we must perforce conclude. May we do so in the words of Foster's distinguished contemporary, Robert Hall, who, in closing his review of his earliest essays, said:—

The mind of the writer seems at times to struggle with conceptions too mighty for his grasp, and to present confused masses rather than distinct delineations of thought. This, however, is to be imputed to the originality, not the weakness, of his powers. The scale on which he thinks is so vast, and the excursions of his imagination are so extended, that they frequently carry him into the most unbeaten track, and among objects where a ray of light glances in an angle only, without diffusing itself over the whole. On ordinary topics his conceptions are luminous in the highest degree. He places the idea which he wishes to present in such a flood of light, that it is not merely visible

itself, but it seems to illumine all around it. He paints metaphysics, and has the happy art of arraying what in other hands would appear cold and comfortless abstractions in the warmest colours of fancy. Without the least affectation of frivolous ornaments, without quitting his argument in pursuit of imagery, his imagination becomes the perfect handmaid of his reason, ready at every moment to spread her canvas and present her pencil. But what pleases us most, and affords us the highest satisfaction, is to find such talents enlisted on the side of true Christianity; nor can we help indulging a benevolent triumph at the accession of powers to the cause of evangelical piety which its most distinguished opponents would be proud to possess.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

VI.

WHILE taking tea one evening with Mr. Hall, the conversation having turned chiefly on literary topics, he asked me if I had ever seen or read the *Edinburgh Review*. I informed him that not long before leaving home I had purchased the first forty-four volumes. "Then, sir, you are in possession of a mine of literary wealth. Dig into it, sir. You will be richly rewarded for your trouble. You will not agree with all its criticisms or opinions, but it is full of information on almost every topic discussed in the present day. It is conducted with great ability, and the articles are written by men of the highest attainments."

"A somewhat curious incident happened about these books, Mr. Hall." "Indeed, sir. What was it?" "I had returned, very late at night, from a long journey in the country, and found them on my table; and, though almost overpowered by fatigue, the temptation to open the parcel was too strong to be resisted. I took up a volume, and the first sentence I *really* read was this: 'An ironmonger is a very respectable man so long as he is merely an ironmonger, and if he be a religious ironmonger he is an admirable man; but if he sets up for a bishop or a dean, and lectures on theology, he is a great fool for his pains.'" "What was there curious about that, sir? It is witty, but not very striking or profound." "Why, this, Mr. Hall: I was an ironmonger, and, being a member of the church, was, of course, a religious ironmonger, and was just then handing over my business to my brother-in-law, and coming to the Academy." "That *was* remarkable, sir; didn't it stagger you?" "It did for the time, certainly." "And you came to the academy after *that*, sir? You must have had great faith, sir, in your call to the ministry. That would have stopped me, sir!"

Of all the evenings which I spent with Mr. Hall, one stands out pre-eminent in interest.—The conversation and the incidents recur

with such vividness to memory, that I seem to be hearing and seeing them again.—Mr. Hall had once asked me if I had ever heard or seen Mr. Mack, pastor of the church at Clipstone. I replied that I had never seen him, but had heard of him. "How, sir, did that happen?" "A friend of mine had been in London, and had gone to Salters' Hall, on the Lord's Day, when Mr. Mack preached a sermon, by which he was profoundly impressed; especially as it was on a subject of which he had read but little, and had thought still less." "Did he tell you what it was about, sir; and do you recollect the subject?" "Demoniacal Possession, founded on the words, '*Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?*'" "Mr. Mack is a very remarkable man, sir; but he has never done justice to his great talents. I am sorry to say he is very ill, and is now at Cheltenham, hoping to derive benefit from the waters. I am going to Gloucester in a few days, and hope to bring him back with me. And then, sir, you must come up to see him. Come every night while he stays, sir, for you will greatly enjoy his society. He is a most remarkable man, sir." Having heard some account of Mr. Mack's earlier life, which had interested me deeply, I looked forward to personal intercourse with him expecting to derive from it great pleasure and delight.

After the lapse of a few days I called one evening, and found, to my disappointment, that Mr. Hall had not returned. While I was conversing with Mrs. Hall a carriage drove up, and I rose and left. On going down the garden I met Mr. Hall, who did not observe me. I stopped to inquire of Miss Jane Hall how Mr. Mack was, when Mr. Hall turned round sharply and asked, "Who are you, sir, speaking to my daughter?" When he recognised me, he begged pardon for speaking so abruptly, and requested me to walk in and take tea. I told him that I had just that moment left the house. "What for, sir? Why didn't you stay? You know I am always glad to see you. Come in, sir, and have a pipe." "I left, Mr. Hall, because I thought that after an absence of several days, you would prefer, on your return, to be alone with Mrs. Hall and your family." "Did you think, sir, I am ashamed to greet my wife and daughters in your presence? Nonsense, sir, come in, and you shall see." I went in, and after affectionate salutations had been exchanged, he turned, and addressing Mrs. Hall, he observed, "What do you think, my dear? Mr. Trestrail fancied that I should not feel at liberty, in his presence, to salute you all round! Most extraordinary. But now let us have some tea and a pipe." He then expressed his great regret that Mr. Mack could not accompany him, and referred to his illness in words full of pathos and affection.

On the following Lord's Day it was plain from Mr. Hall's prayer that some one was present who was in ill-health, and respecting whom he was deeply concerned. It may be thought presumptuous in me to express any difference of opinion from Mr. Foster, who describes Mr. Hall's prayers as too frequently characterised by

"a length and particularity in personal references." What he describes as characteristic frequently of such exercises was, I think, only occasional. But now there *was* that "consideration" for Mr. Mack "which led him to a length and particularity in personal references," which must have made every one aware that a valued and afflicted friend was present. During the service I observed a gentleman in the pew with Mr. Hall's family, and concluded it must be Mr. Mack.

After passing me with his usual courteous notice, he stepped down into the aisle, stopped for a moment or two, as if he had forgotten something, and then came up to where I was standing, and said, "Mr. Mack is come, sir. Beg your pardon for not remembering it before. You will oblige me by coming to supper. Mind you don't disappoint me, sir. I shall quite expect you." I was only too glad to accept the invitation, and to assure him that I certainly would not forget it.

No one could see Mr. Mack without being struck with his appearance and manner. He was, however, at this time little more than a wreck of a man. He was much emaciated, and looked exceedingly ill; but there was a fire in his bright sparkling eye, and an animation in his style of expression, mingled with wit, humour, and pathos, which made one long to have known him when he was in robust health. He must have had "a fine bodily presence," and his movements were distinguished by the commanding air which invariably marks an educated soldier. Though, as to age, he was in the prime of life, yet when I looked upon him smitten by long continued illness, which had made serious inroads upon him, and gave that appearance of the decay which usually accompanies advanced age, I was forcibly reminded of the words of South: "Surely he that is comely when old and decrepit, must needs have been very beautiful when he was young."

Mr. Hall introduced me as one of his young friends from the Academy. "He has heard of you, Mack, even so far away as Cornwall, and I have promised him that he shall hear from your own lips the story of your life. I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken, and gratify us both." "Mr. Hall, just think; I have told it to you many times, and you could repeat it yourself." "Yes, Mr. Mack, I know it, but I could not tell it as you can. No living man could, sir. Besides, my young friend has never heard it. So, pray begin."

Mr. Mack at once complied, and after a few words descriptive of his early days when he was a weaver laddie, living at home with his parents, both of whom were devout consistent Christians, he went on to say that "meeting one day in Glasgow with a recruiting sergeant, he was induced by him to enter a whisky shop, and to drink freely. And so, sir, when my brain was excited by the liquor, he fired my imagination with descriptions of sieges, battles, and the glories of

war. I soon fancied myself a soldier, and by successful service rising, from rank to rank, until I became a commander, and a conqueror. Under the influence of this excitement, I was persuaded to accept the fatal shilling, and was henceforth enlisted in H.M.'s army. I fell asleep, and did not wake until late the next morning, suffering severely from my excess, scarcely knowing where I was, and plunged into grief and shame when I thought of my poor parents at home.

"Having been told by the sergeant that I must appear at Dumbarton that day month, or if I did not I should be taken up as a deserter, and severely punished, I went home with a heavy heart." "And how *did* you face your father and mother? They must have had a sad time of it." "Yes, indeed, they had. Neither of them had gone to bed, and, as I was not in the habit of staying out at night, they were greatly alarmed. My father had searched for me all over Glasgow, and my mother passed the time in weeping and prayer, often, as I learnt afterwards, exclaiming, 'My bairn, Jock; my puir bairn, what would your mither gie if she only kenned whar ye are the noo!'"

It is impossible to give any idea in words of the pathos pervading his description. Mr. Mack's voice was like music, and his illness infused into it exquisite tenderness. We were all moved to tears, and even Mr. Hall, to whom the story was not new, was touched as if he were listening to it for the first time. After a pause he turned to his guest, "Well, Mr. Mack, go on, sir. Pray excuse our feeling so; we couldn't help it." "I passed a wretched month, as you may suppose, vainly lamenting over my own folly, and looking forward to my separation from my parents, whom I dearly loved, with sincere sorrow. Indeed, when I saw my puir auld mither's grief, though she made the strongest efforts to suppress it, it nearly broke my heart. My father, unable to bear the parting, went quietly out, and my mother was alone with me and my brother. We bade farewell to each other, she, amidst choking sobs, commended me to the blessing of God, and I, with a sorrowful heart, took my way to Dumbarton.

"The next summer found me in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-on-Tyne. My mother walked from Glasgow, obtained employment in reaping during the day, and when I was not on duty, we spent our evenings together. The regiment was ordered south, and in due time we reached Ramsgate. Hitherto the subject of religion had never seriously occupied my thoughts, but painful reflections on my past folly and sin would trouble me in spite of my efforts to suppress them. Happily, I had not plunged into the vices which nearly all soldiers indulged in; and one Sabbath evening I entered, I knew not why—the hand of God was surely directing me—the Baptist chapel, and heard words which entered my soul. Brought to see my lost state, I gave myself to prayer, and by repentance towards God, and faith in Christ, I found pardon and peace. I soon began to talk to my comrades, and the officers seeing how much my conduct was changed, and knowing I could read and write—thanks to my Scotch education—

promoted me to the orderly room. Here I had more leisure, and, relieved from the daily drudgery of a private soldier's life, I found time to read and study the Scriptures.

"Moved from place to place, we came at last to Leicester, and as soon as I found out where you lived, I called. I thought your reception was somewhat odd; for a few moments you looked at me, but spoke not a word. Seeing you were smoking, I took out my pipe, lit it, and began to smoke, too."

"I remember it well, sir; as well as if it occurred only yesterday. In fact, Mack, I was quite astonished to see a soldier in my study. What a handsome fellow you were! I was quite overpowered, sir."

"When you *did* speak, Mr. Hall, you were all kindness. After you had listened to an outline of my history, my conversion, and my work among my comrades, you pressed me to dine with you, and as it was your usual week-night service, you insisted on my giving the address. As I could not resist your importunity, I consented, though with fear and trembling. I got through the service better than I expected." "Yes, sir, you interested us all amazingly, and spoke remarkably well." "Friends came around me after the service, and you introduced me to one and another, and very soon I felt quite at home. But I did not then know that you were *the* Mr. Hall, the author of the sermon on 'Modern Infidelity,' for if I had I should never have summoned up courage to call on you." "Why not, sir? You can do anything as good as that if you will only exert yourself in a manner equal to your talents. But that, Mack, you have never done, and I fear you never will."

"The next Lord's Day you announced, after the service, that a soldier would preach, and in his uniform, adding he is not only a soldier in H.M.'s army, but a soldier in the army of the Prince of Peace! Having taken part in several subsequent services, you, sir, and your friends, resolved to purchase my discharge, which was effected, and you sent me to the Academy."

"Yes, Mr. Mack, we did it, but it was done with great difficulty. Your colonel knew the value of your services, and how hard it would be to obtain a suitable successor. He, therefore, threw every obstacle in the way. But we beat him, sir, we beat him, and carried off our prize."

"The journey from Leicester to Bristol, as you know, Mr. Hall, was, at that time, long and tedious. It was very late when I arrived. Except one or two servants, all the inmates of the house were in bed. I had had no dinner or tea, and was famishing with hunger. To my intense chagrin, there was nothing but gruel for supper! My stomach began to upbraid me, and continued to do so all night long. 'Is this proper treatment, John Mack? No dinner, no tea, and only gruel for supper. Bah! If there had been some *porridge* there would have been sense in that. But gruel!' I rose next morning feeling as if I was starving. The sight of plates full of toast was cheering, and, as

I devoured slice after slice—for I ate like a ravening wolf—my stomach became more composed. 'There, John Mack, you are now behaving something like a man. Go on, go on, until I say hold, enough!' After breakfast I was introduced to the students who were in the house, and they gave me a most cordial welcome. I very soon felt quite at home among them, and settled down to my work. My residence there was pleasant throughout.

"At the end of my second year I was directed to supply the church at Clipstone during the vacation. To my great surprise, the visit was followed by a hearty invitation to the pastoral office. At first I hesitated, wishing to prolong my stay in the Academy; but, yielding to the advice of my tutors and the committee, I accepted it. After the lapse of three or four years, I was requested, by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society, to accompany another minister as a deputation to Scotland. I cannot better express my feelings than by saying 'I jumped at the proposal,' for I should once more see my auld mither. My father, alas! was dead.

"It was agreed between my colleague and myself that we shonld take the services alternately in the towns which we were appointed to visit. On our arrival at Airdrie, where it was my turn to preach, I said to my colleague, 'Now, if you will preach here, I will take your turn at the next place, and then I can go on at once to Glasgow, and shall have two or three more days to spend with my mother.' He was surprised at my request, and, with great seriousness and some severity, quoted our Lord's words, '*If a man love father or mother more than* ME, *he cannot be My disciple.*'"

Mr. Hall instantly rose from the chairs on which he had been reclining, went across the room, and, in one of those subdued whispers, audible to the smallest syllable, and almost startling from the intense feeling concentrated in them, addressed Mr. Mack: "What is that he said, sir?" The sentence was repeated. "Did he say *that*, sir?" "Of course he did, Mr. Hall, or I should not have asserted it." "Is that man living or dead, sir?" "I believe he is dead." "Do you know whether he repented before he died? I hope he did, sir; for else I could not meet him in heaven, sir; for think how he dishonoured his Lord, and trampled under foot the purest and noblest instinct of humanity! But I hope you didn't listen to him, sir; and that you went to your mother." "Yes, indeed, I did." "I am glad to hear that, Mr. Mack; for if you had not have gone I should have lost all respect for you. '*Honour thy father and thy mother is the first commandment with promise.*' May the Lord restore your health, and raise you up again, sir, and reward you for your filial piety. I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir; but I could not repress my indignation at such an inhuman speech."

The scene which I have so inadequately described was extremely impressive. Our astonishment at Mr. Hall's earnestness, his vehemence of expression and gesture, and his touching prayer for his

friend, was, indeed, great. Mr. Mack was astonished, too. His look while Mr. Hall was speaking was full of surprise and gratitude. He said not a word—seemed awed into silence—but his demeanour was far more eloquent than any language could be. After a brief interval of perfect silence, Mr. Mack resumed his narrative.

"On arriving in Glasgow, I sought out my mother. She was living in a very humble abode, but it looked comfortable and clean. She answered my knock, and, on opening the door, curtseyed to me—to me, her own son! She did not know me, but evidently took me for some city clergyman. I thought, Mr. Hall, she would at once have rushed into my arms, and clasped me to her bosom! I cannot describe the bitterness of my disappointment. So I said, 'Mither, dinna ye ken your ain bairn Jock?' I had forgotten the difference in my appearance and garb. How was she to recognise her bairn, whom she had last seen as a young soldier, in the somewhat portly figure before her, and who looked like one of the 'placed ministers' of Glasgow? 'I ken vera weel that my bairn Jock will be here in twa or three days; but it's nae richt in sic a gentleman as you to be trifling with the feelings of a puir auld widow.'"

We were fairly overcome, but in a minute or so the silence was broken by a sudden exclamation from Mr. Hall: "Mack, Mack, whatever *did* you do?" "What *could* I do, sir? My heart leaped to my mouth! But I remembered once, when I was a boy, teazing my mother by eating up the potatoes as fast as she peeled them, when she gave me a tap, and, unintentionally, wounded my wrist with the knife she was using. Whenever she afterwards saw the scar, she used to stroke my hair, and, in very tender tones, say to me, 'Never mind, my bonnie bairn, your mither will ken ye by that when ye are a mon.' I now turned back the sleeve of my coat, and looking earnestly in her face, and pointing to the mark, said, 'Mither, mither! dinna ye ken *that?*' She looked at me for a moment, and exclaiming, 'My bairn, my bairn,' rushed into my arms." We were all most deeply affected by this touching recital, and when Mr. Hall asked, "Whatever followed that, sir?" Mr. Mack replied, in tones of exquisite pathos, "What followed, Mr. Hall, may best be described in the beautiful words of Scripture, *We lifted up our voices and wept.*"

"On the morning of the Sabbath I had to preach in the kirk which my mother attended. She chose a seat where she could best see and hear her bairn Jock. She could, however, hardly realise the change in my condition from a private soldier to a preacher on behalf of the Baptist Mission. The beadle, an important personage in Scottish kirks, intimated that another pew, more retired, would be more suitable. I can imagine how she looked and spoke. 'Mon! dinna ye ken that I am the preacher's mither?' 'Hoo was I to ken that? But if ye *are* the preacher's mither, the best seat in the kirk is nane too guid for ye.'"

"It was a trying time for you, Mack. Did you preach comfortably? And how did your mother feel? *She* must have rejoiced greatly."

"It was a trying time, certainly; for not only was the congregation very large, but the Lord Provost and many of Glasgow's chief citizens were there. As to my mother! Her countenance was radiant with joy, and smiles and tears rapidly succeeded each other during the service."

"Mr. Trestrail," asked Mr. Hall, "did you ever preach before your father, sir?" "Yes, several times." "Didn't he cry, sir? What sort of a man is your father, sir?" "A plain, kind-hearted—" "Beg your pardon, sir, I asked you a very foolish question. I might have guessed what the block was from the chip. I used always to cry when I preached before my father, and he cried, too, sir. There was reason enough, sir, for I made a horrid mess of it. I should not have got on at all but for Keach's Metaphors. Do you know that book, sir? If you don't, read it, sir. You will find it a wonderful help in such difficulties. But go on, Mr. Mack, I beg pardon for interrupting you."

"After the service, several gentlemen came to express their interest in the sermon, and in the Mission for which I had been pleading. They most kindly proffered me their hospitalities. But I respectfully declined them, being most anxious to spend every hour at my disposal with my mother.

"Quite right, Mr. Mack. May God bless you, and richly reward you for your love to your mother. But tell us what she said about the service."

"We were scarcely out of the kirk before she began. 'Jock, my bairn, whar ha'e ye been, and what ha'e ye dune sin' I saw ye last? Why, ye must have been to Brummagem and had ye're face rubbed wi' a brass caundlestick, or ye cooldna ha'e dune it. And think that my auld een have seen ye wag yer pow in Mr. McLeod's pulpit, and the Provost and the Bailies to the fore!' Tears streamed from her eyes, and sobs broke from her lips, while she blessed God for His great mercy, and told me her heart was well-nigh bursting wi' joy!

"During the few days which were left, our talk was much about the past, often prolonged into the early hours, recounting the trials through which we had passed, but more of *the goodness and mercy which had followed us all our days.* Sometimes our mouths were filled with laughter—at others with lamentations—often with praise for the hope and joy which shone over all. *We knew whom we had believed, and that He was able to keep that which we had committed to Him until that day.* While she lived, I was able to add to her comforts, and to brighten her declining days. We parted with feelings I cannot attempt, even, to describe, *sorrowing most of all, that we should see each other's face no more.*"

In some respects I was glad when this affecting tale was ended. During its recital our excitement was intense. The transition from

one state of mind to another was so rapid—often wholly unexpected —and the strain so severe, that the effort to control our emotions, was at times quite painful. I have already spoken of Mr. Mack's pathos, which I never knew excelled, and his emaciated appearance, and great bodily prostration, though the lustre of his eye was in no wise dimmed, greatly added to the effect of the narrative.

As I rose to take leave, Mr. Hall kindly said, "Don't go yet, sir. Have another pipe." I looked to my watch to see if there was time, when I was perfectly startled to find it was past one o'clock, and the time for us to be in, was half-past ten! "Never mind, sir. Stop a little longer. I will call, sir, and explain the matter to Mr. Crisp." Usually on these occasions one stayed till the last moment, and there was a smart run, in order to be in time. It was of no use to run in this case, so I walked quietly down the Croft, being sure that my friend Mr. Capern, who always waited for me when I went to Mr. Hall's, would be at his post. I rang the bell as gently as I could, and he opened the door, and with an expression of amazement on his genial face, saluted me with one of his humorous sallies, "Well, Brother Fred, you are *early* this time, at any rate. Whatever will Mr. Crisp say?"

When any of us happened to be out beyond the proper hour, it was expected that we should inform the President, and explain how it happened. The time chosen for this was, in my judgment, exceedingly inopportune—namely, just before family worship. The students were in their places, and Mrs. Crisp and the children had taken their seats; the servants, too, had gone in, and the student had to wait at the lecture-room door until Mr. Crisp, who always came last, made his appearance. "I am sorry, sir, to have to report that I was out late last night." "Last night, sir! I heard the bell ring, and it was *morning*, sir." "Yes, it was; but I used the word night in its ordinary sense, and not to conceal anything." "May I ask how this happened?" "I was supping at Mr. Hall's, and he prevailed on Mr. Mack to give us an outline of his life, and it was so profoundly interesting, that I forgot all about time, sir." "Then you *ought* not, sir." "I am quite aware of that, Mr. Crisp; but I *did*; and I verily believe if you had been there, sir, you would have forgotten too." This was too much for my tutor, and he sharply rebuked me. "I beg, sir, you will not measure my strength by your weakness." "I can say no more, sir. You know how rarely I exceed the time. I am sorry I did last night, but I couldn't help it." I then passed into the room, looking very much like a culprit, and certainly, not in the best frame of mind for worship. During this explanation, every one in the house was in the room waiting, in silence, for Mr. Crisp. The whole arrangement was injudicious, and was unnecessarily humiliating and irritating to us. I do not remember ever having occasion to apologise again. This was quite sufficient.

I spent two or three more evenings with Mr. Mack. They were

xciting as the one I have attempted to describe, but were
lly interesting. Mr. Hall was at his best. Mr. Mack seemed
and refreshed by intercourse with friends whom he had such
son to hold in grateful esteem, and by whom he was sincerely
The conversation was full of life and spirit, touching on a
iety of topics, but scarcely ever falling into lengthened argu-
: discussion. Wit and humour, facts and anecdotes, repartee and
ometimes producing peals of laughter, at other times moving
—were wonderfully mingled together. If Mr. Mack was not
Mr. Hall in quickness of statement and illustration, he was
our and wit. It was curious to notice how dexterously he
parry some of Mr. Hall's most forcible thrusts by a prompt
yful remark. Amidst all this varied talk, there was per-
it an impressive, elevated tone of spiritual sentiment and
We sometimes speak of "red-letter days." These were cer-
ed-letter nights!
king my leave of Mr. Mack, and expressing my grateful sense
high enjoyment I had found in his company, he took me
by the hand. "Good-bye, Mr. Trestrail. I am very glad to
t you. May God bless you, and may you be a good minister
Christ." I thanked him most heartily, and expressed a hope
might be restored to health. The shadow of that final event
e felt was not far distant, for a moment or two, darkened his
t it soon vanished, and, somewhat joyously, he rejoined,
oye, good-bye." How little did I then think that I was to be
essor in the pastoral office of the church at CLIPSTONE.

ort, Isle of Wight. F. T.

REVIEWS.

PE, THE KINGS, AND THE
E. A History of the
ment to make the Pope
ior of the World, by a
sal Re-construction of
, from the issue of the
is to the close of the
n Council. By William
. In two Volumes. Lon-
William Mullan & Sons,
ternoster Row. 1877.

[r. Gladstone published his
l pamphlets on "The Vati-
can Decree" and "Vaticanism," he rendered to our country a service which had rarely been surpassed, even in one of the most brilliant political careers of the century. The meeting of the Vatican Council had, no doubt, attracted general attention—just as on a smaller scale the "Lambeth Conference" did—but of the nature of its proceedings, of their real though disguised aim, and of the issues that were necessarily involved in it, there was, in England at least, a widespread

ignorance. Mr. Gladstone was the first writer of any authority who opened our eyes to the facts of the case, and, although he was denounced as a wild alarmist, who sought by appealing to the baser passions of fanaticism and strife to further his personal ambition, his words have since then received abundant confirmation, and no single charge of importance which he alleged against Rome has been refuted.

The ultimate aim of the Pope is unquestionably indicated in the title-page of Mr. Arthur's elaborate and conclusive volumes. He aspires to become "Governor of the World by a Universal Re-construction of Society." The Roman Catholic Church is not, like any other Church, a spiritual or a religious organisation —it is, above all things else, political. "The modern strife of the Papacy is not to make men and women, as such, godly and peaceable, but to bring kings as kings, and legislatures as legislatures, and nations as nations, into subjection to the Pope." The advisers and instruments of his Holiness use theology and religion simply as motive powers of politics, and the Christian civilisation they are labouring to establish is a civilisation in which national independence will be but a name, in which our most dearly-cherished liberties will be abolished—especially in respect to a free press and the right of worship—in which civil law will be subjected to canon law, and rulers be no better than the Viceroys of Rome. This position has, of course, been persistently and passionately denied, but it has not been disproved, and the evidence which establishes it is too strong and decisive to be set aside.

In the two volumes now lying before us, Mr. Arthur—*venerabile nomen*—has embodied the results of a laborious and scholarly investigation of the whole subject. He has devoted to the task several years of hard study, prosecuted in Rome and in various other cities on the Continent. In all cases he has gone direct to the original sources of information—to authorities which even Cardinal Manning and other Papal writers employ, and which of course they cannot impugn.

Many of his statements rest on the *ipsissima verba* of official documents, and of histories, &c., which have the sanction of the Pope or of bishops. The avowed organs of the Vatican and its policy have been laid under constant contribution, especially the *Civilta Cattolica* and the *Stimmem aus Maria Laach*. The official work of Cecconi, now Archbishop of Florence, is the great source of information for the secret history of the five years preceding the Council, and of course the *Documenta ad Illustrandum* of Professor Friedrich, the *Eight Monks at Rome* by Pomponio Leto, the letters of *Quizinus*, &c., have been constantly consulted.

Mr. Arthur has, by painstaking inquiries and protracted thought, gained a mastery of this subject in all its branches, and given us a history of it which in English has, and is likely to have, no equal. He enables us to see how the idea of a general council originated—how it was at first obscurely hinted at, and then more boldly declared; how its real design was concealed even from the bishops summoned to attend it. The infallibility of the Pope, with all the tremendous consequences involved in it, was what his Holiness and the college of Cardinals were determined to have declared as an œcumenical decree. It was only by degrees, however, that this purpose was disclosed; and it encountered an amount of opposition which, to say the least, was ominous.

ıuncil has added another to the records of ecclesi- tyranny, and shows that no ıre too base to be pressed › service of the Papacy. It ess attempting to go into ere, but by all means let our consult Mr. Arthur's graphic asterly pages. They more ıdicate Mr. Gladstone's indict- ıat Rome has substituted for ıd boast of *Semper eadem* a of violence and change in ıat she has refurbished every ol she was thought to have ıed, and that no one can be vert without renouncing his and mental freedom, and his loyalty at the mercy of

the histories of France, Spain, Italy, &c., Mr. has shown that the Papacy ily has a blighting influence ıestic, social, and political ıat it is the foe of science, ce, and civilisation, and de- e of all the best interests of l.

publication of the book is It was needed because of red conditions of the con- with Rome, and it ought mastered by all who are ɔd in that controversy. And ıot interested in it? The ts and the emissaries of its may not succeed in their ırs to lead us back to the › of the Middle Ages, but we r resist their endeavours as rstand them. Mr. Arthur us what Romanism really work is invaluable. He is accurate in his statements, uent as a writer, and power- easoner. His noble volumes ıe read by every Protestant ry Englishman. His pen ɛr been more usefully em- ıan in their production.

COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. Translated from the Second French Edition of F. Godet, D.D. Vol. III.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL. Described and Explained according to its Peculiar Character. By Christoph Ernst Luthardt. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1877.

THE Commentaries of Godet and Luthardt are now so well known, and their peculiar merits so well understood, that it is altogether unnecessary to present a minute analysis of their contents, or even to pronounce upon them a lengthened eulogy. Rationalistic critics have turned the fourth Gospel into a conspicuous battle-field, on which they have displayed their bitterest hostility, and plied their most dangerous weapons. The struggle here is evidently a matter of life or death. The issue, however, cannot be doubtful. To invalidate our belief in the Johnanine authorship of the Gospel is impossible; even Matthew Arnold has, with some modifications (which a more thorough reflection will compel him to surrender), accepted it; and both Luthardt and Godet have, with immense learning, established it on irrefragable grounds. Their services as apologists are, however, equalled by their fine and masterly expositions. Godet is, taking him all in all, our favourite author on this Gospel. He is a skilled exegete, well versed in the principles of grammatical science, aided by a powerful historical imagination, and a singular sobriety of judgment. His expositions are often distinguished by their terse and pithy arguments; but, as a rule, they are more remarkable for their clear-sighted intuitions. The previous volumes of the Commentary we have used freely, with increasing confidence and satisfac-

tion. The present volume begins with chapter xi., and continues to the end of the Gospel. The treatment of the raising of Lazarus, both in the expository portion and in the discussion of the Rationalistic explanations of the event, is as valuable a section as any we have seen; and that on our Lord's Intercessory Prayer (ch. xvii.) is another with which we have been greatly delighted. We are sorry that Godet has adopted so cold a rendering of the word παράκλητος as "support" (French *soutien*). We are, in fact, scarcely prepared to abandon the familiar and time-honoured "comforter," especially if it be understood that it bears, according to the original use of the term, the twofold sense of strengthener and consoler. Teacher is certainly not, as Godet remarks, a full equivalent; but the context indisputably proves that teaching is an essential element of the Paraclete's work, and it strikes us as a defect in Godet's rendering that it does not recognise that element.

Luthardt's book has, in this edition, been subjected to a thorough revision, and is practically a new work. It is constructed on a different plan from Godet's, but it reaches substantially the same results. Both authors are strong in their exegesis; both are fearlessly honest, scorning to maintain an untenable position, and eagerly accepting truth from whatever quarter it proceeds. Both, also, have that fine tact, that subtle insight into the meaning of the inspired text, which no amount of genius or learning and no dialectical skill could of themselves confer. Both of them, also, have an admirable style, though Godet's is the more brilliant. Luthardt's doctrinal expositions are often fuller than Godet's, and we heartily endorse the opinion of the Dean Alford, that he has materially aided a better appreciation of this wonderful Gospel.

The English pulpit has often been charged with indifference to the vital questions of Biblical criticism, and with false and unscientific interpretations of Scripture. If the charge is well founded, it is not because we have not the highest knowledge within our reach. Every year Messrs. Clark lay both churches and ministers under deeper obligations; and for none of their invaluable translations do we owe them a heartier gratitude than for those of Godet and Luthardt.

MEYER'S COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. (1) The Gospel of Matthew. Translated from the Sixth German Edition. By Rev. Peter Christie. Vol. I. (2) The Acts of the Apostles. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German. By Rev. Paton Gloag, D.D. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1877.

MEYER is, without doubt, the foremost exegete of the present century. He made this department emphatically his own, and throughout a long and laborious life devoted to it talents of no common order. That he had a genius for the work is evident on every page. His immense learning is no less evident, and in his own sphere he is without a rival. The latest editions of his Commentary are greatly superior to the earliest, as it was his constant aim to bring them up to the highest possible standard. His doctrinal utterances are not always satisfactory, and his expositions are occasionally vitiated by too great concessions to Naturalistic criticism. We do not agree with his views as to the origin and composition of the first Gospel. He thinks that in its present form it cannot have originally proceeded from the hands of the Apostle

Matthew, and that we have in it the Greek translation of a Hebrew original. The discussion of our Lord's temptation is valuable; so is that of the Sermon on the Mount. In the remarks on the Transfiguration there are several points that seem to us too Rationalistic; but, taking the work as a whole, we cannot eulogise it too strongly. There is no commentary on the Gospels which, to thoughtful Biblical students who are capable of honest and painstaking investigation, will prove more helpful.

The Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles we have noticed before. In addition to its other excellences, it discusses the baptismal passages with a degree of candour, as well as of ripe scholarship, which are too rarely evinced in relation to this question; and our brethren in the ministry will find here much valuable aid in their expositions.

The translations are executed with great care and accuracy, and are in every way worthy of the reputation acquired by the commentary in its original form. Prefixed to the volume on Matthew there is an interesting biographical sketch of Dr. Meyer, supplied by his son, which enhances the esteem in which we hold the great commentator, and holds up an example of laborious, conscientious work which we should all do well to imitate.

EXPOSITORY LECTURES ON THE FIRST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street. 1878.

"EXPOSITORY preaching is all very well in its place, but it can never become popular. It is too dry and uninteresting." So we were lately assured by one who professed to know "what congregations like." We will not here dispute the accuracy of the opinion; but if it be correct, all we can say is, so much the worse for the congregations. Dry and uninteresting, indeed! Let those who think that it is necessarily so, procure this volume of Mr. Thornley Smith's, and if it does not interest as well as instruct them, they must be unreasonably hard to please. He has not only studied the text of Scripture with minute and loving care, and traced the sequence of its thought, but has further applied its truths to our modern life with great skill, and clothed them as with flesh and blood. His pages are instinct with life. He has given us the cream of the more learned commentaries on this great epistle, having read extensively and thought deeply, in order to render his little book one of the best which has yet been produced upon it. And he has admirably succeeded.

LAMPS AND LIGHTERS. Sunday Afternoon Half-hour Lectures for the Masses. Delivered in Birmingham, by Rev. Charles Leach, F.G.S. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street. 1877.

THESE lectures are similar in character to the Sunday afternoon lectures to working-men which some years ago were delivered in most of our large towns, especially in the North. Mr. Leach has not the brilliance of Arthur Mursell, nor the strong masculine grasp of Hugh Stowell Brown; but he is a sensible, practical, and useful speaker. His lectures are all on popular and attractive subjects: "Odds and Ends," "Rags and Bones," "Stop Thief," "Loaves and Fishes," "Catch 'em Alive, O!" "Keep to the Right," &c.; and his style is lively and interesting. It is not every man who could adopt such a method of reaching the masses, but we cannot doubt that he has done no small

amount of good. In view of the appalling ignorance, vice, and misery which exist even in the England of the nineteenth century, we rejoice in every attempt to remedy and remove them.

THE LEISURE HOUR. 1877.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME. 1877. London: The Religious Tract Society.

AMONGST our numerous Christmas visitors, there are none more welcome than these two influential and well-connected friends. They always bring with them a store of valuable information and cheerful varieties. They were never more attractive than at the present time. The historical, biographical, and natural history contents of the *Leisure Hour* are exceedingly valuable; the stories are not quite so spicy as those of the wicked novel school; but we gladly accept the undertone in lieu of the detrimental extravagances of modern fiction. The *Sunday at Home* is, to our mind, not quite equal to its companion volume in point of literary merit, and some of its pictorial embellishments are not quite true to scale; but there is all the diversity of topic and breadth of interest which such a publication requires to meet the many tastes which have to be consulted. What a blessing these volumes must be in dwellings of all dimensions and descriptions! —on board ship, in colonial out-stations, in barrack reading-rooms, and, as we are glad to find, even in our prisons they are permitted to bring the savour of the home-feeling.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Lower Norwood, December 11th.
Mitcham Common, November 14th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Francis, Rev. E. (India), Stogumber.
Hobbs, Rev. W. A., Somersham, Hunts.
Rolls, Rev. W. H. (Bushey), Horsforth, Leeds.
Smith, Rev. W. V. (Regent's Park College), Evesham.
Stanion, Rev. J. S., Hounslow.
Stephens, Rev. J. (Berwick), Highgate Road.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Foxton, Leicestershire, Rev. W. Float, November 19th.
Gorleston, Yarmouth, Rev. R. L. McDougall, November 15th.
Kilmarnock, Rev. W. J. Grant, November 11th.
Scarborough, Rev. W. H. Tetley, November 2nd.
Upton Chapel, Lambeth, Rev. W. Williams, November 27th.

RESIGNATION.

Crassweller, Rev. H., B.A., Cross Street, Islington.

DEATHS.

Albrecht, Rev. Dr., Mirfield, Yorkshire, December 9th, aged 72.
Brooks, Rev. J., Heaton, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, November 11th, aged 65.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1878.

THE NEARNESS AND OBSCURITY OF GOD.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIMES.

By the Rev. C. M. Birrell.

ALL nature proclaims that God is not far from any one of us; the Christian knows that He is intimately present with his spirit; yet to reason, and even to common faith, He is often far from discernible.

In the days of the Early Church, when the hand of violence was laid on some of the most devoted men—men upon whose vigour and courage everything good in the world seemed to depend—it was difficult to recognise His footprints. With John beheaded, James put to the sword, and Stephen stoned to death, who, looking on this side and on that, would be prompted to exclaim, "Surely God is in this place!" So, in the dark winter through which we have just been passing in England—assailed by moans from many blood-red fields, and from long trails of dejected prisoners on their way through flood and snow to an enemy's country; haunted by the spectres of famine-stricken millions on the plains of India, and wasted labourers, red-eyed women, and sad children, in our own Cambrian Valleys; startled, too, by something like the shriek of the war-madness in our Senate and in some of our popular journals,—we have lifted up our eyes and inquired, "Where, all this while, is the Ruler of Nations, the All-Compassionate One, the Father of Mercies, the God of Consolation?" The words of long-departed saints, telling that such perplexity is not new, have for a moment stolen painfully to our lips: "Lo! He goeth by me, but I see Him not; He passeth on also, but I perceive Him not." "Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."

If we inquire into the reasons why He who is undoubtedly near should so often be thus obscure, we shall, perhaps, find one in the

limitation of our faculties, and another in the imperfection of our moral character.

The first of these is the more obvious: *the impossibility of the smaller comprehending the operations of the greater mind.* The questions of infancy are often hard to answer, not because one does not understand the subject, but because no adequate reply could be understood by the child. One is obliged to avoid the point of the difficulty, and to present some familiar idea which shall allay inquiry until the receptive power is increased. Yet, between that child's capacity and our own there is a measurable proportion, while between ours and God's there is none. Even if we could trace any one event all through this world, we should have before us but a small section of its course, for that extends to both worlds and to all duration. To take up the largest part of what we can discern, and from that pronounce upon the character of the whole, would be scarcely less unreasonable than to pretend, from a single stone of a great edifice, to declare the order of its architecture, and the objects of its erection. He to whom all nature, to her inmost law, lies open, and to whom all events are, not obscurely and in succession, but immediately and absolutely, known, cannot but be hidden to the human understanding. "Canst *thou*, by searching, find out God? Canst *thou* find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven—what canst thou do? deeper than hell—what canst thou know? The measure thereof is larger than the earth and broader than the sea."

The other reason lies in *our imperfect sympathy with God.* If we are intimately acquainted with a person, we can generally form some idea of his intentions, even before they are announced. We certainly are in little danger of attributing to him purposes in opposition to his fixed principles, and contradictory to his character. And if we knew more of God; if we were in closer harmony with His nature; if our hearts were set upon the things that His heart is set upon; and if our desires were only to see His desires accomplished,—we should more frequently understand His proceedings; and when we did not understand, we should, at least, be prevented from misinterpreting them.

How vivid a picture we have, in Job, of a man assailed by every possible temptation to put a wrong construction upon the acts of God! Yet, so great was his knowledge of Him, and so far did he see into His heart, that, although he sometimes staggered under pressure of the tempest, he never lost hold of His love and equity. He repelled every imputation on the wisdom which had ordained his sufferings; he vindicated every blow which smote him to the dust; and, in one of the noblest bursts of friendship which the world ever heard, exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in HIM."

It was to a deficiency of this intimate acquaintanceship with Himself that our Lord ascribed many of the mistakes of His disciples.

When He was, once, dwelling on the mysterious relation between the Father and the Son, and Philip struck in with a question about His meaning, He responded in a tone of rebuke. The subject presented great difficulties to the understanding; but then its meaning could be reached by a different road altogether. "The heart," says Pascal, "has reasons which the reason does not understand." To one who had attained to a heart-intimacy with Christ, the subject was comprehensible, or, at least, conceivable; and that was the warrant for the chiding turn of the question: "Have I been so long with you, and yet hast thou not known Me? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

But can we not find some advantages arising from this partial obscurity of God? *Has it not a tendency to deepen humility?* What is more calculated to put down within us proud thoughts than our incompetency to explain some of the commonest facts of the natural world, and some of the most frequent movements of Providence? That we should be surrounded on all sides by darkness which no human sagacity can disperse, and be limited to a narrow pathway, lighted, and not always clearly lighted, by a beam from heaven, certainly demands the confession of our helpless dependence. Above all, that God should so often be hidden from us in consequence of the hardness of our hearts and the dulness of our spiritual perceptions; should be near to us, and we not see Him; should speak to us, and we not hear Him; should wait for our prayers and we all the while be complaining of His absence, simply because we are stunned by the world's noise, and stupefied by the prevalence of sin;—this is humbling, and may well be made a new starting-point in our education.

Does not this same thing present *a continual demand for faith*, and in that way give occasion to the highest culture of the character? This was the principle on which the first promise was founded. It held up a Saviour, then far in the future, and was allowed to shine with only a faint, although increasing lustre, age after age. In all those temporal deliverances of the church, which foreshadowed that greatest deliverance, there was just so much knowledge imparted as served to maintain hope. The people who were in exile in Babylon for two generations obtained no more information about the movements of the Divine hand on their behalf than was necessary to enable them to hold fast by the promise which assured them, in the face of all natural improbability, that they would one day dwell again in the land of their fathers. Even when our Lord came, what was the mode of training adopted. Not to clear away all the difficulties, and to satisfy all the longings of His disciples, but to win their confidence in Himself—to make them trust when they could not understand Him—to believe Him present in the spirit when He was absent in the flesh—to disentangle themselves from the bondage of materialism, and to embrace, with unbounded trust, the unseen and Divine. This is, clearly, what He is aiming at with us. He wants

to withdraw us from all undue joy in the outward, that we may rest in the spiritual; from all craving after the seen, that we may be at home in the unseen; from all dependence on His gifts, that we may be satisfied with Himself.

For it should be well observed that whatever obscurity may rest on the nature and on some of the ways of God, there is none on His sentiments towards men. He may hide Himself as the God of Providence, but He glories in the name of the "Lord God of Israel, the Saviour." How powerfully He has expressed Himself in the gift of His Son; how solemnly He has bound Himself in the covenant of grace; how emphatically He has sealed every word by repeated acts of forgiveness, support, and comfort to those who have come to Him! If anything can be made evident, and carried home to our deepest convictions, it is that "God is Love," and that He claims, deserves, and requites the love of His creatures. He has touched us, as a nation, with sorrow; He has made our sea rough; He has brought us into deep and dark places. Why? Because He is indifferent to us, and cares not for us! The very reverse. Because He wishes us to seek Him out, to find how blessed is His friendship, and how glorious a portion He is in Himself. God's object in hiding is really to reveal Himself. He retires from the unfaithful soul that it may search after Him; He shades His brightness from His ardent followers that they may the more steadily contemplate His Eternal Beauty!

BAPTIST AUTHORS.

A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

II.

ANDREW FULLER.

PART I.

NO period of modern English history has been subjected to such severe and merciless criticism as the century which followed the Great Revolution of 1688; and no period, it must be confessed, has more richly deserved the treatment it has received. We, no doubt, look back with feelings of gratulation and pride to the heroic stand which the men of that day made on behalf of our liberties. The encroachments of "Kingcraft" were successfully resisted. Monarchical tyranny and despotism were completely overthrown, and reforms were subsequently introduced into our Constitution whose worth we can all appreciate, and which will undoubtedly make "the bounds of freedom broader yet." But not even in the sphere of politics do we experience unmingled satisfaction. There

were miserable intrigues among our leading statesmen at home, and blots on our diplomacy abroad which we cannot recall without the profoundest regret, and in this "most prosperous season that England had ever experienced," its fair fame was in many ways tarnished. And when from the sphere of politics we pass into that of morals and religion, the scenes on which the eye rests, are darker and more dismal still. Profaneness of language, licentiousness and sensuality, public corruption and lifeless formality were everywhere prevalent, and it is difficult to find, in the higher circles at least, a single ray of light to relieve the gloom. Men of every school of thought regard this period with similar feelings. "Even those who look with suspicion on the contemporary complaints from the Jacobite clergy of 'decay of religion' will not hesitate to say that it was an age destitute of depth or earnestness; an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character; an age of 'light without love,' whose 'very merits were of the earth, earthy.' In this estimate the followers of Mill and Carlyle will agree with those of Dr. Newman." In philosophy, the sensational theory of Locke—the theory which asserts the senses to be the only inlet of knowledge—was all but universally accepted; in ethics the way was prepared for a cold and calculating Utilitarianism—the selfish system was supreme; poetry had become stilted and artificial, and dealt with men, not as they are seen in the free and natural life of the country, but as they appear under the restraints of the town, amid the gaieties of fashion, and the glitter of courts. The primal instincts of the human heart were uncared for; and while there was no lack of polish and abundance of pointed epigrams, no interest was felt in the deeper problems of life. The poet was not carried away by an overmastering enthusiasm, nor did he experience that thrill of delight which can only be inspired by contact with the great realities of being. Theology did not escape the contagion that was abroad. Scholarly treatises, eloquent sermons, elaborate defences of the faith doubtless issued from the press, but the purely spiritual aspects of religion, "the deep things of God," were either ignored, or looked upon as things to be scrupulously avoided by wise and sober-minded men; and of genuine spiritual life, fervent and all-absorbing love to Christ, with its related "enthusiasm of humanity," there was lamentably little. What little there was, existed mainly among "Nonconformist fanatics," but even the Free Churches of the country had, in the earlier part of this century, days of darkness and gloom, and at no period has their "inner life" been at a lower ebb.

With the process and instruments of reformation in other spheres we are not here concerned, nor can we do more than briefly allude to the means by which the religious life of the nation was quickened and made to "renew its youth." The piety of the churches was doubtless invigorated by the "Psalms and Hymns" of Isaac Watts and the writings of Philip Doddridge. But it needed men of mightier

force, of more varied and untiring energy, to rouse the people from their slumbers, and to bring them as penitents to Christ—men like Whitefield and Wesley, burning with apostolic zeal, and labouring night and day as heralds of the Cross; and to them are we mainly indebted (under God) for the success of that marvellous movement which rescued the masses of our countrymen from practical Atheism, and clothed all the churches with new power. The force of the greatest evangelical revival of modern times is not yet exhausted; on the contrary, we believe it to be susceptible of new developments, but these developments will be attained by the operation of other elements than those which were supplied by Whitefield and Wesley in its earlier stages. The creeds of the bulk of the churches were grossly one-sided, rigidly lifeless, or unwarrantably lax, and verging in one direction or the other towards "the falsehood of extremes." The revision of the current theology; the recognition of apparent opposites, each of which is prominent in the Divine Word and cannot be ignored without serious loss in practical Christian life; the presentation of all the counsel of God, and not merely of a favourite fragment of it—this was a task which the times sorely required. And then the efforts to evangelize the great masses of our own countrymen did not cover the whole ground of the Church's responsibility. The Gospel was to be preached to "every creature." The messengers of Christ were to "go into all the world." Hitherto this had not been regarded as a duty—the very thought of it was branded as intolerably presumptuous, to be sternly and resolutely put down. And even those who would not have thus pitilessly denounced it would have set it aside as hopelessly impracticable. But there was one mind in which the idea of the evangelization of the world had become so firmly rooted that it could not be repressed. It persistently struggled for utterance, triumphed over denunciations and sneers, "laughed at impossibilities," and at length fired the zeal of men, who, as they listened to WILLIAM CAREY'S magnificent appeal to "expect great things from God" and "attempt great things for God," resolved that the work should be begun, and that the churches of our land should no longer lie under the reproach of caring only for themselves.

The formation of the Baptist Missionary Society in 1792 is too well-known to require an extended notice here. We refer to it only because it necessarily brings us into contact with its first Secretary, the Rev. ANDREW FULLER, a man who shares with Carey the honour of its formation, and whose gigantic labours were, in every sense, as indispensable as were the zeal and devotion of Carey himself. Humanly speaking, the Society could not have been founded apart from the dogged perseverance, the courageous intrepidity, and the unwearied self-sacrifice of Fuller; although it is by his labours as a theologian that he is most widely remembered, and in reference to which we have principally to recall him here. The band of men, in which he was the most conspicuous figure, supplemented in several

ys the evangelism of Whitefield and his co-adjutors, raised it to a ll higher level, and gave to it a more lasting and commanding luence. As the years advanced their thoughts were widened, and he increasing purpose" which runs through the ages was more arly apprehended, and they took a bold and decisive step, the issues which we cannot see, but which must "hasten the coming of day of God."

Andrew Fuller is one of the men whose intellectual position we not rightly understand unless we know something of the circumnces of his life. We cannot think of him as occupying "an personal atmosphere." His writings are not occupied with metaysical or theological abstractions, nor does he discuss the high ctrinal themes to which he devoted his powerful understanding as e who dwelt apart from men. He lived familiarly among them, d though few writers have grasped more clearly than he, the lities of the unseen and eternal—the elements of truth which permanent and unchangeable; his presentation of them s, in a large degree, determined by the peculiar conditions ich surrounded him, and in no other era could his most valuable ductions have been thrown into the forms in which they have been served. It is, of course, essential for us to bear this in mind.

Several "Memoirs" of Andrew Fuller have appeared. The one to ich we are principally indebted, and with which we have been gest familiar, is that prefixed to the Collected Edition of his rks by his son, Andrew Gunton Fuller, a man who, to an altogether ceptional breadth and versatility of knowledge, unites a liberality sentiment and a humility of spirit which invest his character with indescribable charm. To know him is to esteem and love him. ere is a more recent Memoir, forming Vol. XI. of the "Bunyan rary," by Thomas Ekins Fuller, a son of Andrew Gunton; and of also, we can speak in terms of warm commendation. To these works we may refer for more minute details than we can attempt give in the necessarily imperfect outline which follows.

Andrew Fuller was born February 6th, 1754, at Wicken, a small lage about eight miles from Ely, Cambridgeshire. His parents upied a small farm, which they and their ancestors had tilled for eral generations. They were Dissenters of the ultra-Calvinistic ool, but not otherwise remarkable. Andrew has left a lengthened ount of his early life, which is worthy of universal perusal. It far more sober in its tone and of far higher worth than well-known autobiography of Whitefield, and is free from ry trace of exaggeration. We learn from it that he was f an athletic frame and daring spirit, and was often engaged such exercises and exploits as might have issued in death if good hand of God had not preserved him." Among the sins of childhood, he mentions "lying, cursing, and swearing." He left these vices at a very early age, however, and long before he felt

the power of Divine grace. His native manliness led him to despise them. He was about fourteen years old when he "began to have serious thought about futurity;" and it is melancholy to reflect that there was nothing in the preaching to which he listened to awaken his conscience or lead him to Christ. He derived invaluable help from Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" and "Pilgrim's Progress," as well as from Ralph Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets." His impressions fluctuated, and for upwards of two years he had to undergo a severe and terrible struggle—tormented by a sense of his guilt, haunted by fears of the future, panting for emancipation, and yet baffled in his efforts to obtain it. A word of kindly and sympathetic counsel from a friend, or of encouragement from one who was wise to win souls, would have been of incalculable comfort to him; and yet no such word was ever spoken. At length God led him into a land of light and liberty, and he became a new man—wiser, stronger, happier; and henceforward religion was his life. We wish those who regard joining the Church as a trivial affair—a mere matter of course—would note the great searchings of heart which Fuller underwent before he took so decisive a step, in the spring of 1770. In the autumn of that year an event occurred which we must notice, because of its bearing upon his subsequent life. One of the members of the church at Soham (to which place his parents had removed when he was six years old) had been guilty of drinking to excess. Fuller was one of the first that knew of it, and he says: "I immediately went and talked to him, as well as I could, on the evils of his conduct. His answer was, 'He could not keep himself, and that though I bore so hard on him I was not my own keeper.'" This attempt to excuse the inexcusable, aroused Fuller's indignation, and was rightly deemed an aggravation of the offence. Among other things, it suggested to him the problem which for years afterwards he so profoundly pondered, and on which he ultimately threw so much light—"the power of sinful men to do the will of God." The offender's excuse was in strict accordance with the doctrinal sentiments which generally prevailed, and these sentiments there was little disposition to modify or correct. Fuller was barely tolerated in his efforts to reach the truth, on the ground that he was a "babe," and knew no better. But the heresy of his pastor, who to some extent sympathised with him, could not be forgiven, and shortly after he resigned his charge, and left the church in a divided and apparently languishing state. The young student persisted in his inquiries. He diligently read Dr. Gill's "Cause of God and Truth," and noted the distinction there drawn between the power of the hand and the power of the heart. He also derived invaluable help from the conversation of a friend—Mr. Joseph Diver—who, indeed, knew nothing of the metaphysics of the question, but of whom it might be said that he had the mind of Christ—a man of strong common sense and equally strong piety. But the point to which we call special attention is that Fuller was induced to

take this matter into his consideration, not by a love of speculation, or as a matter of intellectual interest, but as a practical question of every-day life.

Fuller's first essays in preaching were not of his own seeking. He was on several occasions called upon in an emergency. His fellow-members, in course of time, naturally "entertained an idea of his engaging in the ministry," and in 1775 elected him to be their pastor. He accepted the position in the spirit that might have been anticipated. His doctrinal beliefs were conscientiously reviewed, and he gave himself unreservedly to reading, meditation, and prayer.

With respect to the system of doctrine which I had been used to hear from my youth, it was in the high Calvinistic, or rather hyper-Calvinistic, strain, admitting nothing spiritually good to be the duty of the unregenerate, and nothing to be addressed to them in the way of exhortation, excepting what related to external obedience. Outward services might be required, such as attendance on the means of grace, and abstinence from gross evils might be enforced; but nothing was said to them from the pulpit in the way of warning them to flee from the wrath to come, or inviting them to apply to Christ for salvation. And though our late disputes had furnished me with some few principles inconsistent with these notions, yet I did not perceive their bearings at first, and durst not for some years address an invitation to the unconverted to come to Jesus. I began, however, to doubt whether I had got the truth concerning this subject. This view of things did not comport with the ideas which I had imbibed concerning the power of man to do the will of God. I perceived that the will of God was not confined to mere outward actions, but extended to the inmost thoughts and intents of the heart. The distinction of duties, therefore, into internal and external, and making the latter only concern the unregenerate, wore a suspicious appearance. But as I perceived this reasoning would affect the whole tenor of my preaching, I moved on with slow and trembling steps, and having to feel my way out of a labyrinth, I was a long time ere I felt satisfied.

Other doctrinal positions than those mentioned in the foregoing extract were submitted to an equally searching examination. The young minister was an assiduous student both of the sacred Scriptures and of the writings of the great theologians. He was also greatly aided by the companionship of such men as Robert Hall, of Arnsby, "the younger Ryland," John Sutcliffe, and others, who, like himself, had begun to distrust the false system in which they had been reared. The influence of another class of books tended in the same direction.

I found my soul drawn out in love to poor souls while reading Millar's account of Elliott's labours among the North American Indians, and their effect upon those poor barbarous savages. I found, also, a suspicion that we shackle ourselves too much in our addresses: that we have bewildered and lost ourselves in taking the decrees of God as the rules of action. Surely Peter and Paul never felt such scruples in their addresses as we do. They addressed their hearers as *men*—fallen men; as we should warn and admonish persons who were blind, and on the brink of some dreadful precipice. Their work seemed plain before them. O that mine might be so before me!

In October, 1782, Mr. Fuller removed to Kettering, the place with

which his name is imperishably associated, and which derives no small measure of its fame from his connection with it. His deliberations as to whether he should leave his friends at Soham—who were, nevertheless, too few and too poor adequately to maintain him—were anxious and protracted; and Dr. Ryland's remark was even short of the truth when he said that "Men who fear not God would risk the welfare of a nation with fewer searchings of heart than it cost him to determine whether he should leave a little Dissenting church, scarcely containing forty members besides himself and his wife." Had he not felt constrained by a sense of duty, he would never have acceded to the urgent entreaties of the Church at Kettering.

His life there was full of interest, but we must not attempt minutely to follow it. His mind underwent continual expansion; his views became more matured, and his preaching increased in power. Soon after his settlement at Kettering, he published his now celebrated treatise, "The Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation;" in what spirit his diary will best show.

Aug. 20, 1784.—Many misgivings of heart about engaging in defence of what I esteem truth, lest the cause of Christ should be injured through me. Surely, if I did not believe *that* in defence of which I write to be *important* truth, I would hide my head in obscurity all my days.

23.—The weight of publishing still lies upon me. I expect a great share of unhappiness through it. I had certainly much rather go through the world in peace, did I not consider this step as my duty. I feel a jealousy of myself lest I should not be endued with meekness and patience sufficient for controversy. The Lord keep me. I wish to suspect my own spirit, and go forth leaning on Him for strength.

Fuller's expectations that the publication of his work would expose him to adverse criticism were not falsified. He was assailed from the most opposite quarters, and often in terms of bitter hostility. But for this he was, as we have seen, fully prepared, and "in patience he possessed his soul." His pastoral labours were honoured with evident tokens of the Divine approbation; his relations with his church were affectionate and happy; he was beloved by his fellow-Christians of other denominations; and with his ministerial brethren in the Northamptonshire Association he found companionship as inspiring and invigorating as it was congenial. But in his domestic life he had to pass under a dark and heavy cloud. No man has, perhaps, had to go through a severer discipline of sorrow. There was first the death of his little daughter; and, some time afterwards —in the very year in which the Baptist Mission was formed—the death of his wife. A more touching episode than this terrible affliction, borne with calm resignation, a picture more full of pathos, we know not where to find; and as we look on it, we can understand something of the mingled tenderness and strength of this true-hearted Christian man.

Other trials, not less keen, awaited him, but these it does not fall within our purpose to narrate. Nor, although Fuller's character as a

annot be understood apart from it, can we do more than briefly to the part he took in the inauguration of the Mission. "The of the Mission," as he himself declared," was to be found in the ig of Brother Carey's mind." But by the time Carey published houghts," Fuller was more than prepared to receive them, and r long been exercised by "workings" in his own mind of a very : kind. His Association sermon on the "Pernicious Influence of in Matters of Religion," preached in 1791, aided Carey's desires, ndered their fulfilment a necessity. When at length the Society rmed in 1792, Andrew Fuller was appointed secretary, and de- himself to its interests with a zeal and an energy which have been surpassed.

ends talk to me," he said, soon after Carey, Thomas, and their friends led for the East, "about co-adjutors and assistants, but I know not how ind a difficulty. Our undertaking to India really appeared to me on its ncement to be somewhat like a few men who were deliberating about ortance of penetrating into a deep mine which had never before been d. We had no one to guide us; and while we were thus deliberating, as it were, said, 'Well, I will go down if you will hold the rope.' But ne went down, he, as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at ath of the pit to this effect—that while we lived we should never let go e. You understand me. There was great responsibility attached to us gan the business."

r nobly he fulfilled this "great responsibility," how firmly "he ne rope," every reader of his biography is aware. Had he done er work than act as secretary to the Mission he would have plished as much as a dozen ordinary men. And his services, it be remembered, were given gratuitously. Let his son tell us he office involved:—

addition to the numerous collections made in various parts of the , and the management of the accounts, the correspondence of the Society ed rapidly in his hands. To him was chiefly committed the drawing up al letters to the missionaries, all of whom received additional tokens of ction in private communications. The interests of the institution de- l a still more extensive correspondence at home: its cause required a it advocacy with Cabinet ministers, members of Parliament, and East irectors, not for the purpose of securing exclusive privileges, but for g a legal passage for the missionaries, and for the protection justly due y peaceful subject of the Colonial Government. Nor were there wanting and subtle enemies, both at home and abroad, who left no means to accomplish the ruin of the mission, and whose machinations were fully exposed and defeated by the unwearied pen of the Secretary. The connected with the immediate object of his journeys were probably ed by those to which they incidentally gave rise."

velling in those days was by no means so easy and pleasant as ow. It was both a toil and a weariness to the flesh. As the heologian's reputation had everywhere preceded him, he found ossible to keep clear of encounters with sharp and subtle con- cialists. Ministers and others eagerly sought his advice, and l to take on him "the care of all the churches." Much of his

time was necessarily spent from home, and this to a man of his intensely affectionate nature must have been a sore trial. His second wife—the daughter of the Rev. W. Coles, of Maulden—was a woman who proved herself to be a true helpmeet to him, and both the mission and the churches owe to her a debt of gratitude which cannot easily be estimated.

For many years Mr. Fuller not only took these extended journeys to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and various parts of England, to "tell the mission tale," but exercised an almost Episcopal supervision over the churches of his immediate neighbourhood, paying to them frequent visits, preaching on special occasions, writing circular letters, and taking a most prominent part in all organised labour. No ordination service would have been deemed complete in his absence. His charges to ministers and churches form a considerable part of his published sermons. And from time to time he sent forth treatises which amply sustained the reputation he had won as the author of "The Gospel Worthy of all Acception." Some of these were defences of that publication against the objections of the Hyper-Calvinists, the Arminians, and the Sandemanians. Among the more important of the others were "The Gospel its own Witness," a defence of Christianity against Deism; "The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems Examined and Compared as to their Moral Tendency," "Letters on Universal Salvation," "Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Pearce," "Apology for Christian Missions to India," "Expository Discourses on the Book of Genesis," on "The Apocalypse," &c., &c. Some of these we propose to examine in our next article. But the mere enumeration of such a list of works will give some idea of the amount of labour which Fuller pressed into his life. "My labours," he said, "will increase without any consent on my part. As to magazines there are several to which I contribute for the sake of the mission and other public interests, and through such a number of objects as press upon me daily, my own vineyard, my own soul, my family, and my congregation are neglected." And again:—"Pearce's memoirs are now loudly called for. I sit down almost in despair, and say, 'That which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is lacking cannot be numbered.' My wife looks at me, with a tear ready to drop, and says, 'My dear, you have hardly time to speak to me.' My friends at home are kind, but they also say, 'You have no time to see us or know us, and you will soon be worn out.' Amidst all this there is, 'Come again to Scotland, come to Plymouth, come to Portsmouth, come to London.' My hands fail me. . . . Under this complicated load my heart has often of late groaned for rest, longing to finish my days in comparative retirement." Can we wonder at these longings? The marvel is that they were not more frequent, and that the brave-hearted man could do and endure a tithe of the toil and suffering which fell to his lot. He was not a young man when he died—he had reached his sixty-second year;

but the *intensiveness* of his life was at least equal to its *extensiveness.* A well-known poet of our own day has told us—

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Tried by this test, Andrew Fuller's was a long life. Its years were crowded with noble deeds. Not a day did he ever allow to pass without bringing in some spoil for his Master. A grander life, a life of more harmonious majesty and meekness, has rarely been seen. Here, verily, was one of the world's benefactors; here was one of God's heroes.

Under these incessant labours, his iron frame at length gave way. His death was in singular harmony with his life, free alike from ecstasy and despair. To his friend Ryland he wrote:—"I am a poor guilty creature, but Christ is an Almighty Saviour. I have preached and written much against the *abuse* of the doctrine of grace, but that doctrine is all my salvation and all my desire. I have no other hope than from salvation by mere sovereign, efficacious grace, through the atonement of my Lord and Saviour. With this hope I can go into eternity with composure." One of his deacons told him that his situation was enviable as that of a "good man on the verge of eternity," to which he replied, "If I am saved it will be by great and sovereign grace—by great and sovereign grace!" And so, in the words of his friend Toller, "He died as a penitent sinner at the foot of the cross."

Mr. Fuller's character and writings have nowhere been more widely and heartily appreciated than in the United States of America. And twice this appreciation was shown by the offer of the honorary degree of D.D.—once in 1798 by the College of New Jersey, and again in 1805 by Yale College, the diploma in the latter case being accompanied with a friendly letter from Dr. Timothy Dwight. On each occasion the honour was respectfully but firmly declined, as Mr. Fuller "could not reconcile it to his judgment and feelings to make use of such a title of distinction."

Our estimate of his writings we must reserve for another paper. As a man he had few equals; and though in some directions he was less distinguished than several of his contemporaries, there were few, if any, of them who possessed so many of the qualities of true greatness, or who, to use a familar expression, had an equally well-rounded and well-balanced mind.

ERRATUM.—A correspondent (Mr. H. Wilkinson, of Newcastle) informs us that we were wrong in saying that the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn was Foster's predecessor at Newcastle, and we have also

gathered this from another quarter. Kinghorn went from Newcastle to the college at Bristol, but was never a pastor there. The authority for our (erroneous) statement was a note by J. E. Ryland, Esq., in "Foster's Life and Correspondence," Vol. I., p. 28.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

VII.

NO one in the habit of attending Broadmead could fail to notice Mr. Hall's inaptitude for the proper announcement of notices from the pulpit—as, for example, those of public meetings about to be held, or engagements of a similar kind. His mistakes were so singular, and the efforts to correct them were so naïve and simple, as often to call up a smile on the face of those present. It was only on important occasions that he was asked to do this service; the duty was generally intrusted to the student who read the hymns.

On the re-union of Serampore with the Baptist Missionary Society, a meeting was appointed to be held in Broadmead, on which occasion, as I have stated in a previous paper, Mr. Anderson spoke with so much fire and eloquence. It was deemed desirable that Mr. Hall should announce it, and urge the congregation to attend. This he readily consented to do. On the next Lord's Day, after stating that such a meeting was to be held, and explaining its object, he added, "Mr. Birt, of Birmingham; Mr. Dyer, of London; Mr. Roberts, of Bristol, and other ministers will be present. The Rev. Richard Ash, Esq., will take the chair. Such, my brethren, are the performances to be performed here next week." Now, whether he himself was struck with the oddity of the announcement, or somehow got confused, I do not know; but, after a brief pause, he rolled up the paper in his hand, saying, "A very important meeting, my brethren, very important indeed, and on a very important occasion. I hope, therefore, you will all attend." This request was heartily complied with, for the meeting was largely attended. The speaking was of a very high order, and pervaded by a truly Christian spirit. Everyone was highly gratified, and most truly thankful that a protracted controversy, carried on with much bitterness by both parties, was thus happily closed.

Not always, however, did Mr. Hall get over these matters so easily as he did on this occasion. There was one in which, after a blunder that would have utterly confused an ordinary person, his peculiar

s were displayed in a very remarkable manner, as the sequel how.

some years prior to 1829-30 the Committee of the Anti-Slavery y had been very active, both in Parliament and the country. tant public meetings were frequently held, attended by great ers, and countenanced by persons of rank, wealth, and influence. s the all-absorbing topic at missionary gatherings. To the al feeling of the injustice of slavery, and its contrariety to the and practice of the British Constitution, there was, as the con- sy waxed hotter and hotter, super-added what proved far more ious in securing its ultimate overthrow, the deep conviction of fulness. Nonconformist ministers especially denounced it from ulpit. Churches declared they would no longer have fellowship slave-holders. American ministers visiting this country, who known to advocate slavery, were shut out from many of our s. I can remember very well how my late friends Drs. Cox Foby were severely criticised, because they were thought to have to give a full expression of the feeling of British Churches on uestion at the convention held in Richmond, Va., and to which vere delegated. It was owing to the intensity of this religious g, if I mistake not, that the treasurer of the London Mis- y Society had to resign his post. As the facts in regard to y became more fully known, the determination to seek its tion became more resolute. When our people heard of the disregard of all social and family ties—that their fellow- res were bought and sold as so many goods and chattels—that s were cruelly separated from their children—that wives and nds were ruthlessly parted from each other at the will, or the ities, of their owner (for the marriage tie between negroes had no sanction, and marriage itself was discountenanced and set at t)—that the Sabbath was no day of rest to these wretched , and that they were not permitted to enter churches of the lishment,—their indignation knew no bounds. And when they that the story of the happy condition of the negro—of his being fed and clothed than the English rural labourer, and often d with an indulgent kindness, applied almost wholly to *domestic* , and to them only in a very modified degree—that field ers were flogged without mercy for the most trifling offence, urged on in their hopeless toil by a constant dread of the lash, ill-fed, badly housed, had no protection from law—since their vas of no avail against a white man in a court of justice—their ation of slavery was intensified every hour. And because they knew that it was a condition in which immorality and vice, in worst forms, were not only unchecked, but rather encouraged— lition alike corrupting and degrading to the white as well as ack—they resolved never to relax in their efforts until the foul s was swept away. Their feelings of compassion for the slave

in his hopeless misery became too strong to be repressed, and, if possible, they were raised to a higher pitch as they read, in the letters of their missionaries, touching accounts of the simple, earnest piety of vast numbers of negroes who had received the Gospel; of their uncomplaining patience under their wrongs, and their devoted attachment to their pastors, to whom they looked up as their only earthly friends and defenders. The Abolitionists were not only urged to untiring effort, but they were cheered in their labours by the prospect of success. The advocates of slavery were not less vehement in their opposition, with which the elements of bitterness and hatred were mingled, as they saw the time drawing nigh when their gains, from this atrocious system, would be gone.

Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow carried on a very extensive commerce with the West Indies; and, in these cities, the advocates of slavery were numerous and powerful. They drew their largest supplies of sugar from our colonies, and their refineries were numerous and extensive. There were several in Bristol, the property of gentlemen of position and wealth. They were backed up by the great Tory party—always the persistent foes of public liberty—which was dominant in these places. The Abolitionists had to contend against fearful odds. But they nobly fought on, knowing that even a political struggle, when founded on the principles of justice and religion, must ultimately triumph, and compel a reluctant, and perhaps secretly hostile Government, to bow before its force.

About this time a meeting was held in the Public Rooms, Queen's Square, to memorialize the Crown, and to petition Parliament to abolish slavery throughout the British Colonies. The rooms were crowded, at an early hour, by an excited throng. In the front seats there were several sailors and men connected with shipping—evidently brought there for a purpose, and under the direction of Captain Claxton, a very active member of the Tory party. Mr. Ash, a gentleman of unblemished repute, a generous, quiet, and eminently godly man, was called to the chair. He opened the meeting in a calm, characteristic speech. The memorial to the Crown, and the petitions to Parliament were read, and a resolution, in accordance with their prayer, was moved and seconded. When Mr. Ash rose to put them for adoption, these men, at a signal from Captain Claxton, sprang to their feet, assailed those about them, jumped upon the platform, drove off the chairman, and those who were there to support him, and turned the meeting into a scene of the wildest disorder. The fiercest passions were roused, and free fights were carried on all over the room. In the midst of this uproar, Mr. Acland, an active local politician, and subsequently one of the most effective and eloquent lecturers of the Anti-Corn Law League, rushed to the platform, and cried out, "Men of Bristol, will you submit to these cowardly ruffians?" We sent up a loud responsive shout, "But what can we do with fellows armed with bludgeons?" "Rush down on them in a

mass. Press them against the front, and then they cannot hurt you. Punch them well, and kick them out!" We rose in a body, rushed down, and jammed these fellows on to the front rail. Their bludgeons were of no avail. We at once took them in hand, and we *did* punch them well, indignation adding force to our arms, and turned them out. Having locked the doors, put the platform into a little order again, we voted Mr. Acland to the chair, who re-commenced the proceedings in a speech, congratulating us on our courage and our victory; and adding, with great ability, illustrations of the true character of slavery as seen in the violence and passion of its advocates. We carried the memorial to the Crown, and the petitions to Parliament, amidst loud cheers; and having heartily thanked our chairman for *his* courage and ability, we departed in triumph. Our voices were hoarse from incessant shouting, and our hands puffed and swollen from the vigorous punching we gave these roughs. After this forcible display of determination, I never heard of any meeting called for a like purpose in Bristol being disturbed in a similar manner. Should anyone be disposed to censure our conduct in thus forcibly ejecting these disturbers, they must remember the intense excitement of the times, and the utter uselessness of appealing, by argument, to such rude assailants, who knew no law but that of force. Moreover, the principles of the Peace Society were not so widely diffused, nor so well understood, as they are now; and really, after all, we were only *defending* ourselves from lawless violence. Moreover, these things happened fifty years ago!

The humane feelings called into play by this prolonged struggle on behalf of the oppressed negro, were soon directed to other and kindred objects. One of the first was the extreme severity of our criminal laws. The trial, conviction, and execution of Mr. Fauntleroy for forgery, awakened very general attention, and led to the holding of numerous meetings in our cities and towns, to petition Parliament to commute the death penalty for this crime, to transportation or imprisonment. A considerable number of Christian churches united in this movement, and the leading friends in Broadmead determined to assist it. It was deemed highly important to enlist Mr. Hall's sympathies in the effort. Mr. Crisp was deputed to wait upon him for that purpose. Having stated that a petition to Parliament, on a very important subject, had been prepared, and that the authors of it being most anxious to secure as many signatures as possible, they hoped he would mention it to the congregation, and commend it to their serious consideration. Without waiting for any explanation of the object sought for in this petition, Mr. Hall, supposing it related to the question of slavery, immediately replied, "Most assuredly, Sir. I am ready to do anything, Sir, to extinguish that horrid system. Slavery, Sir, is the darkest and foulest blot that ever stained the national escutcheon; and, if not speedily wiped out, will call down the vengeance of heaven." Mr. Crisp waited until Mr. Hall had

expressed his views, and then quietly observed, "It is not about that subject, Mr. Hall, that I have called." "Not on that subject, sir: then what about, sir?" "About the abolition of the punishment of death for the crime of forgery." "That, sir, is a very small affair compared with the vast magnitude of the other, which is indeed *the* question of the hour. It is like Aaron's rod, sir, it swallows up all the rest. I have scarcely thought of anything else of late. However, I will attend to your wishes, sir, for the law in question is both cruel and unjust, and a disgrace to our Statute Book."

With his intense abhorrence of oppression and tyranny, and his equally intense love of liberty, to which his writings, especially his political pamphlets, bear such striking testimony, it was impossible for Mr. Hall to be a silent or unmoved spectator of the contest raging around him. He was, in fact, absorbed in it; and his prayers, sermons, and conversation showed how deep was his detestation of slavery in every form, how profoundly he sympathized with its victims, and how ardently he desired their complete emancipation.

On the Lord's Day following Mr. Crisp's interview, Mr. Hall, as he was ascending the pulpit stairs, put the petition into my hand, adding, "You will oblige me, sir, by giving this to me when I have done preaching, and say I am to speak to the congregation about it. I shall be sure to forget it, sir; but you will not." At the close of the sermon I went up to him, gave him the document, and repeated what he had said to me. "Thank you, sir. I had forgotten it altogether. I am glad you did not."

When the closing hymn had been sung he rose, and, as far as my recollection serves me, spoke to the following effect:—"My brethren, you are aware that, at this moment, there are more than nine hundred thousand of our fellow-creatures in a condition of absolute slavery, subject to cruelties which I will not harass your feelings by attempting, even, to describe, toiling day by day, and at some seasons by night too, without any hope of reward, used as mere machines, bought and sold as if they were goods and chattels, deprived of the rest of the Sabbath, and of the comforts of social life—for the ties of social life are wholly disregarded—as well as of the consolations of religion. Vice and immorality, the inevitable results of slavery, are almost universally prevalent, and morally, the white is no better than the black; for slavery degrades and pollutes both master and slave. If we would not incur the vengeance of the Almighty, and if we would avert His judgments, due to a nation which has been so long guilty of maintaining this awful system of wrong, we must overthrow it; and strive, by every lawful means, to rid ourselves of all further participation in this cruel injustice to the coloured race. Patriotism, love of freedom, pity for the oppressed, and the fear of God, unite to summon us to the fore front of this conflict; and we must not retire from our post until we have triumphed. I will now read the petition to Parliament, and I feel certain that you will all show the

utmost alacrity to sign it, as your protest against this gigantic evil."

Those of us who knew what had passed previously, and what the petition really was about, sat, while Mr. Hall was unfolding it, in a state of anxious suspense, wondering what would come next, and how he would manage to rectify his mistake. He read the preamble, which described, in the usual terms, the residence and character of those sending it; and read as far as "Your petitioners being deeply impressed with the——," and then stopped, for he discovered the blunder. I looked up, and never saw any one more confused, or perplexed; he seemed, in fact, perfectly helpless. A solemn stillness reigned throughout the place. How long it continued I do not know—for, in such cases, seconds seem minutes—but he stepped back in the pulpit, recovered himself, and having resumed his ordinary position, began an address on the matter he was requested to speak of. "I beg your pardon, my brethren; I have made a great mistake. I thought the petition was about the abolition of slavery in our colonies—a subject of such vast importance, and which appeals so forcibly to our sympathy and our principles, as free men and Christians, as to absorb every other. I have lately scarcely thought of anything else. This is a petition to Parliament to abolish, not slavery, but the penalty of death for the crime of forgery; and if you will only bear with me for a few moments, I will endeavour to show you some reasons why you should all sign it."

As I cannot, at this distance of time, recollect his precise language, I can only indicate the line of argument and the leading thoughts. He began by stating that any law which inflicted a penalty for the violation of it that exceeded the sense of public justice, became practically inoperative, and ought, therefore, to be changed. For law, to be really effective, it should be direct and quick in its operation, and as certain as possible in its application. In this case the public did not believe it was right to take life for such a crime. Hence judges themselves summed up the evidence as much in favour of the prisoner as they decently could. Juries hesitated to convict when the death of the criminal would follow their verdict. They were often perplexed by strong feelings of humanity conflicting with a strict adherence to their oath. Merchants, bankers, and others, who had been defrauded, hesitated to prosecute; and hence many guilty persons escaped, who, under a milder law, would have been punished. The law itself ceased to be deterrent when there were so many chances of escape. Besides, the public sympathy was often with the offender. Not only was great injury thereby done to the administration of law, but the interests of the community at large were materially affected. These considerations had led many eminent jurists and statesmen to doubt the wisdom of punishing *any* crime with the penalty of death, and probably the day was not far distant when that penalty would be entirely abolished.

At the conclusion of this unexpected and remarkable address, delivered with Mr. Hall's accustomed vigour and animation when excited, most, if not all, who were present felt glad that he *had* thus blundered; since but for the blunder, we should not have had the oration. Being wholly unpremeditated, and uttered under the most unfavourable circumstances, it afforded a display of intellectual power with which we who were accustomed to his eloquence were greatly surprised, especially considering that he had recovered himself from a condition of great confusion and embarrassment. In going out, I joined my friend Mr. James Livett, and said, "What do you think of the whole affair?" "Think, my dear sir? I do not remember anything more remarkable since Mr. Hall has been here. He has given us a more brilliant display of genius than ever he has given us before. The principles laid down were expressed in language of such exquisite beauty and transparent clearness; the arguments brought forward to sustain them were so logical, compact, and decisive; and the conclusion was so irresistible, that I really do not know whether I am more delighted or astonished. As a luminous exposition of the relation of law to public opinion, and as a piece of jurisprudence, I have never, in my profession, heard anything to surpass it." The effect on the audience was very manifest. A large number eagerly pressed into the vestry to append their names to the petition.

This intensely-excited feeling of sympathy with the oppressed negro race—strengthened, most undoubtedly, by the newly-born and active spirit of missions—flowed out in other directions. It will be both interesting and instructive to note its effect on public sentiment generally, and also the remarkable contrast between the past and the present.

The treatment of boys, for example, in schools was often perfectly brutal; and the punishment inflicted for serious offences was both indecent and degrading. The lads themselves would quarrel and bully, and ferocity often marked their battles. Any position of influence in a large school could be acquired only by fighting. The contests between youths living in neighbouring towns were sometimes really dangerous, resulting in severe injuries and broken limbs. I remember one out of many such contests very distinctly. We were driving before us a large number of lads from Penryn, an adjoining town; and our shouts were so loud, and the stones flew so fast and thick, that the mail coach, which was passing at the time, was stopped in the road. We ceased fighting for a short time, simply because the guard drew his blunderbuss, and threatened to shoot us!

The punishments inflicted on our soldiers and seamen were often frightful; in many cases, at the mere will of the commanding officer and "the cat," which had nine knotted whipcords in it, when in the hands of a powerful man, would, at every stroke, take out strips of flesh. The punishment varied from a dozen to five hundred lashes. How any man survived flogging through the fleet, if there were many

in it, was simply marvellous. Men, thus punished, felt
led for life, for the marks could never be effaced.
ain, how sanguinary was the character of our laws, when offences
st property were followed by hanging. It has been stated, on
rity which may be trusted, that, on an average, some one man
man was hung every day, during the reign of George III. I
er if any of my readers ever saw a man in the pillory, standing
for an hour or more, to be pelted, by a half-savage mob, with
eggs and decayed vegetables; and covered, from head to foot,
bruises and filth. Or did any of them see something worse—a
n stripped to her waist, and severely flogged? I once saw that
It took place in 1809. Lord Byron, then going to Lisbon in
f our packets, describes it. I wonder if he stood in the crowd
ng on this disgraceful scene. It was, however, the last infliction
h a punishment on a woman in my native town. But the
ection of it fills one with shame.
such a review one cannot pass over the prevalence of the war-
. One heard of war only to hear of its glory. If tidings came
of some great battle in the Peninsula, in which thousands of
men perished, provided victory crowned our arms, the people
wild with joy. Bonfires blazed, houses were illuminated,
because Quakers refused to join in these orgies, their windows
smashed, and they had no redress! On the following Sabbath
ent to our several places of worship to thank "the God of
s" for the victory He had given to our army, and all feeling
mpassion for the slain, or commiseration for the wounded, or
e thousands of widows and orphans whose husbands and fathers
erished in the conflict, was swallowed up in the shout of victory.
ere trained to regard the French as our *natural* enemies, and we
them accordingly.
r must we forget the brutal sports which were so common in
days. Cock-fighting, boxing, bull and badger baiting, were
nized as much by the highest aristocracy, as by the rabble. The
ttants fought on, encouraged by the shouts of the spectators,
they were bruised, mangled, and covered with blood; and were
killed, or carried off the field insensible. Personal insults and
ls were expiated by the absurd, and often fatal, practice of
ng. Absurd, because the offended party was as likely to be
as the offender, and the duel settled nothing as to the merits of
use. The last, if I do not mistake, was fought between two
s of superior rank, husbands of two sisters, and one was shot
dead! These practices were not simply winked at by those in
rity; they were encouraged and applauded. Not a few dis-
shed members of Parliament maintained that if they were
hed, a licence would be given to rude insulting manners, and
oys and men would become effeminate and cowardly.
at a vast change has taken place in public opinion on all these

subjects during the past fifty years! Boys are no longer tortured in our schools; and bullying and fighting among themselves are fast dying out. Their personal intercourse is seldom disturbed by violence, still less debased by ferocity. War has been stripped of its meretricious glory, and where it unhappily prevails, men and women, at a great sacrifice of time, comfort, and money, go forth, in spite of the danger, to tend the wounded and nurse the sick. The French are now our friends and allies. Brutal sports are well-nigh extinct, or, if indulged in, it is at considerable risk of punishment by law. The shouts of derision and scorn which assailed the late Mr. Martin, M.P. for Galway, when year by year he presented his humane bill to the House of Commons, are lost in the Act for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Flogging in the army and navy is becoming more and more rare. Provocation to duelling and the fighting a duel are treated as crimes, and no crime, except murder, is punished by death.

None of the predicted evils have followed these changes in public opinion. Our boys are as courageous as ever; and our soldiers and seamen are not less enterprising and brave. Property and life are more secure, and social manners are better regulated and more courteous. The wants and woes of the toiling masses are met by the generous sympathy of the cultivated and wealthy. Scarcely any class of disease exists but what has some institution expressly to deal with it. Dispensaries, hospitals, asylums, homes for the destitute, are spread over the land; and even the most degraded and outcast are not forgotten. That intemperance prevails to a fearful extent is a matter of general lamentation—though it is not so universal among *all* classes as formerly—and, without question, it is the chief source of crime. But a mighty opposing force, which gathers strength every day, is found in our Temperance and Teetotal Societies, which not only succeed in reclaiming drunkards, but in diffusing a spirit of abhorrence of this evil habit. One cannot be too thankful for the existence of "Bands of Hope" in most of our churches, the youthful members being pledged from early life never to taste intoxicating drinks.

The review, thus roughly sketched, might be greatly extended if space permitted. Some may doubt the accuracy of the statements, and others may be of opinion that society is growing worse rather than better. It has been well observed by the Earl of Shaftesbury,* that "our fathers lived in an age of nascent evils, which they neither saw nor heard. We are living in an age of remedies. But the evils are now full grown and lusty, while the remedies are young and feeble." It is only by a comparison between two distant periods of time, that we can see and appreciate the magnitude and importance of the changes which have been effected. Moreover, many of the readers of the MAGAZINE cannot, by experience, know much of the manners and customs prevalent fifty years ago.

* Preface to "More about our Coffee Room."

There have been, of course, many secondary causes helping on this great reformation. But the *main* cause will be found in the wider diffusion of the spirit of Christianity. Except the preaching of the Gospel, most of our benevolent and religious organizations have grown up during the present century. During this period the church of Christ has been far more active and enterprising than in any previous period of equal extent. Amidst profound regret that this spirit of enterprise has not been so general and mighty as it ought to have been, let us be thankful for what *does* exist. We may surely rejoice that in these, really, wonderful changes, we have an irrefragable proof of the Divine origin of that RELIGION which was ushered into our world by the angelic song—"Glory to God in the highest—and on earth, Peace—Good will toward men"!

Newport, Isle of Wight. F. T.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

PARLIAMENTARY NEGLECT OF INDIA.

THE recent famine in India will not have been an unmixed evil if, as seems very likely to be the case, it induces Englishmen to give more attention to the interests and claims of that great country. We have been shamefully remiss so far. It is only by a figure of speech that the greatest of our dependencies can be said to have been under the dominion of England; practically it has been subject to the unchecked control of the India Office. Our Parliamentary representatives, for the most part, have scarcely concerned themselves about its welfare; and in this it must be owned they have not unfairly represented the feeling of the constituencies. "A beggarly array of empty benches," whenever an Indian discussion was on, has been the too constant evidence of legislative indifference to Indian affairs.

Of course it is urged, and has been too readily accepted, that the majority of Members of Parliament know scarcely anything about India, and that, therefore, it is best to leave its government to the few who have made it a special study. But precisely the same may be said of every other department of State. If the plea is good for anything, it is good as a reason for leaving the Army to the irresponsible control of the War Office, the Navy to the Admiralty, the Church to Convocation, and the Civil administration to the Home Office; for how many of our wise representatives know anything at all of these various departments until they are sent to Parliament? It is no

calumny to say that fully two-thirds of them, when they first take their seats in the House of Commons, know no more of statesmanship than any other equal number of men taken at random from the same class. Country gentlemen who aspire to the additional dignity of M.P.; successful tradesmen who, having amassed fortunes, are ambitious of closing their career as statesmen; half-pay officers who covet the *entré* of the finest club in the world; they are often lamentably ignorant of practical politics until they have actually accepted the responsibilities of professional politicians. Their praise is that they learn; that they devote themselves with laudable conscientiousness to the acquisition of the knowledge and aptitudes necessary to the discharge of the duties they have undertaken. How many begin their career as Parliamentary representatives by being simply the best available, and end by being almost the best conceivable! Nor do we see the slightest objection to their beginning their political education in "the House," and with the study of questions purely domestic; but it is not with the mastery of such questions only that they ought to finish. So long as England has foreign dependencies, whose well-being to any extent hangs on the wisdom of the home Government, so long it is the bounden duty of every English legislator to acquaint himself, to the utmost of his power, with their circumstances and needs. India is as much an integral part of the British Empire as the county of Kent; its claims upon us for wise and just rule are as undeniable as those of Lancashire; but such wise and just rule can never be guaranteed till the people of England are roused to a distinct perception of their obligation to exercise a vigilant supervision of those who are immediately entrusted with its administration.

Happily there are many signs that the country is waking up to a sense of its own responsibility. The recent calamity has made a deep impression. "There have been many warnings before, but none so sharp as this." The conviction gains ground that Indian officials have been left a little too much to their own devices, and that it will be better for them, for India, for all concerned, that their conduct should henceforth be more closely watched and more firmly controlled.

On the matter in dispute between Mr. Bright and Sir J. F. Stephen we offer no opinion of our own, except so far as to say that it may be that to a great extent both are right, and that each is wrong, only or mainly, when he insists on the absolute importance of his own scheme to the exclusion of all others. That in some parts of India irrigation works have been in all respects successful was, we think, conclusively shown by Col. Geo. Chesney in the November number of the *Nineteenth Century*; and it is much more than probable, as he argues, that there are still immense districts where a well-managed system of canal irrigation would be at once beneficial and remunerative. At the same time, if it be true, as Mr. H. J. S. Cotton seems to

prove in the December number of the *Fortnightly Review*, that India has not only an abundant supply of food for its people but a large surplus for exportation, the question that demands attention is quite as much one of distribution as of production; and in the solution of this question, of course, it may be assumed the railway will be a more important factor than the canal. Indeed, on this point Col. Chesney, in the article just referred to, says:—

> I have said nothing so far about the other class of works (railways, roads, &c.) necessary to preserve India from famine, because the necessity for extending communications really needs no advocacy. For want of roads and railways the benevolent intentions of the Bengal Government did not avail to save a multitude of persons from starvation in Orissa eleven years ago, and it needs not to be said that the conveyance of food to the people has been one of the greatest difficulties with which the Government has had to contend during the present famine. There is, therefore, no danger of this point being lost sight of, though it is, perhaps, not generally understood what has been done in this way—wonderful although the change has been which it has wrought in the aspect of India during the last twenty years—is in reality but a small step towards what still remains to be done. There are still tracts in India where corn may be at famine prices, while a short way off farmers are in absolute distress because corn is so cheap they cannot sell their crops for enough to pay their rents with.

For the present, however, we are not chiefly interested, nor will the majority of our readers be, in the discussion of specific measures. What, as Englishmen and Christians, we are interested in is that the Government of India shall be so administered as to prevent if possible the recurrence of such dire calamities as those, the last of which has just visited us. The more closely we examine the voluminous evidence that has been produced, the more deeply are we impressed with the conviction that they *can* be prevented. If any of our readers are disposed to regard them as "Divine visitations," before which human power and skill must retire baffled, our reply is that they are just as much "Divine visitations" as are bankruptcy and poverty to the man who habitually neglects his business, and no more.

No doubt the difficulties of every kind to be encountered are both numerous and formidable, and the utmost circumspection and wisdom will be needed, at once to avoid launching into improfitable schemes and needlessly exciting the prejudices of the native populations. Against this we utter not one word. Let all possible sagacity, science and experience be called into requisition; but let something be *done*—not begun in a panic and abandoned at leisure—and done *in time*. We protest with all our might against the "rule-of-thumb" system, so often adopted by the Indian Government, of waiting till the evil is upon us, and then adopting hasty and ill-considered measures to mitigate a calamity that might have been prevented.

We have heard much of the apathy of the native races, and their objection to self-exertion so long as they get rice enough for the day's consumption, but recent experience proves that, however apathetic they may be when there is nothing to stimulate energy, they are fully

alive to the importance of action when the prospect is before them of personal advantage. Little more than twenty years ago, as Mr. H. J. S. Cotton shows, the ryot of Eastern Bengal cultivated no more jute than was necessary for his own use, but when during the Crimean War the fibres of Russia failed and a demand for jute arose at Calcutta it was immediately met, and now jute forms one of the staple productions of the country. Again, during the "cotton famine," consequent on the American War, we all remember how rapidly the export of raw cotton from India rose from two hundred millions to eight hundred millions of pounds. Again, the importation of wheat into England from India in 1872 was only 156,000 cwts., in 1877 it was nearly 4,500,000 cwts., and there is little reason to doubt that with a further extension of railway communication between Bombay and the North-West and Central provinces this amount would be immensely increased, to the advantage both of England and India.

We have not space to deal with some other matters of importance, on which we should like to say a word or two. For instance, an immense mass of well-attested facts seem to suggest the idea that Indian famines occur according to some fixed, but not understood, laws of perodicity. Another series of facts apparently establishes a connection between them and certain well-known solar phenomena. These facts, as well as those which more properly belong to the sphere of the political economist, ought to receive the most earnest attention, not only of *savans* and scientists, but of those who are charged with the government of India, and who can only save their rule from the reproach of empiricism by a wise observance of the fixed conditions of life by which they are surrounded.

Defects in Elementary Education.

Scarcely any subject is so unpopular to-day as "Popular Education"; yet half-a-dozen recently-published reviews lie before us, in every one of which there is an education article. Clearly the Education Question, however distasteful to the mass of respectable, rate-paying Englishmen of the middle class, is not laid to rest. Indeed, it strikes us as being less so than ever. Those who, by personal inquiry, will acquaint themselves with the existing state of things will find that, among the great body of teachers—especially those subject to Government supervision—and among many others who are actively interested in education, there is a great deal of smouldering discontent, which, sooner or later, will make itself heard—and heeded. Dr. Rigg's article on "Government Education: Thirty Years Past and Thirty Years to Come," which appears in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, gives timely expression to some of this discontent. There is a growing feeling—we share it to the full ourselves—that the Revised Code, and the entire system of Government inspection, as at present conducted, are so bad that, if they do not soon give place to something better, State-

aided schools will acquire a reputation for gross inefficiency which will bring them near to ruin. "Elementary education" by the Code is only elementary *cram*—a system of forcing a maximum of useless knowledge into a child's mind in a minimum of time, in order that it may run out again. We write not only what is our own conviction as the result of personal observation and study of the Code; we are expressing what we know, by personal inquiry, to be the opinion of many teachers, and what we have reason to believe is also the opinion of some even of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. An assistant master in a large school in Yorkshire tells us that some five years ago the managers of the school—*which is not under Government supervision*—determined to work the elementary classes by the Code; but at the end of two years, although the Code had been well worked, and the result was pronounced quite successful by a professional inspector, there was such a manifest falling off in the general intelligence of the pupils, that the plan was abandoned, and is never likely to be again adopted. The fact is that, by the existing regulations, the memory of the child is unduly taxed, while its understanding is left to slumber; and, at the same time, they are so meddlesome and stringent that, if a teacher ventured to deviate seriously from them in his endeavour to awaken the intelligence of his scholars, the consequence would be that he would fail to pass his scholars at the annual inspection, and so imperil his standing with the managers, who, whatever else they may misunderstand, perfectly understand the meaning of a falling-off in the Government grant.

As one illustration of what we mean, let any of our readers examine one of the many manuals of *Geography* published to meet the requirements of the Code, and decide for themselves what it seems to be worth as an exclusive source of geographical knowledge. A collection of short, disjointed sentences, each giving some important geographical fact in the baldest form and the fewest possible words; there is neither time nor space for amplification, illustration, or detail; there is nothing to touch the imagination, engage the judgment, or start the reasoning faculties. An average scholar commits his allotted portion to memory, if he can; and then forgets it as speedily as possible. He does not feel the smallest interest in it, and very often has not the remotest idea what it means. He learns that cutlery is made at Sheffield and calico at Manchester; but why calico is not made at Sheffield and cutlery at Manchester, never comes within the range of his inquiry. He learns that London is on the Thames, Glasgow on the Clyde, and Newcastle on the Tyne; but what they are there for, why they are there rather than somewhere else, and, finally, what concern it is of his where they are, are questions which neither suggest themselves nor are suggested to him. Thus one of the most fascinating of sciences is made as soulless as a cold stove-pipe and as dry as the multiplication-table.

The mischief of this practice of over-crowding a child's memory, to

the neglect of the active faculties, is seen, not only in the waste of time and trial of temper involved, but most seriously in the distaste for learning thus created, and which is the real reason why most youths who leave school at ten or eleven, forget in three or four years almost all they have learned. This is not the fault of the teachers, we beg to say; but the fault of the Government system—that system which, properly enough, pays only for results, but, unfortunately, pays for the *wrong* results.

In large schools, where a considerable proportion of the scholars remain in the school, under the immediate tuition of a head master, for two or three years after passing the Standards, the evil is not so grievously felt. To all such pupils the *memoriter* work of the lower forms becomes the basis of what is virtually a secondary education. The evil is most felt in country schools,* where there is only one master, with, perhaps, a pupil teacher; where it is often a positive disadvantage to the school for a scholar to remain in it after he has passed the Standards; and where, if he does remain, he can do but little good, since the time of the master *must* be mainly given to bringing up the Standards preparatory to the next inspection; for, should he fail to do this, no amount of success in the instruction of ex-Standard scholars will save him from a Government snubbing and a managerial rebuke.

The truth is that the existing Code is far too ambitious and too minutely prescriptive. It leaves nothing to spontaneity; and makes no allowance for the growth of healthy, individual life. Its object is to cram a youth to the lips with scraps of learning, which, however, he has no means of compacting into one continuous and harmonious whole. That a fair proficiency in the three R.'s should be insisted upon, all will admit; beyond this, the less Government meddles with the routine work of school the better. Let every encouragement be given to the study—not the *preparation*—"of extra subjects," of which the prescribed list should be large, and the particular choice left to the master. Above all things, let the cultivation of general intelligence in the scholars be made a matter of vital importance. For this, however much more freedom must be left to the teachers and managers of schools than present regulations allow, but the results would almost certainly be something better than we are getting at present. If a youth learns to cipher with facility, to write with ease, and to read with understanding, even though he learns nothing else, he will probably build upon this foundation a solid superstructure of knowledge years after he has left school; but, if study is made an uninteresting task and a weariness to him, it can be no wonder if in after-years he should hate it. It is not absolutely necessary to the well-being of a youth who has to earn his living by his labour that

* Our criticism does not apply to Board Schools, with whose working, indeed, we are not sufficiently acquainted to enable us to pass an opinion about them. Our reference is exclusively to the class of schools mentioned here.

he should be able to mention the counties of England and their chief towns, or to rattle off the names of a line of Norman kings, who would be just as well forgotten; but it is necessary, if he is to be a credit to himself and a useful member of society, that he should be able to enter intelligently on the duties of life; and the system which enables him to do this will be of vastly more value than one which begins by ambitious attempts to make him a professor, and too often ends by leaving him a fool.

Sacerdotal Pretensions.

If the Bishop of Salisbury really wished to serve the cause of the Anglican clergy, he was not well advised when he published his article on "The Divine Guidance of the Church" in the October number of the *Contemporary Review*. The strength of sacerdotalism is not in argument, but in dogmatism, in zeal, in audacity. It should not permit itself to be made the theme of discussion—at all events, it ought to take no part in such discussion. It must insist on its claims being conceded, not disputed. When absolutism becomes apologetic it is doomed. If it cannot bear down opposition by sheer force, and sustain itself in power by the assertion of authority, it must fall.

In making the pretensions of the High Church clergy a question of Scripture interpretation, and attempting their vindication by appeal to the New Testament, Bishop Moberly not only invited all his readers to judge of those pretensions, but he put them on a ground on which all his readers could judge them as well as himself. We know now exactly what they are worth. We are in possession of the utmost that can be said in their support. Three obscure texts from the Gospels are absolutely all the Scriptural foundation there is for them! It is a slender foundation for pretensions so high and arrogant.

The Bishop's statement of his theme has the decided merit of going to the very heart of his subject at once.

> The two points to which I propose to address myself are—first, *where* are we to understand the Divine guidance into sacred truth, and the authority of government, to reside within the organized Church? and, secondly, to what extent and in what sense does the Church, or any persons within it, possess any Divine gift of absolving men from sin?

On the first point the Bishop just notices in passing the two theories—first, of most Protestant Churches, that "a Divine enlightenment pervades, in a free and unorganized way, the whole Church, without distinction of orders"; and next, the Romish theory, "that it resides in the Episcope united to its centre." He does not so much dismiss these theories as combine them to obtain a third, which he thus states:—

> There *is* a widely diffused participation of the whole Church in all its members

in the Divine gift; but compatibly with this there is a sacred succession of men from the Apostles, appointed by apostolic ordination, to exercise upon the individual members of the Church the sacred powers of the Church collective. There is an undeniable personal priesthood which belongs to every Christian man duly admitted into the membership of the Church, and still holding that membership entire; but that personal priesthood is in no degree incompatible with the existence of a priesthood, *collective* as I have called it, determined by successive ordination to those who inherit the position and gifts which were first given to the Apostles.

On the second point the Bishop cites Matthew xvi. 19; xviii. 18; John xx. 23; which texts, he quietly says, "refer to the great gift of the power of absolution." All exegetical difficulties with regard to the two passages from Matthew's Gospel are gently dismissed by the summary assertion that they contain only "the *promise* of a *future* gift," while the passage in John records the fulfilment of the promise recorded in the first Gospel; "the vaguer phrases of loosing and binding" used by Matthew being by John "explained and superseded by the undeniably distinct expression of forgiving and withholding forgiveness from 'the sins' of 'men.'" After this of course it only remains for Dr. Moberly to say what the passage in the fourth Gospel means, as that will decide the meaning of the other two. And he has no hesitation:—

The gift conveyed by the breath of Christ on the Resurrection day is the special gift to the Apostles and the clergy their successors, and it consists of the impartition of the Holy Spirit for the forgiveness and the withholding of forgiveness of man's sins. Whatever falls within the scope and range of this great gift is the peculiar inheritance of the Apostles, and the clergy their ordained successors. That gift designated, fitted them, prepared them to be the holders in all time of that special power.

Our readers will perhaps object that this is all gratuitous assumption of the wildest kind. Certainly it is; but then nothing else was possible, and from a High Church bishop nothing else was to be expected. And this is absolutely all that a learned bishop, a former head master of a public school, and a Bampton lecturer, can advance in support of the claims of the Anglican clergy—claims so momentous that if they are valid they ought to be attested to us with all the force of Divine revelation. We are offered the *ipse dixit* of Bishop Moberly; nothing more.

We have had occasion to say before, and may have occasion to say again, that the Establishment is the most prolific fountain of superstition and scepticism that England has within her borders. Can any one wonder that intelligent men, who are accustomed to suppose that belief should rest on evidence, should turn with contempt from theology as a mere bundle of unproved assumptions, when the authorized teachers of "the Church," claiming to be possessed of the most solemn power to forgive or withhold from us the forgiveness of our sin, can give us nothing in support of their extraordinary claim but their own *ex-cathedrâ* utterance? If this is Christian theology, what can those do who are unable to satisfy themselves that they

ought to submit conscience and judgment to the mere *dicta* of a fellow-mortal who has no more of wit, wisdom, or learning than themselves? Such instruction as that which comes from Salisbury, if it could prevail, would divide the world into just two classes—priest-ridden fanatics and free sceptics; and, perhaps, the latter might be nearer the Kingdom of heaven than the former.

But Dr. Moberly is not to have it his own way. From the ranks of the clergy of his own Church come the men who are prepared to dispute his positions and resist his conclusions. Canon Perowne, in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, and Dean Stanley, in the January number of the *Nineteenth Century*, reply to him with a vigour which is in marked contrast with the half-hesitating character of his own self-assertions.

Of the two replies, Canon Perowne's is the more scholarly, and, argumentatively considered, the more conclusive; but probably Dean Stanley's will attract the larger share of attention. The Canon tracks the Bishop from step to step. His argument lies close to his subject, and he not only challenges but fairly demolishes the Bishop's most convenient explanation of the three famous texts.

> "Binding and loosing."—The phrase is one of constant occurrence in Jewish literature, and was employed with a perfectly definite and well-understood meaning in the Jewish schools. The expression applied to things, not to persons. . . . To a Jew what was "bound" was forbidden, what was "loosed" was allowed. . . . But this had nothing to do with the forgiveness of sins; it was simply a question of discipline. Our Lord gave authority first to St. Peter, and afterwards to the Church in her collective capacity, to decide what was lawful or unlawful for her members, adding that their decisions should be ratified in heaven.

Substantially to the same effect is Dean Stanley's interpretation of the two texts in Matthew, only, characteristically enough, given with more amplitude of phrase and more breadth of application.

> In the new crisis through which the world was to pass, they, the despised scholars of a despised Master, were to declare what was changeable and what was unchangeable, what was eternal, what was transitory, what was worthy of approval, what was worthy of condemnation. They were to declare the innocence of a thousand customs of the Gentile world, which their Jewish countrymen had believed to be sinful; they were to declare the exceeding sinfulness of a thousand acts which both Jews and Pagans had believed to be virtuous or indifferent. They were empowered to announce with unswerving confidence the paramount importance of charity, and the supreme preciousness of truth. They were empowered to denounce with unsparing condemnation the meanness of selfishness, the sacrilege of impurity, the misery of self-deceit, the impiety of uncharitableness, and what the first generation of Christians, to whom these words were addressed, thus decided, has on the whole been ratified in heaven—has on the whole been ratified by the voice of Providence in the subsequent history of mankind.

On John xx. 23 the Canon and the Dean are not so entirely at one. They are agreed, indeed, that the words did not bestow on the Apostles, and therefore cannot bestow on the clergy, the power of absolution, except so far as they bestow it on *every* Christian, namely, the

authority to say to every man, "Repent, and thy sins shall be forgiven thee." But the very difference between two such accomplished masters of Biblical scholarship demonstrates the absurdity of which Bishop Moberly is guilty in making the text the foundation for such vast pretensions as those advanced by the sacerdotal clergy.

Dean Stanley puts in a plea for the omission of the text from the ordination service. He is right. So long as a clergyman is told at his ordination that he receives authority to forgive or to withhold the forgiveness of sins, so long large numbers of them will insist on carrying such authority to its logical issue. Remove the words from the ordination service, together with the imposition of hands, and the whole superstructure of sacerdotalism falls to the ground for want of a foundation.

THE SCRIPTURAL MEANING OF THE WORD "ANGEL."

I.

THE word "angel" is a Greek word in an English dress. The letter *n* is not part of the original word, but is inserted for the sake of euphony, according to the rule that "where two *k* sounds come together, the former of them is pronounced as an *n*." This rule accounts for the presence of the *n* in the words anchor, bronchitis, evangelist, sponge, and similar Greek terms. The word angel was introduced into England in all probability by Greek-speaking missionaries, to whom we are also indebted for such words as bishop, deacon, monk, and some other ecclesiastical terms. We make another preliminary remark. In the course of this paper we shall several times use the term *Septuagint*, concerning which it will be well to pen a few explanatory words. In the time of our blessed Lord and His apostles, there existed a translation of the Old Testament in the Greek language, which has been preserved to the present day. It would be easy to prove—we take the assertion for granted now—that this venerable version was familiar to, and often used by, the Saviour and His apostles. It is called the Septuagint—the term being the Greek word for seventy—because the translation was formerly supposed to have been made by seventy learned men; but competent critics are not agreed as to the time and place of its production, nor as to the persons by whom the revision was made. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that it was probably produced between the time of Malachi and the beginning of the last century before the birth of Christ; that it is the oldest known translation of the

Scriptures in the world; that some portions of the work are more correct than others; and upon the whole that it is a very valuable help to the right understanding both of the Old and New Testament writings.

We now proceed to the subject of our paper, "The Scriptural meaning of the word Angel;" and, for the sake of an orderly arrangement of our thoughts, will start with a reference to the lower meanings of the word and thus rise to the higher and more important,—premising that the word literally signifies a *messenger* of some kind or other, and always seems to retain this its fundamental meaning.

The word "angel" sometimes means an *unconscious* messenger. It is so used by Homer in his last book of the Iliad, and Cowper thus translated the passage in which the word occurs:—

> "Pray also to Idaean Jove, cloud-girt,
> Who oversees all Ilium, that he send
> His messenger or ere thou go, the bird
> His fav'rite most, surpassing all in strength,
> At thy right hand; him seeing, thou shalt tend
> With better hope toward the fleet of Greece."

The word "messenger" in the third line is the translation of the word angel (ἄγγελος), and as the angel in this case is an eagle, the word is evidently used of an unconscious messenger. We have an illustration of this use of the word in Proverbs xvi. 14—"The wrath of a king is as messengers of death," which, in the Septuagint version, is "*Angels* of death." The same meaning of the word is to be found, we think, in that remarkable passage 2 Corinthians xii. 7 verse. We quote the whole passage:—"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure." The phrase "the messenger of Satan" is, in the Greek, "an *angel* of Satan." Commentators have said much in all ages concerning this remarkable portion of Scripture, but our own remarks on it will be few. First of all we may state that the word translated "*thorn*" is in the Greek σκόλοψ, which means rather a sharply pointed stake than the small thorn with which we are familiar in England. Of course the word is used figuratively of some severe suffering, but whether the pain was mental or physical is very uncertain. St. Paul several times uses language concerning himself which seems to imply that, like Alfred the Great, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and William Cowper, he was sometimes afflicted with *melancholia*—great mental depression; and some divines think that the "thorn in the flesh" is a metaphorical reference to it. Other commentators think that the reference is to a physical disease; but of what nature they cannot settle. We know that the apostle, in composing his letters, generally employed an amanuensis; and hence, Mrs. H. More, and others, supposed that he was nearly blind from a severe attack of ophthalmia—the pain of

which was like that produced by the thrusting of thorns in the eye-balls. The Epistle to the Galatians contains a passage which seems to confirm this theory. In chapter vi. verse 11, the Apostle says: "Ye see how large a letter I have written unto you with mine own hand;" which ought rather to be translated thus: "See in how *large letters* I have written unto you with mine own hand." And this passage seems to show that the Apostle's sight was so defective that he was only able to write in what would now be called a very "large hand." Others have supposed that the "thorn in the flesh" was some kind of paralytic seizure which, in some measure, produced bodily distortion, and affected his organs of speech—which accounts they say, for the unkind remark made concerning him at Corinth:—"His bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible." Many other explanations of the matter are given, which are too numerous to mention here. We need only say that the "thorn in the flesh" was a source of not only great suffering to St. Paul, but also a cause of such strong temptation to him, that he compares it with the presence of an evil angel, emissary, or "messenger" of the devil sent to harass him. We are aware that Dean Alford, in his valuable commentary supposes the "messenger," or angel of Satan, to be some human enemy; but we think that the Dean is mistaken in his opinion, and that we have here an example, as we have said, of the use of the word "angel" to signify an unconscious messenger.

The word angel is sometimes used to signify a messenger who acts as *spy*. Most of our readers are familiar with the account of the twelve spies whom Moses sent into the promised land, as recorded in the 13th chapter of the Book of Numbers, and referred to elsewhere; and the Lexicons tell us that these messengers were sometimes called angels—that is, "messengers" engaged in the work of *espionage*. We notice this rather remarkable meaning of the word "angel," partly with a view to throw a little light, if possible, upon the confessedly dark words contained in 1 Corinthians xi. 10—"For this cause ought the woman to have power on her head because of the angels." Many speculations have been put forth upon the passage which are neatly summed up in the following words by Dr. Doddridge —"Mr. Locke acknowledges, with a modesty which does him much honour, that he did not understand this text; and many seem to have darkened it by their attempts to explain it. But the chief difficulty does not lie in the word *power*—which must, to be sure, be understood of a veil which married women wear on their head as a token of subjection to their husbands (see Gen. xxiv. 65); and Mr. Godwin (*Moses and Aaron*, p. 236) supposes that *veil* was in Hebrew called *Radeed*, from a *root*, *Radad*, which signified *subjection;* so that the *veil* was, as it were, the *habit* by which a woman showed she considered herself in *subjection;* and Chardin observes that the married women in Persia wear a peculiar habit to the very same purpose (*Church Pers.*, Vol. II., p. 187). It is much more difficult to ascertain

the meaning of that clause, "*because of the angels.*" It seems neither reasonable nor decent to explain this of young ministers, as if they were in peculiar danger of being ensnared by the beauty of women; and it is more grossly absurd still to suppose, with Tertullian (*De Vet. Virg.*, Sec. 7), that there was any room to apprehend it could be a snare to celestial spirits (which mistake seemed to be grounded on the wild interpretation of Gen. vi. 2, so generally received among the fathers). Dr. Whitby understands it of evil angels, and thinks it refers to the punishment which Eve incurred (Gen. iii. 16) for hearkening to the suggestions of Satan. A late ingenious writer, by *angels* understands *spies*, who, he supposes, came into Christian assemblies to make ill-natured remarks, and so would be glad to blaze abroad any indecencies they might observe there." A careful reader of the above note will see that as many as four interpretations of this difficult passage have been proposed;—the word "angels" being taken to mean either good angels, bad angels, ministers of the Gospel, or spies. The second and third meanings may safely be rejected as untenable; and as it respects the remaining two, the probabilities are perhaps in favour of the former, though we cannot blame those who interpret the word angel, in the passage, to mean a messenger who acts as a *spy*.

We pass from conjecture to certainty when we say that the word angel often means a *human messenger;* that is, either one who carries commands to another, or one who himself executes them. For example, in Matthew xi. 10, we read concerning John the Baptist, "Behold I send my messenger—ἄγγελον—before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee;" also in Luke ix. 52, we are told concerning the Lord Jesus that He "sent messengers—ἀγγέλους—before His face: and they went, and entered into a village of the Samaritans to make ready for Him." Other passages might be quoted; but we forbear, as all scholars will readily admit that the word "angel" is doubtless employed to signify a human messenger.

It is almost equally certain that the word "angel" is used in Scripture to mean a minister of the Gospel, a pastor of a Christian church. In one of the apocryphal books—Esdras i. 50—51, the ancient Jewish prophets are certainly called angels. We quote the words—"Nevertheless, the God of their fathers sent by His messenger—ἀγγέλῳ—to call them back, because he spared them and His tabernacle also: but they had His messengers in derision; and, look, when the Lord spake unto them, they made a sport of His prophets." Of course, we do not look upon these words as having a divinely-inspired authority; but they certainly prove that Greek-speaking Jews, who lived before the coming of our Saviour, used the word "angel" to signify a sacred prophet—a human messenger of God to man. Bearing this fact in mind, we are prepared to find the word used in the same sense in the New Testament. There can be very little doubt, therefore, that the "angels" of the seven churches of Asia mean the ministers or

pastors of those churches; and not guardian spirits, as some have supposed.

We come now to a more controverted point, when we say that probably the word "angel" is used to signify a *disembodied human spirit.* We will mention two passages in which we think it is so employed. One is to be found in Acts xii. 15. The words refer to the Apostle Peter at the time of his imprisonment by King Herod. During his confinement many of the disciples met together in "the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark," earnestly to pray for his deliverance. Their supplications were answered. For while they prayed an angel delivered him. Providence directed him to the very house where the suppliants were assembled together. "And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said unto her, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, IT IS HIS ANGEL." It is evident from the narrative that the hope of Peter's deliverance was not strong in the minds of these disciples, although they were met together to pray for it. Their language seems to imply that in their opinion Herod had put the apostle to death, and that his ghost, his disembodied spirit, had been sent to inform them of the melancholy event. The other passage to which we have referred is found in Matthew xviii. 10: "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." It is evident from the beginning of the chapter that our Lord here refers to children literally, and not to childlike persons. It is, therefore, the angels of children that are referred to. Our readers doubtless remember those other beautiful words of the Lord Jesus, Mark x. 14:—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God." The meaning of the Master's words may be paraphrased somewhat thus—do not in any way discourage the desires and efforts of parents in seeking the spiritual welfare of their offspring, for in all periods there have been pious children, whose souls are now sharing in the bliss and glory of the heavenly world. The same interesting truth is conveyed by Christ in the former passage:—"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." That is, the souls of children behold the glory of God in heaven; therefore do not despise on earth the little ones who may be destined to share for ever in that sublime privilege. We are quite aware that most commentators are against us in the interpretation which we have given of these two passages, nevertheless we think that probably it is the correct one. The so-called Catholic Church, it should be remarked, has handed down to us such a mass of traditions concerning the ministry of angels that, probably, the influence of them

often perverted the judgment of Protestant interpreters of Scrip-
; and hence the necessity of every reader being on his guard,
n studying scriptural subjects akin to the one upon which we are
writing.

'e conclude our paper with a few remarks upon two or three
ls similar to the word "Angel." This term, as we have reminded
readers, means literally a messenger; and *Evangelos* signifies a
l messenger, that is, a bearer of glad tidings. The word occurs in
sense in classical Greek, though we have no example of it in the
ık of the New Testament. Two similar words, however, occur
ı there, namely, *Evangelion* and *Evangelistes*, upon each of which
vill offer a few words of explanation. *Evangelion* is met with in
writings of Homer, where it means a *reward* for *good news.*
ı in the Odyssey, Book xiv., line 152, we have—

. . . . "εὐαγγέλιον δέ μοι ἔστω"—

"Let a reward of good news be to me."

in line 166 of the same book we have the following:—

. . . . "εὐαγγέλιον τόδε τίσω"—

"I will pay this reward of good news."

sense of the word is not found in the New Testament, where it
ns good news, glad tidings; exactly answering to our grand old
l Gospel, with which we are happily all familiar. The French
ı the word *Evangile*, which is precisely the Greek word in a modern
s. The English have no similar word, though they had one in
en Elizabeth's reign. The poet Spenser, who lived in her time,
e—

"The sacred pledge of Christ's *Evangely*;"

some modern writers, affecting the French style, use the word
ıgile, like Landor, who penned the words:—"Above all, the
ians . . . read, with much avidity, the evangile of their
om." The two terms, however, are as good as obsolete in the
lish language; and, though the loss of the words is to be regretted,
misfortune is not great so long as the right noble Saxon word
pel retains its place among us.

few words in explanation of the term "Evangelist" must suffice.
rally it means a *messenger of good tidings*, and in theological
uage has two meanings. First, it signifies a "travelling preacher"
he Gospel—one not settled as pastor over any particular church.
his sense the word occurs, Ephesians iv. 11:—"He gave some to
apostles, and some prophets, and some *evangelists*, and some
ors and teachers." The writers of the fourfold biography of
ıs Christ are also called Evangelists, although the word does not
r in that sense in the New Testament. Their writings are properly
ıd "The Gospels." Our dear friend, the late Charles Vince, of

Birmingham, once told us that he heard the following remark from the lips of Thomas Binney:—"If any are surprised to find but little of so-called theology in the writings of the Evangelists, they will do well to remember that Christ came to *be* the Gospel, and therefore to be all the theology arising from it." Every part of the Inspired Scriptures and the utterances of all Christian ministers are the exponents of the grand *Evangely* of the infinite mercy of God to man. They resemble the angel, who said to the wondering shepherds of Bethlehem, "Behold, I bring you good tidings—εὐαγγελίζομαι—of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

REVIEWS.

CLASSIC PREACHERS OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH. With Introduction by Rev. J. E. Kempe, M.A. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

A BOOK of this nature is necessarily of interest to Christians of all denominations whose conscientiousness is not identical with intolerance. It contains six lectures delivered at St. James's, Westminster, upon divines of eminence for learning and piety, who belonged to the Established Church of England—lectures delivered by men whose names are guarantee for the merit of their work, and who herein work quite up to their previous reputation. It is thoroughly improving to be taught by studies of this kind, since such instruction is often more impressive than the inculcation of creed or the repetition of formula. For not merely are the men here described renowned for unusual intellectual ability, but selection is also regulated by consideration of piety and saintliness of life. And it seems that the example of a godly man's life is better than the precept of his grandest writings.

The subject of the first lecture is John Donne, the poet preacher. No study can be more profitable than the history of his early sin, mature repentance, and subsequent holiness; and the lecture by Canon Lightfoot worthily begins the series. Although other critics have attempted to find excuse for the immoralities of Donne's poetry in the taste of the times, the Canon makes no attempt to palliate the wrong. The beauty of such works by such a poet only makes their danger more dangerous. A fanciful and keen intelligence unguided by religious conviction belongs to the most injurious sort of poet. But while we regret Donne's early shortcomings, we are made to feel that the resistless energy of his holier life and teaching was, in a great degree, due to these—a conclusion suggesting the lines from the "In Memoriam"—

. . . Dare we to the fancy give
That—had the wild oat not been sown—
The soil left barren scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

Yet how careful should we be to observe that "what is truth in retrospect is damning falsehood in forecast."

The second character described is Isaac Barrow, mathematician and preacher; no unworthy predecessor of Newton in the professorial chair, and no unworthy contemporary of Tillotson, Stillingfleet, and South in the pulpit. With a mind well-trained by education, and expanded by much foreign travel, we are not surprised to find him appreciated and admired in the lecture devoted to him. He lived in troublous times, when the Christianity of the country needed all the support which could be afforded by the godly; and none rendered more efficient service in the cause of truth, none did more honour to the faith which he upheld. Professor Wace well elucidates one important point of Barrow's teaching:—"We find him possessed with a deep and settled persuasion that in the great and broad truths of religion lie the foundations of morality, while in morality lie the foundations of individual and national welfare."

The third lecture treats of South, the pulpit wit; whose talents, abundantly attested by university distinction, deserved more than the patronage of the Restoration and no less than the approval of the better section of the country. With a Christianity that must have hated, and a sarcasm which might have worthily denounced the profligacy of his patrons, he directed his attack against Nonconformity, whose only error was that it respected its conscience rather than its interest. The less known names of Beveridge and Wilson head the fourth and fifth lectures; but the simplicity of the one and the earnestness of the other at once attract the reader's attention, and these two characters are capitally treated.

The lecture on Joseph Butler closes the series. The sermons of the author of the "Analogy," who reconciled human reason to divine revelation, deserve and receive a somewhat longer notice. Butler was not what can be called an Evangelical preacher, but bore valuable testimony nevertheless. Dean Goulburn says:—

> Butler intended his treatment of the love of God to be, like the rest of his sermons, purely and exclusively moral. Then why, it might be asked, take up such a subject at all? Why not let the sermons "Upon Human Nature," "The Government of the Tongue," and other purely moral subjects stand alone without intruding into the domain of theology by a disquisition upon the Love of God? The answer is, that it is assumed throughout tht sermons that the being and attributes of God are recognisable by the light of reason and conscience, quite apart from the more brilliant light which revealed religion sheds upon them. . . . It is an *independent* testimony to Gospel morality which Butler is seeking to elicit from his researches into the human heart; and in order to do this, he is bound to refrain from advancing any truth of revealed religion, which natural religion does not of itself establish.

This is a thoroughly satisfactory representation of Butler's work, and justifies the position maintained by him in his sermons. Besides Dean Goulburn's lecture, there is added a biographical notice of Butler, which renders the account of him more complete.

Here we indicate one of the principal merits of the book, one among many excellences. This clear decisive delineation of the salient characteristics of each personage discussed, is what was to be expected from the ability of the authors engaged upon the task. It is as profitable as it is entertaining, to mark the skill which has seized upon the notable points of a life or a work, and recorded them in unmistakable terms. The book is as valuable, because it is a specimen of good

sound English writing, as it is because it is a fitting monument to the merit of great men. But for us it has yet another value. Of the six men who are here criticised, nearly all belonged to the ultra-royalist party. When we reflect upon the crimes, political and moral, committed by that party, we are tempted to ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And as we read of the virtue and piety of these royalist divines, we wonder at the devotion which attached them to their party almost as much as we revere the grace which preserved their Christianity amidst the error of their judgment. Such wonder and reverence enlarge our sympathies and widen our charity. And we are much indebted to the scholarly writers who have thus made us better acquainted with some of the "classic preachers of the English Church." We are glad to hear that there is promise of some more lectures of the same kind, and hope the promise will in due time be fulfilled.

BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN; OR, CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. A Life of our Lord for the Young. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. With Illustrations by A. Rowan. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1867.

THE prominence given to the life of Jesus is one of the most pleasing features of modern Christian literature. The popularity of such literature is equally pleasing. That such a book, for instance, as Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ" should have, in so short a time, passed through so many editions, is a marvellous fact, speaking well both for the book and society, and excites as much gratitude as astonishment. If the Church is to understand and reflect the glory of God, it must dwell in the presence of that glory. As we linger amid the scer Christ's history, read His v note His actions, and medita His character and disposition, them revealed, we shall catc Spirit, and be changed intc image.

In this volume, Dr. Macduf sents to us a Life of Christ FO YOUNG, not less attractive i style, and destined to have, we a not less extensive circulatio is, as it professes to be, a *pic* life of the Saviour, beautifully si intensely vivid, and adm adapted to youthful nature. this work Dr. Macduff is emir fitted. The scenes of Christ's tory have all been visited by and in this volume they are r duced with the pen of an allied to the heart of a Chri The human side of Christ is sented throughout this boc closest union with the Divine so much distinct from it, as frequently the case, as permeat it. The human feelings of through Childhood, Boyhood Manhood; His lowliness of His station, His employmen all fully portrayed without reserve or restraint, so that yo readers may realise in Him o themselves, whom they may in as well as admire; and, at the time, with a character so digi so complete, so beautiful, as tc strain them to love and ado well as trust in Him. The narrative is calculated to pr the impression desired by the w that "this meek and lowly Sa is the great Lord of all, 'the b ness of the Father's glory, an express image of His person.'" centre around which all the t ings of this volume cluste expressed in the title, "Bri than the Sun; or, Christ the of the World." The concepti

grand; the execution deserves all praise. Jesus is presented throughout to the youthful mind as one of unblemished beauty and excellence, worthy of being followed, loved, and adored. One special charm of this volume is that the difficult and obscure parts of the Gospel history are explained and illustrated in the form of narrative and description, free from all dry arguments and foot-notes. We most heartily thank Dr. Macduff for this addition to our Library for Youth, and recommend it to Christian parents as a present to their children. It is beautifully got up; its illustrations are out of the common rut—fresh, vigorous, and well executed; and, as an additional recommendation, it is very cheap.

HOME LIFE IN ANCIENT PALESTINE; or, Studies in the Book of Ruth. By Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D., Edinburgh. London: Thos. Nelson & Sons; Edinburgh and New York.

WHEN the Gospel was first preached, it came of necessity, as its author had foretold, to be a source of dissension and division in the families of both Jews and Gentiles. It was almost impossible but that, in the early days of Christianity, single converts from separate households should often be made; and these individuals, suffering extreme opposition, if not absolute persecution, from their unenlightened relatives, would naturally seek, and as naturally find, the consolations of sympathetic intercourse away from their homes and among their fellow-Christians, and that to a degree of which we in the nineteenth century can hardly form a just notion. Hence, perhaps, to a great extent that manifest unity of spirit and fervency of charity in the Early Church, the echoes of which still reach us distinctly, though faintly, across the lapse of ages, and for the renewal of which we all sigh.

Truly, things are altered. The Church, rent by schisms and heresies, and split, as to her outward organization, into sects and denominations, shows to the world to-day a front very different from that which she showed in apostolic times.

Perhaps this is one reason why the Christian family seems now to present itself as the unit, in some high aspects, of Christian fellowship. We desire to speak cautiously on this point; yet we have often been struck with the idea that, amidst the difficulties which the existing state of Christian society in its relations to the world causes to the conscientious believer desirous of regulating his walk conformably to the directions of God's word, the truest lessons in practice are to be derived from the study of the patriarchal and other family life of the Old Testament.

Doctor Thomson, in the above work, gives a series of able and thoughtful discourses on the Book of Ruth, upon which considerations, as to the value of the Old Testament home-life lessons, analogous to the foregoing, appear to have had an influence. They contain some charming and suggestive writing, and also throw much light on the narrative. We wish that all who read them may rise from their perusal with the sense of invigoration which we confess that they produced on us.

THE EXPOSITOR. Edited by Rev. Samuel Cox. Oct.—Dec., 1877. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THIS unique and invaluable periodical holds on its way with growing success. Its early promise has been more than fulfilled. In the num-

bers before us, Mr. Cox has furnished several papers of great value —that on "Science and Theology" is peculiarly timely, and ought to be reprinted in a separate form for circulation among young men. Canon Farrar's contributions will give English readers a more comprehensive idea of Rabbinical learning than has hitherto been possible to them. Professor Reynolds has begun a series of chapters on the Epistle to Titus. Mr. Lumley has concluded his masterly work on "The Gospel in the Epistles." And there is in the December number a sketch of the apostle Philip, by Dr. Alexander Roberts, which is remarkably original and suggestive. The illustration of Philip's character, from our own great essayist, John Foster, is singularly happy.

In addition to the "Expositor," we have received from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE and THE CONGREGATIONALIST for January, both of which are excellent, and to which we heartily wish success. The former has a capital portrait of Canon Farrar, and articles by the Editor, Rev. S. Cox, Dr. Alexander, and others. In the latter, Mr. Dale writes on the need of an Ethical Revival; Mr. Finlayson has some capital sermonettes on "Golden Texts"; and there is also a vigorous discussion of Scotch ecclesiastical prospects.

From Mr. Elliot Stock we have received the yearly volume of THE CHURCH and THE APPEAL. No better periodicals of their class are published. The papers in "The Church," especially those by Dr. Culross and Mr. Leonard, are of the first order; and the "Stories" are almost invariably good. For gratuitous circulation, "The Appeal" is particularly suitable, and our churches would do well to distribute it by thousands.

THE BASIS OF FAITH. A Critical Survey of the Grounds of Christian Faith. The Congregational Union Lecture for 1877. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton, Paternoster Row. 1877.

THE five "Lectures" which have in as many successive years been delivered (or published) on the foundation of the "Congregational Union," have more than fulfilled the expectations with which their appearance was hailed; and, while Mr. Conder's "Basis of Faith" is more abstruse and metaphysical in its character than any of its predecessors, it will fully sustain the high reputation which the series has acquired. His object, as he himself explains it, is two-fold—(1) to examine into the foundations and limits of human knowledge; and (2) to review the evidence for the belief in the existence of God. The former object is, indeed, essential to the latter, as by Agnosticism and its related theories on the one hand, and the philosophy of the conditioned on the other, the problem of the Divine existence is pronounced insoluble; and from opposite quarters, and for widely-different reasons, God is declared to be "unknown and unknowable." Mr. Conder's volume is a thorough and impartial review of the whole subject, the profoundest and most difficult to which the human mind can address itself. The speculations of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Mill, and Sir W. Hamilton, are subjected to a sifting and, as it seems to us, a decisive examination. The refutation of Hamilton's theory

s Relativity of Knowledge" en and penetrating as any- at can be found even in this etaphysician's own writings; onstrates—if anything can onstrated—that for philoso- cepticism there is no valid on whatever. The old rgument is presented in a light, and supported by able illustrations from re- entific research. The *hypo-* f evolution is shown to be e of overthrowing the argu- nd, practically, in the last o postulate the existence of The claims of the Bible as a Divine revelation are also d, and a place is demanded, tific grounds, for miracles. also a very able chapter, "Jesus," in which the t, from Our Lord's person acter and work, is developed eat ingenuity. And the closes with a review of the of "the voice within"— of man's own nature and e, as testifying to the of the Christian belief in of the various truths asso- th that belief. To do more s enumerate the principal n the lecturer's argument is ur province. We can only a meagre outline like this e no idea of the broad rasp, the fulness of know- e minute and skilful reason- the transparent candour ch the entire theme is dis- Nor is it the least merit of ne that it is written in a lucid, as beautiful, and as any with which we are d. The volume ought to ay into the hands, not only nisters and students, but of ughtful young man in the It will prove an invaluable against the specious, but misleading, pleas of the Materialistic and transcendental philosophies, and against all the current forms of speculative Atheism. Is it vain to hope that "the Baptist Union" will some day be able to found a similar lectureship?

SERMONS ON DISPUTED POINTS AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS. By George Dawson, M.A. Edited by his Wife. London: C. Kegan, Paul, & Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1878.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with the late Mr. Dawson's theological standpoint, will not expect to find much in this volume with which they can agree. "Sermons on Daily Life and Duty," such as are preparing for publication, would, we believe, be more to our mind; but on these "disputed points" we take, in most cases, a view diametrically opposed to the author's. Mr. Dawson was originally a Baptist and a moderate Calvinist. He left our communion because of its narrowness and its lack of freedom and unity, and he seems to have cherished no kindly or generous remembrance of his old friends. Certainly with such views as he here propounds in relation, *e.g.*, to the Inspiration of the Scriptures, the Atonement of Christ, and other "central truths," we do not see how he could expect to retain his position in any evangelical community. We would impose no unlawful restrictions on any man, but we could not sanction the promulgation of such opinions as these from our pulpits. We say this with all respect to Mr. Dawson, whose geniality and goodness of heart, whose integrity and benevolence, we knew too well to call in question. And it would be equally wrong to deny that he has hit upon more than

one serious blot in the practical working of our church life, and shown us how widely we depart from our own ideal. The very title of the first sermon—"The Demands of the Age upon the Church"—is one that should arrest our attention, and awaken earnest inquiry as to whether we have met those demands, either in relation to the practical godlessness which surrounds us, or in relation to those who have been caught in the meshes of modern doubt. The "sects" are not declining as Mr. Dawson imagined, on the contrary, they have, during recent years, made marked progress, and we believe this is in no small measure owing to their display of that wise and helpful and generous sympathy with men in which the author deemed them utterly deficient. The reading of this volume has been to us a bracing exercise. It will be our own fault if we are not wiser for its perusal. Here and there it contains gems of spiritual truth, but we would put it into the hands of those only whose knowledge and mental discipline render them competent to discuss its "disputed points."

LIFE IN CHRIST. A Study of the Scripture Doctrine of the Nature of Man, the Object of the Divine Incarnation, and the Conditions of Human Immortality. By Edward White. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Elliott Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1878.

MR. WHITE is an indefatigable student, and, though we cannot endorse his doctrines, we admire and commend his zeal. The third edition of his well-known "Life in Christ" embodies his latest thoughts on the great subject with which it is concerned, and contains replies to the criticisms which have been evoked by the second edition. The subject is one of the most difficult, as well as the most momentous, which can engage the human mind. We dare not lightly set it aside, from whatever side it is approached, and we have studied it with all possible care and candour. Acute and powerful as Mr. White's reasonings often are, he has not won our assent to his position, although it is useless to attempt here to state the grounds of our inability to follow him. Many of his criticisms on the sinfulness of human nature and on the atonement of our Lord are invaluable. His exposure of the unscripturalness and invalidity of the universal restoration theory is as complete and conclusive as it can be, and no one certainly can charge his belief with taking a light estimate of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The subject is of such general interest and is coming so persistently to the front that every minister ought to be conversant with it in all its aspects and able to defend his faith against the plausible objections which assail it, and on this ground Mr. White's book should be read. It is published at the marvellously low price of four shillings.

ALLAN CHACE, and Other Poems. By J. Cornfield, jun. London: E. W. Allen, Stationers' Hall Court. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers, New-street. 1877.

GEORGE III. is reputed to have once observed that Shakespeare had written some sad stuff, if we only dared say so. Assuming the King to have been right, the readers of "Allan Chace" will be of opinion that the author rivals Shakespeare in one respect.

Mr. Cornfield, in a rather ingenuous preface, asks the public to help him to solve the question whether he has a natural gift which, if cultivated, would enable him to

write really good poetry. The public may safely imitate the author's frankness, and assure him that if the present are fair samples of his poems, he has no gift such as he speaks of.

It must not, however, be supposed that, because this book of rhymes boasts no poetry, the whole of its contents are ridiculous. On the contrary, it gives utterance to some very proper, though for the most part not very novel, sentiments, and a few of the couplets almost reach mediocrity.

The truth seems to be, that Mr. Cornfield has fallen into the error, so frequent among enthusiastic persons, of thinking that quite ordinary thoughts on matters important and unimportant are necessarily lifted out of the sphere of commonplace by being expressed in verse. But this is a mistake; and the mistake is the more unfortunate in a case like that before us, where the versification is —the author admits the fact— incorrect.

If Mr. Cornfield can open his eyes to see how much more intelligible his preface and notes are than the bulk of his volume, and if he still thinks that he has something to say which has not previously been better said by somebody else, his next effort will, perhaps, be in prose. He will do well to bear in mind that when a writer deals with the all-important question of religion, he should seek to rise to the level of his subject, rather than to bring the subject down to his own plane: and that the more sober his diction the more suitable will it be to his purpose.

POLLY WYATT; OR, VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. 1877.

IT is pleasant to take up a story like this, which contains sound Christian teaching and is at the same time so free from the "goody" element. True to its title, it aims not without effect, at showing that the reward of patient continuance in well-doing is as different from what conventional story-tellers make it as it is really satisfying to those who can earn it. Polly Wyatt, a village girl who goes into service and afterwards marries a gardener, is a very sweet character whose pure womanliness shines out the clearer for the troubles through which she passes.

We regret, nevertheless, that it is not more strongly inculcated that Polly's troubles are the result of the false step which any Christian takes who marries an unbeliever.

IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. A Tale of Adventure. By W. H. G. Kingston. London: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1878.

ONLY to say that this is another book for boys by Mr. Kingston is to recommend it, and the present story is a worthy addition to those already given to the world by the author. If, however, we are to be critical, we are bound to say that we still perceive, what we have noticed in his other writings, a certain crudeness both in the grouping of the incidents and in the explanatory details which takes away somewhat from the literary merit of the work, and which we think that those for whom he chiefly writes are not incapable of discerning.

Otherwise we have only to speak in praise. The tale is a nice one and full of interest, which is well kept up, and the reader gains a good deal of useful information so disguised in the form of description that he is taught without knowing it.

The two heroines fall in love with the one military officer who comes upon the scene. But we are assured

on reliable authority that this is a very natural and proper arrangement, and one which need give rise to no unpleasant dilemma when the ladies concerned are left, as Mr. Kingston leaves them, to settle what, to our inexperience, seemed a difficulty. Of course there are plenty of hairbreadth 'scapes amongst "deserts vast and antres wild," well suited to the keen appetite of boys for the marvellous. On the other hand, the healthy moral and religious tone of the book should weigh with those who wish to get safe literature for young folks.

The plates are capital, and so attractive that it will be hard even for those who mean only to look at the pictures to turn away without dipping into the letterpress to get a fuller explanation of their meaning, and without some feeling that the free life of the far west has advantages to set off against such casual annoyances as having your house burnt over your head by hostile savages.

HOMES AND HOME-LIFE IN BIBLE LANDS. By J. R. S. Clifford. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road. Sold at 66, Paternoster Row. 1878.

HERE is evidently the fruit of much careful study in a compressed form. The object of the writer is to brighten and call attention to the "side lights" of the Scriptures, and, by adding to the details of our knowledge of the home surroundings of Bible days and Bible lands, to bring the various aspects of the sacred narrative into more vivid perspective. He prescribes for himself a limited field of inquiry, and declines at the outset to attempt to go over the whole subject of public life in the East, either past or present, so he keeps indoors as much as possible, and has no wish to go beyond the gardens.

We all know how replete the Bible is with what, in any other writing, we should call undesigned hints respecting the circumstances amidst which its various parts were composed, and the events which it records took place. MR. CLIFFORD has a knack, quite his own, for detecting and using such indications when they are suited to the purpose which he sets before him, and it is surprising to find how much he has to say which falls within the limits which he has defined. How he gets it all into one small volume is at first a puzzle, but closer examination shows the work to be a model of terseness. All who care to improve their conceptions of the Scriptures will do well to read it.

It is profusely illustrated; but the pictures, though adding to the value are far from being the strong point of the book, which is deserving of being brought out in a more expensive edition.

THINGS WHICH GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER. Addresses on Isaiah xlv. 21—25. By S. A. Blackwood. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1878.

MR. BLACKWOOD is an agreeable and effective speaker, and his addresses are well worthy of preservation. With the greater part of his teaching—especially with that which relates to the reality and completeness of Our Lord's Atonement—we are in thorough accord. But we cannot endorse all his statements in reference to assurance, and he does not dwell with sufficient prominence on the necessary activity and struggle of the Christian life. Valuable as his teaching is, it needs to be supplemented by other aspects of truth than those on which he has here dwelt.

CHRIST AND THE CHRISTIAN IN TEMPTATION. Counsel and Consolation for the Tempted. By Octavius Winslow, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street. 1878.

DR. WINSLOW'S work is admirably true to its title. It consists, we presume, of a series of sermons on a theme which can never become obsolete. The author does not deal with the difficulties urged by the Rationalistic critics, but simply regards Our Lord's temptation as identical in all its essential features with the temptations through which we also, as His disciples, must pass. This idea is not, of course, peculiar to the author. It is found in several recent "Lives of Christ," in one of F. W. Robertson's sermons, and in Dr. Vaughan's "Two Great Temptations," but it is worked out more fully and with greater detail here. Dr. Winslow is a careful and reverent thinker, and writes with peculiar grace and beauty of expression. He is not subtle or profound, but he is never weak or commonplace. His words will afford wise counsel and effective consolation to all who read them. We cordially commend this valuable work.

TRIPLICATE PAPER ON TRI-UNITIES. By Alfred Fairfax Morgan, Solicitor, Blackburn. With an Introduction by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Manchester. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. 1877.

THIS paper is, in the words of Dr. Fraser, "an ingenious, and in many instances a novel attempt to illustrate one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith," a doctrine which has often been branded as contradictory to reason, but which, as the author shows, has innumerable illustrations and counterparts in the phenomena of natural life. We have been both delighted and instructed by our perusal of the work. It gives us in a small space the result of very extensive reading in every department of knowledge, and is evidently the product of a vigorous thinker. Preachers will find in these ninety-two pages an immense number of telling illustrations. There are (as might be expected) several of inferior worth, but among so many it is almost unfair to mention them. We cannot doubt that the author's labour will be widely appreciated.

THE SEVEN SEALS UNVEILED; or, The Faithful Saviour's Signal to His Hebrew Saints of the Impending Days of Vengeance. Deciphered by Thomas Palmer, of Sydney, Australia. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

WE cannot say that Mr. Palmer's attempt to decipher these mysterious seals strikes us as especially successful. He regards them as having exclusive reference to the "Hebrew Saints," but this restriction does not seem warranted by the text, and needlessly narrows its application. The interpretation given by Elliott and others seems to us decidedly preferable. Mr. Palmer's illustrations of his interpretations are sometimes good and suggestive, but, taking his work as a whole, we have been disappointed in it.

MAGGIE'S JOY. By Lizzie Joyce Tomlinson. London: E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

A CAPITAL story for young people. It teaches, in a simple manner, some of "the sweet uses af adversity," and shows how even the least may render good and useful service, which is sure to bring joy.

MR. DICKINSON'S PUBLICATIONS.

(1) THE THEOLOGICAL QUARTERLY, January, 1878. Edited by Rev. W. H. Jellie. (2) THE STUDY AND HOMILETICAL MONTHLY. Edited by Rev. W. H. Jellie. (3) THE HOMILETIC QUARTERLY. January, 1878. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

OUR now familiar friend "Dickinson's Theological Quarterly" loses none of its freshness and interest. The current number is one of the best we have seen for a long time. It is quite a thesaurus of theological genius and learning. Dr. Hovey's account of Köbner's "Song of God" introduces a Danish writer who deserves to be widely known in England, and every one of the ten or eleven articles which make up the number has its own special merits.

Of "The Study and Homiletical Monthly" we can also speak cordially. Mr. Jellie is a careful and conscientous editor, and has secured for his serial a wonderful freshness and variety. He has given us the very cream of the homiletical literature of our day, and there can be no doubt that his efforts to stimulate and strengthen the minds of preachers, teachers, &c., will be highly successful.

"The Homiletical Quarterly" is a larger work, and goes over a somewhat wider range. It is giving suggestive commentaries on several books of Scripture, expositions of special subjects (that of Professor Bruce on the Parables is sure to be of great worth), and has many other features of interest. Mr. Dickinson is certainly providing rich and ample materials for the pulpit.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Underhill Road, Peckham, December 15th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Bailey, Rev. H. C. (Bristol College), Padiham, Lancashire.
Barran, Rev. G. (Sheffield), Bridlington.
Churchyard, Rev. T. (Hanley, Staffordshire), Selby Park, Birmingham.
Davies, Rev. D. (Swansea), Weston-super-Mare.
Dyson, Rev. W. (Old Basford), Halifax.
Macrory, Rev. D. (Derryneil), Coleraine.
Parry, Rev. A. J. (Cloughfold), Swansea.
Robinson, Rev. A. (Holbeach), Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Rev. J. M. Stephens, B.A., December 27th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Barker, Rev. C., Sutton-in-Ashfield.
Barker, Rev. J., Lockwood.
Barrett, Rev. E. P., Hereford.
Bruce, Rev. F., Boroughbridge.
Carson, Rev. A., Dalston Junction, London.
Freeman, Rev. W., East Dereham.
Horn, Rev. J., Idle, Yorkshire.
Jones, Rev. J., Wellington, Salop.
Murch, Rev. S., Bath.
Pugh, Rev. S., Devizes.

DEATH.

Gough, Rev. T. T., Highbury, London, December 14th, aged 68.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1878.

"COME AND SEE."

JOHN i. 46.

By Rev. J. P. Chown.

IT is noticeable that four of the first five followers of our Lord came to Him as the result of human testimony, and these words are addressed to one of the four. The first two came in response to the words of the Baptist; the third on the call of Andrew. Philip was the only one called by our Lord, and he seeks Nathanael. He speaks of the Saviour in reference to the Scriptures in which he had been foretold, and also as "of Nazareth." The mention of this place wakes up prejudice in the mind of Nathanael, in which he asks, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" and the reply is given in an appeal for examination,—"Come and see." The words of both are of interest far beyond the men, the place, or the time in which they were uttered, in regard to the prejudice that is sometimes cherished towards good things, and the investigation by which it should be removed, and a blessing imparted instead.

Looking at the case before us, it shows how this prejudice may be indulged even by a good man. There are not many on whom a nobler encomium could be passed than that upon Nathanael by Him who knows the heart and never flatters; and yet he was yielding to impressions that were equally unjust to the Saviour, and to himself. There are others in the world, excellent men in many respects, who allow themselves to live in opinions of their fellow-men, sometimes *more* excellent; in which they are unintentionally unkind and even unjust; preventing the rendering of help and enjoyment of influence, in which they would be greatly blessed themselves and made blessings to others. This should be guarded against, because often it is not only unmerited, but the real state of the case

worthy of most grateful acknowledgment. Here, for instance, "Can there *any good thing come out of Nazareth?*" — Yes, the best, the grandest, the most wonderful thing the world has ever seen: the revelation of the Divine life in human flesh, growing up in Nazareth, whose work shall fill the world with salvation and eternity with praise. No place on the earth to be compared with it for the blessing it shall give to men. And how ungracious the inquiry, and what a lesson it teaches as to the care with which unfavourable thoughts should, be allowed, in reference to Christ and good things above all!

We see, moreover, how graciously the case was met by our Lord in the words in which there was not only no upbraiding, but commendation and blessing. What a reply to the insinuation there was in the spirit in which the Lord met him! The answer was immediate, before the inquiry indeed, for it was as Jesus saw him coming. It was what filled him with surprise, and gave the needed evidence before it was actually sought. It was complete, too; for mark the change from the "any good thing," to the declaration now, "Thou art the Son of God: Thou art the King of Israel." What a leap out of the utterance of a minute before to this! Not merely a "good thing," but "the Son of God: the King of Israel." Many are still sitting in the gloom and distrust of the former, because they have never come to the Lord, in approaching whom the darkness should vanish, and the Divine glory be poured in upon them. It was not only complete *then*, but pointed on to the "greater things" that were to come, and this is always the case with the mind that examines into Divine things. "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord: His going forth is prepared as the morning;" and its light shall unfold before the seeking soul. It is in this respect, as in others, that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

It is instructive to note how this is illustrated beyond the case immediately before us. Our Lord lays down the rule, "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God;" and the Psalmist says, "My soul hath kept Thy testimonies, and I love them exceedingly." It was this gave such power to the words of John as he says these are the things "which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of life." It was what Moses knew of Divine things led him to esteem "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." This has fired the souls of the noblest martyrs; and there are none in heaven, we may be sure, who are so loud in praise of the Divine glory, as those who have known most of the Divine grace. There are many think and say hard things of God as well as men, because they have not come near enough to know Him as He is to be known—they stand at a distance and think only of the "clouds and darkness" that "are round about Him," and are filled with terror when, if they would come through the "clouds," they would see that

righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne," and they would be filled with praise. "I knew thee that thou art a hard man," said the slothful servant, and allowed it to stultify what might have been so greatly to his gain, but it was not so; it was because he did not know Him, but allowed himself to be deceived by misapprehension, that he was led into such sad neglect and such bitter consequences.

Is not this what is needed on the part of many who have not received the Saviour, that they may accept His grace and know Him; and many who have, that they may "grow in grace," and "in the knowledge" in which they shall find their richest life? Would not it give us a religion that should be firmer in its fibre, and far more clear and decided in its evidence than is sometimes the case? It is "by His knowledge"—the knowledge of Him—many are to be justified; and in proportion as I can say "I know whom I have believed" —not *in* whom, as often misquoted—my belief will be full of Divine light and power. Our Lord feels this to be the means of salvation: "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou has sent." The Apostle feels how thorough this should be, "that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings;" and how incomparable, as he would "count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." It is through this channel all Divine blessing comes, and the benediction is "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord." One great characteristic of apostolic faith is "we know" and "ye know," and of his who was the beloved disciple above all, for he says, "Hereby we know that we know Him"—he had searched into his knowledge and knew it to be good.

It is not merely that this is desirable but incumbent upon Christians, that they may be "rooted and grounded in love," and "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you." Religion demands investigation. Our Lord stood in the midst of all the Jewish unbelief that gathered round Him, and referred objectors to their own sacred writings, as He said "Search the Scriptures." The Scriptures themselves commend those who adopted this course instead of receiving the word as some, without inquiry and proof, for "these were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that, they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether these things were so." It is a word of inspired counsel that we are to "Prove all things," and "hold fast that which is good." Man's religion will never bear inspection, and under the microscope shows its worthlessness. God's demands inspection, and the more powerful the microscope, the more will its divine character and glory be seen. Religion deserves investigation. It comes to us a revelation of unmerited grace for our deliverance and blessedness, and the least that can be done is

to ascertain its claims. It is in infinite condescension it is so offered, and cannot be neglected without self-reproach and shame. They who reject an unknown Christ because they would not know Him, can have no excuse for their folly, and no ground for complaint in their condemnation and woe. You examine other things never to be compared with this, and in so doing act wisely; but in not so doing in reference to the greatest things that ever can be, show unwisdom your own conduct condemns. The supremacy of the matter demands it. Ring the coin of daily life, by all means, and see if it is real. Test the signature of daily records, by all means, and prove if they are genuine. But by so much the more, as divine and spiritual things are beyond the human and temporal, let there be the same response to what reason and Scripture alike commend. The momentous issues involved demand it. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" We cannot escape, and it needs nothing to be done but only to "neglect" what Christ has done, and men must perish. There will be "many" at last who will plead they have done many things, but have neglected this, and as they have never known Christ He has never known them, and they are cast out from His presence for ever.

One thought more to be mentioned is that the sight to which men are called is, the Saviour. There may be doubters who are at times distressed by their doubts, which rather keep them from the Lord then bring them to Him. Do not linger brooding over these surmises and fears, but, "Come and see." Others may have been trained under circumstances unfavourable to religion, and have had elements of unbelief and objection to Divine things instilled in early days. Those who have taken these for granted, and allowed them to grow and keep them from the Lord; those who have no idea of the real state of the case, must come to the Saviour Himself. "Come and see." There are many in the world who have been brought into contact with unfavourable and unworthy forms of Christian profession, and whose minds are prejudiced against the very name of what calls that before them. Let not such misjudge the pure gold because of the counterfeit, or neglect the Divine because of the frailties of the human, but rather pass through all these gathered round the Saviour to the Saviour Himself. "Come and see," you shall see Him as He is, ready to reveal Himself to every seeking soul in the glory of His person, in the perfection of His redeeming work, in the exaltation of the glory to which He is gathering all His faithful ones. That is a sight that shall fill eternity with praise and joy. "COME AND SEE."

WANTED.

WANTED,—Men of *fire!*
Stirred by deepest thought;
Burning with desire;
Shrinking back from naught;
Pain, or loss, or shaming;
Labours, peril, sword,—
If that, Christ proclaiming,
Trophies crown their Lord.

WANTED,—Men of *feeling!*
Tender, loving, true;—
O'er whose hearts, soft-stealing,
Spreads the eternal dew:
With the mourners weeping;
Prompt at joyous call;
Holy watchers, keeping
Outlook meet, for all.

WANTED,—Men of *power!*
Strong in God's own might;
While Salvation's hour
Lengthens out its light,
Through all lands, the story
Of our King to bear;
And for Him in glory,
Earth's high throne prepare.

WANTED,—but *they are not:*
Who shall bring them forth?
Church of Jesus, spare not
Of thy best the worth;
Where the heathen perish,
Speed them on their way;—
He, Who claims—will cherish;
He, Who takes—repay.

J. TRITTON.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

VIII.

SHORTLY after one of our vacations, which Mr. Anderson had spent in London, I met him at Mr. Hall's, and the conversation chiefly turned on what he had seen and heard. Naturally the preachers came in for a large share of his remarks, which were keen and incisive, brightened occasionally by flashes of wit and humour; his peculiar quaintness of manner and pronunciation imparting to them great zest and raciness. Mr. Hall was much interested and amused; and I listened to the talk with undisguised pleasure, now and then venturing on an observation which contributed, in some slight degree, to sustain its vivacity.

Among other distinguished preachers, the late Mr. Melville, then "the Golden Lecturer,"* was mentioned. Mr. Hall, speaking to Mr. Anderson, inquired, "Did you hear him, sir? He is a very remarkable man, and a very impressive and eloquent preacher, is he not, sir?" "Well, sir, that depends on one's notions about eloquence. His style is elaborate, profusely wordy, magniloquent, and overdone with metaphor and simile, some figures utterly out of propriety and good taste. There is undoubtedly a good deal of force, for his intellect *has* power, and at times he *is* impressive." "You surprise me, sir. Why, I hear that bankers, merchants, and busy people—even some from the Stock Exchange—crowd to the church where he preaches, leaving their occupations in the middle of the day, as the same sort of people in Glasgow did when Dr. Chalmers preached his famous Astronomical Discourses." "You would not be surprised at that, sir, if you knew more of London people. They have no time, sir, to think much; and Mr. Melville's discourses are orations, and don't much trouble the audience to think. They are attractive partly by their brilliance, and partly by the earnest evangelic tone pervading them."

"But how about these metaphors and similes of which you said there was such a profusion? I should like to have a specimen or two, sir, and then one could form a better idea, at least, of the style." "Well, sir, here is one, and I think it will amaze even *you*, sir—'The graves and dungeons of martyrs are lined with plumage dropped from angels' wings.' What do you think of *that*, Mr. Hall?" It is impossible to describe the glee with which Mr. Anderson mentioned this, or his exquisite enjoyment when he saw the expression

* The Golden Lectureship is a richly-endowed office, the holder of which is the preacher of a weekly sermon in the parish church of Lothbury, by the Bank of England.

on Mr. Hall's countenance. He was astonished certainly, and seemed as if he could scarcely credit it. "What an extraordinary notion he must have of the angels, sir. Did he think they really have wings and feathers, and that, like the birds, they have their times for moulting? I have never heard anything so absurd."

I ventured to remark, "I think, sir, I can match that." "Match what Mr. Anderson has said, sir? Impossible, sir; it is the acme of absurdity, and you cannot go beyond that. But let us hear, sir, and then we can judge." "The tears of repentant sinners are the wine of angels." There was silence for a moment or two. Mr. Hall then, with some impressiveness, addressed me, "Was that ever really said, Mr. Trestrail?" "Of course, sir, for I have quoted it, and it was mentioned to me as one, among other *beauties*, of the preacher." "Now, sir, didn't you invent it yourself? It is a stroke of your own imagination." "Really, sir, if I have any imagination, it is not equal to such an effort as that." "Well, sir, it beats the other, and is somewhat dirty too for the angels! Just think, sir, of their coming down and licking up the tears from the faces of Brummagem unwashed penitents! But who was it, sir, that uttered such an absurdity?" "Pray excuse me, Mr. Hall; but after the severity of your criticism, I had better withhold his name." "It is extraordinary, sir, what foolish things are sometimes said in the pulpit. Why, sir, a friend of mine, who was suffering from a severe cold, apologised for a very brief discourse by saying, 'We shall be short to-night, for we have got a cold.'" A burst of laughter followed this sally, for Mr. Hall spoke with a stronger dash of humour in tone and manner than was usual with him. He subsequently added, "I hope, sir, that neither you, nor any of the gentlemen in the Academy, will ever be guilty of such violations of propriety and good taste." "I hope not, indeed, sir. We have too deep a sense of Mr. Anderson's warnings and criticisms on these points, and of the force, sir, of your own example, to go astray in that way." The excitement and interest of this evening's lively conversation were very great, and I ran some risk of again coming under Mr. Crisp's solemn rebuke for being out beyond Academic hours.

Besides the public questions adverted to in the previous paper, Catholic Emancipation and Reform of Parliament, excited the intense hostility of the Tory party, and of many of the aristocracy; while the Whigs and Liberals were animated by the brightest hopes of the realization of their long-continued and strenuous efforts in the cause of civil and religious liberty. The debates in Parliament were not more earnest than those in private social circles. The issue was regarded with intense solicitude. Multitudes were convinced that if the proposals were carried, only ruin and disorder would follow; while others, not less numerous, believed that a brighter day would dawn on the country, and that liberty and peace would flourish both at home and abroad. The contest was very severe; and no one

can now look back on the events which transpired between 1828 and 1832 without feeling that we narrowly escaped a frightful convulsion. We learn from them one most valuable lesson—that a revolution may be accomplished without the shedding of blood.

To the surprise of many intelligent friends, Mr. Hall was a most decided opponent of Catholic Emancipation. They could not reconcile his opinions on this question with his political principles, especially as set forth in his "Apology for the Freedom of the Press," and his "Christianity Consistent with the Love of Freedom."* Anxious to know his reasons for views that seemed scarcely consistent with the opinions of one who maintained that Annual Parliaments, Vote by Ballot, and Universal Suffrage, were once parts of the British Constitution, I ventured on more than one occasion to mention this difficulty to him. He replied somewhat to the following effect—that Romanism was not *simply* a religion, but a vast politico-religious system, aiming at supremacy over all law, education, science, and morals; that, whilst loudly demanding freedom for itself, it would not give it to others; that deception and fraud ran through it, since one of its leading principles—"the end sanctifies the means"—would permit the commission of any crime; that, when it gained power, it invariably turned that power into an instrument of oppression; that no country could flourish where it was dominant; that it had reduced Spain from a chief place among the nations to one of the lowest; that it had filled Italy with priests and beggars, deluged it with the most odious vices, and filled its dungeons with some of the most illustrious and virtuous of men; that, like the Upas tree—whose shadow was fatal to all vegetable life and beauty—it withered patriotism, especially in the case of the priests, crushed out all sentiments of manly independence, and all hopes and aspirations of advance to a higher civilization and a freer life; that it closed the Sacred Oracles to the eye of the people, fed them with the foolish tales of tradition and legends of saints; and this system, thus politically bad, was all the more formidable, inasmuch as it darkened the intellect and corrupted the heart; that it put the Pope in the place of God, the Virgin Mary higher than Christ, and made human salvation dependent on the will of a priest, and on a caricature of the Atonement.

Such, in substance, were some of Mr. Hall's reasons for a decided opposition to Catholic Emancipation. They were thought, by many friends, to present at least an exaggerated view of the character and tendency of the Papacy. Reference was made to the statements of the leading prelates of the Romish hierarchy in Ireland, especially Drs. Murray and Murphy. Mr. Hall did not question their sincerity. They were, in many respects, better than their system; but there was no guarantee that their successors would be men of like character

* Works, Vol. iii. 57; *Ibid.*, Vol. iii. 107—188.

and moderation. Subsequent events have proved how sagacious was this forecast. It resembled the almost prophetic character of the closing remarks of his celebrated pamphlet, "Christianity Consistent with the Love of Freedom."

The liberties of the Romish Church in Ireland have, of late, been materially curtailed by the Vatican. The friendly social intercourse which once existed between Protestants and Romanists, cleric and laic, has been well-nigh extinguished under the despotic rule of Cardinal Cullen, and has induced many public men to place the Pope before the Queen, even in Civil affairs, and to declare they are Romanists first and Irishmen after. The Ultramontanes—the ruling party in the Papal Church—by securing the publication of the Syllabus, and the dogma of the personal infallibility of the Pope, have imparted to Romanism an element which renders it more than ever dangerous to the liberties of mankind. We have seen what a disturbing power it is in Germany; how it would have blasted the hopes of the Republicans in France, but for their wonderful moderation and unity; and that Italy has risen to the position of one of the great powers of Europe, and become comparatively prosperous and free, just in proportion to her resistance of the arrogant pretensions of the Great Apostasy.

Throughout all our principal towns the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill was waited for with great anxiety. Of the prevalent excitement Bristol largely partook. I remember how deeply *we* were interested. Even Mr. Crisp, who took no very active part in public affairs, was much concerned; and often inquired of us, as we came up from the city, if we had heard any news. And when the news of its passing the Commons *did* come—and he heard it first—he hastened to the lecture-room to inform us, his countenance plainly indicating the satisfaction he felt. Since those times, however, the question has often been raised whether the Emancipation Bill of 1828-9, unless greatly modified, if *now* submitted to Parliament, would pass as easily as it did then. And that question will be raised more frequently in times to come; and can never rest until Romanists everywhere will consent to give the same liberty to others which they demand for themselves. Cardinal Manning, when called upon to explain why the Government of Spain should not give to Protestants the liberty which our own gives to Romanists, thinks it is quite an adequate reply that Catholicism is the religion of the overwhelming majority of the people. Does not the same rule apply to England, and still more to Scotland, where they have introduced a Romish hierarchy? If that rule had been adhered to by England in 1829, would Romanists have been satisfied? I trow not.

The Protestants of Ireland have been much to blame for the part they have taken in keeping up the spirit of hatred, not more to Popery as an evil system, than to Romanists as men. Their processions on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne are as

senseless as they are mischievous; for they almost always end in riot and bloodshed. The sooner one party gives up the celebration of conquest, and the other forgets events the remembrance of which provokes only ill-feeling, the better for their common country. There are signs, however, since the disestablishment of the Irish Church, of this bitter personal feeling dying out. May its death be speedy!

The Protestants of Ireland missed a fine opportunity of maintaining and extending their influence when they opposed the Irish Education Act. For a Government measure, and for a population so divided, it was almost unobjectionable. But because the *entire* Bible was not used as a school-book, the Tory party in the North, headed by Dr. Cooke, a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman in Belfast, raised the cry of a mutilated Bible! It was a mere pretence, the real object being to effect the overthrow of the Liberal Government. It notoriously failed. But the Irish Protestants, ashamed to acknowledge their mistake, gave up all connection with the schools, which, of course, passed to the control of the priests.

In regard to the use of Scripture, the Romanists consented to large concessions. The "Extracts" were prepared by Dr. Dill, a Presbyterian clergyman of Parsonstown; and, if my recollection is accurate, one of them is the whole Gospel of Luke. In fact, the "Extracts" are, for the most part, such portions of the Bible as any intelligent teacher would select for the instruction of young persons. Some modifications have been made since, which are greatly to be regretted; but they would not have been made at all if the Protestants, especially the clergy, had not abandoned these schools. They might, if they had held fast to them, have exercised an effective controlling power.

This is evident from the fact that, in spite of the repeated denunciations of the hierarchy, the Queen's Colleges, which they stigmatize as "godless," are still attended by a fair proportion of the sons of Romanist gentry. The cry for denominational education is not joined by the intelligent classes. It is a political cry—and raised by the so-called leaders of the people, whose vanity they flatter for political purposes. Of course, the priests urge their numerous flocks, most of whom do not understand the question, to unite their "sweet voices" to swell it. But the demand for denominational education, supported by State funds, should, for the sake of Ireland herself, be most resolutely resisted.

The conduct of the "Home Rulers" in Parliament on all such questions—their slavish submission to commands from Rome, their disposition to favour the Turkish government, and their sympathy with the hatred of the Vatican for the Russian Church—leave us little room for doubt what course they will pursue on all questions which involve the religious liberties of Protestants. The spread of Ritualism in the Established Church, and the defection of so many

of its ministers and members to Rome, is an alarming sign of the times, and should awaken all, who love the Truth "as the Truth is in Jesus," to the presence of a real danger to liberty and religion.

The excitement produced by the protracted parliamentary struggle respecting Catholic Emancipation had scarcely subsided, ere another crisis arose. The fall of the Tory ministry under the Duke of Wellington brought Earl Grey at last into power. The cry went out all over the country, as the watchword of the Government—"Peace, Retrenchment, Reform." The rejection of the Reform Bill by the Lords produced fearful excitement, and the nation was convulsed to its centre. The conduct of the King, the firmness of the Cabinet, and the determination of the people, saved the country from a dire calamity. Our limited circle in the Academy was not less excited by these events than those that were larger and vastly more important. When we heard that Mr. Brougham was to be elevated to the Woolsack, we sent a "Round Robin" to him, earnestly requesting him not to change his name, so long associated with noble efforts for the diffusion of knowledge among the working classes, the extension of education to the poorest, and the abolition of slavery throughout the world. What effect this missive had we never knew. But he did *not* change his name, and, after he was made a peer, very often signed his letters by the old familiar one—H. BROUGHAM.

Our preaching engagements in the neighbouring villages and towns were very interesting to us, and not less important in regard to our future work. They brought us into contact with the poor, as well as with the well-to-do middle-class, and the more select and cultivated families of manufacturers and merchants. With all this variety as to the character and intelligence of our hosts, and the accommodation in their homes—though *sometimes* we had to rough it—we enjoyed these visits immensely. The Juniors were sent to places which could be easily reached, and from which they could return the same day; the Seniors were appointed to the more distant towns, and were exempted from class-work on Mondays.

These engagements extended to Bridgwater, Taunton, Cheddar, and Wells on the west; to Bath, Frome, Melksham, Trowbridge, and Devizes on the south and east; to Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury, Stroud, and Nailsworth on the north; and to Chepstow, Newport, Cardiff, and as far as Swansea, in South Wales. They furnished matter for lively, instructive talk as we sat round the hearth on our return, and much amusement from the varied incidents occurring during these journeys. On the whole, I can bear hearty testimony to the kindness with which we were treated; though, occasionally, we *did* hear the disparaging remark, "Oh, he is only one of the students!"

The President arranged all these engagements. On every Thursday, after dinner, the monitor of the week had to fetch the "bill," as we called it. Sometimes it was not ready; but we never felt any

hesitation in quickening Mr. Crisp's movements, after waiting, as we thought, a reasonable time. The countenances of the students were a study while the bill was being read out. Some, who expected what were first-class appointments, found they had to go to Dings, or Stapleton, or Pill. Others, who expected such as these, found, to their unequivocal delight, that they were appointed to more attractive places; while those not engaged would have a quiet Lord's Day, and the privilege of hearing Mr. Hall. Mr. Crisp had a difficult, and sometimes a delicate, duty to discharge. He never liked to be asked to send any particular student, and he would only comply with such requests in special cases. I believe he always acted most conscientiously, having due regard to the requirements of the churches, and with the kindest consideration for the students themselves.

NOTE.—My friend, Mr. Birrell, has kindly pointed out to me that the meeting held in Broadmead, which I described in the previous paper, could not have been held on the *re-union* of Serampore with the Baptist Mission, as that did not take place until some years after Mr. Hall's death. With this correction, as to the *occasion*, the facts remain the same.

Newport, Isle of Wight. F. T.

DO THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED SLEEP?

BY THE REV. W. K. ARMSTRONG, B.A., TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

THE inquiry whether the soul is conscious or unconscious during its separation from the body, in the interval between death and the resurrection, has been, in all Christian ages, generally answered in the affirmative. To many the case seems so plain, that they cannot understand why there should be any question on the topic. So complete is this agreement, that even an original and careful thinker like John Foster could write—"I assume, with entire confidence, the soul's consciousness after death. This is implied in many passages of Scripture; but a number of them (often cited) assert it in so plain a manner, that nothing but the most resolute perversity of criticism can attempt to invalidate them." Notwithstanding this general acceptance of the orthodox view, the opinion that the state of the soul between death and resurrection is one of entire unconsciousness has been, at various times, put forward by men of a speculative turn of mind; and of late years it has been advanced, with very great confidence, by some who combine with it opinions respecting the Second Advent, which are supposed to derive importance from the destruction of all hopes of comfort or glory to be enjoyed by departed spirits previous to that great event. This opinion, also, is greatly favoured by many who have rejected the doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul, and who speculate

upon the final destruction of the wicked, or their universal salvation; in fact, it appears likely to become a prominent article of belief in the modern developments of Eschatology.

In this paper it is proposed to take a survey of the principal evidence furnished by the New Testament on the subject, without diverging into those metaphysical discussions, or indirectly related topics, to which it may so easily lead. The notion proposed for examination, as expressed by one of its ablest supporters, is—"that the soul remains in a state of profound sleep—of utter unconsciousness, during the whole interval of its separation from the body by death and its re-union at the resurrection;" and the first and strongest argument on which this conclusion is based is, that in Scripture death is frequently spoken of as a sleep; and it is urged—"it must be allowed to be strange that the word sleep should so often be applied to the condition of the departed if they are in a state of as lively consciousness and sensibility as before death, and in the actual perception of more unmixed pleasure or pain." The only way to settle this point is to study the actual usage of Scripture with reference to the term. To speak of death as sleep is a figurative mode of expression more or less familiar to all languages; but references from uninspired sources can bring no light upon the subject of the intermediate state of the soul. In the New Testament usage, while a peculiar significance and propriety is claimed for the reference of sleep to the death of the bodies of believers, it is the very point in dispute whether that reference can be, or ought to be, extended to the continuous existence of the soul separated from the body; or whether that aspect of the doctrine of the resurrection which refers sleep to the body which has died, and has been buried, and will rise again, is sufficient to satisfy the demands of the figure. It is obvious that, if this reference affords sufficient room for a full and satisfactory application of the words of Scripture, it is an undue extension of their meaning to press them into the more important position of a dogmatic statement of the actual condition of separated souls.

Two verbs are employed in the New Testament to designate the state of sleep—*καθεύδω* and *κοιμάω*—and of these the first is most frequently used. The radical idea of *καθεύδω* expresses with greatest accuracy the natural condition, and in its figurative application it is never used to signify death. An apparent exception to this assertion is found in 1 Thess. v. 10, but a close analysis of the context shows that the meaning of the terms used in the tenth verse is determined by the previous use of the same terms in the sixth verse, and is in conformity with all other instances in which *καθεύδω* is employed. Figuratively it denotes that spiritual condition in which a careless, unguarded soul has sunk down into sloth, and the spirit of deep slumber: and the whole must be applied to the present Christian life exclusively.

The usage of the second verb, then, is alone available to settle

this difficulty; and here we note that the radical signification of κοιμάω is "to cause to lie down." It is akin to κεῖμαι, and springs from a common root with *cumbo* and *cubo* in Latin. Its secondary and acquired signification, "to put to sleep," is itself figurative—a metonymy of the effect for the cause; and its transference into a synonym for death is merely a further extension of this figurative use. While the naturalness and beauty of this tropical application is admitted, it is important, also, to note that the figure did not come into general use before the time of our Lord. He was the author of it. Sleep is too soft and gentle a name, and "easeful death" is too refined a conception to rise in a mind uncheered by the Christian hope of eternal life. The death of Lazarus of Bethany furnished the occasion for the introduction of this beautiful figure, thenceforth to become the loved and familiar name of the last enemy. In this case, I venture upon the suggestion that our Lord had a special reference to the generic idea of the word He used. When speaking of the daughter of Jairus, He used καθεύδω, for the damsel was not dead; but in speaking of Lazarus, He used κοίμαομαι, for he had actually passed from life. We shall see how it was the disciples misunderstood Him, if we translate John xi. 11—14 strictly: "Lazarus, our friend, is at rest (κεκοίμηίαι); but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep (ἐξυπνισω). Then said His disciples, Lord, if he is at rest he will recover. But Jesus spake of his death, but they thought that He said it of taking rest in sleep. Then said Jesus to them plainly, Lazarus is dead." The disciples, therefore, not only were strangers to the figurative use of the word to signify death, but accepted it in the sense of taking rest. The Lord explained His meaning; and it is no wonder that when, afterwards, they thought or spoke of the closing scene of life, they should call it a falling asleep.

But now comes into view an all-important fact in connection with the inspired use of this consecrated word. It is never used of the death of any but a believer. If unconsciousness overwhelms all spirits from the moment of their departure from the body till the second coming of the Lord, it is strange that to fall asleep should be exclusively predicated of those only who believe. In view of resurrection hopes for the body, and of the expectation of continued consciousness for the soul, this is natural and right; but the appropriation of the phrase has no meaning if it describes the state in which believer and despiser are shrouded in one common gloom.

From this investigation several important results follow:—1st. Of the two verbs referring to sleep, that of which the generic idea is most closely related to the physiological condition—καθεύδω—is never used in the New Testament as a synonym for death; and when used in a figurative sense, it denotes a state of relaxed spiritual activity. 2nd. The generic idea of the word used for death is recumbency—lying down to rest—and is only applicable to the body. 3rd. The use of this word as a synonym for death is confined to believers.

4th. The appropriation of this word to the decease of His followers originated with the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and was by Him explained as a figure. To those accustomed to venerate the precision with which language is used in the inspired writings, these results will seem sufficient to exclude the notion of a state of unconsciousness after death based upon the term sleep. It is the privilege of believers only to fall asleep; unbelievers die in their sins. The privilege of saints, instead of pointing to unconsciousness, rather indicates that the soul's "Good night" to earthly life is but the precursor of a "Good morning" in the heavenly state upon which it is about to enter. Most assuredly such a restricted use of the word cuts away the ground on which to base an intermediate state of unconsciousness for all souls alike.

The notion that the soul sleeps between death and resurrection involves so many contradictions, that it can only claim reception on the most explicit testimony; and there is no other instance of a great fact connected with man's destiny in the life to come being revealed in a metaphor. Figures of speech abound as illustrations, and convey cheering and impressive views of realities so remote from ordinary conceptions as to require their aid; but in this case we are asked to believe a great and important fact in connection with things unseen, on the strength of a figurative expression which, if literally true, and to be taken with reference to those to whom it is never applied, entirely alters the relation of the future state to the present. Even if confined to believers—the class of whom alone sleep is predicated—the opinion blights all hopes of immediate happiness beyond this life, and leaves the future as blank, cold, and dreary as an atheist could desire. It dispeoples heaven; for, if death is to the souls of all men the beginning of a deep, prolonged, unconscious sleep, from which none shall waken till the second coming of the Lord, then heaven has not yet received a single inhabitant of human kind, if we except Elijah, and, perhaps, Moses. There is no great cloud of witnesses surrounding us—that expression is an extravagant and impossible hyperbole. Of all that noble army, the muster-roll of which we find in Heb. xi., and which, through many generations, so bravely bore its testimony to faith in the better heavenly country; and of which God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city—not one has yet reached that land and city, if death involves the sleep of the soul. When their bodies fell in death their souls fell asleep; and in that dreamless, unbroken unconsciousness, patriarch, prophet, priest, and king remain. Their comrades of the younger day are like them. Persecution may have dragged them into fame, but if souls sleep it is nonsense to say it chased them up to heaven. True, John solemnly declares he saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held; and heard them cry with a loud voice; but he could have seen and heard nothing of the

kind if the souls of the martyrs sleep. There is no general assembly and church of the firstborn to which we have come. The spirits of just ones made perfect are unconscious, and our accession to them is to silence and oblivion! And this other result, also, inevitably follows, that not only is heaven empty, but the souls of believers are rendered incapable of entering it, by being reduced to unconsciousness at the supreme moment when they have become perfectly qualified for admission, by becoming free from the body of sin and death. It is not contended by the favourers of this notion that any change of spiritual relations can take place during the period of unconsciousness. It is an arbitrary postponement of the enjoyment of the inheritance for which the saints have been made meet; and we are required by it to believe that the soul of Abel, of whom the Scripture saith, "being dead he yet speaketh," is not in heaven, but remains in utter unconsciousness since the hour when his brother slew him, and death received the first victim!

The words of Paul on various occasions are incapable of being squared with this notion of a state of unconsciousness. He told the Philippians (i. 21—23), "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and that he had the "desire to depart, and be with Christ; which is far better." But if Paul believed that at death his soul would become utterly unconscious, and remain in that condition till the second coming of the Lord, he could not have used such language in its plain and obvious meaning. To live was Christ, because of the intense consciousness he felt of the union between his soul and his Redeemer, and it could not possibly appear to him gain, to have that consciousness interrupted, and utterly cease. He desired to depart, and be with Christ; but if to be with Christ means to be asleep, unconscious of His presence, and insensible to His influence, then the soul dead in trespasses and sins is now in that most desirable condition; and we are landed in the absurdity that to be with Christ is the same thing as to be without Christ. It may be replied, that while in life Paul rejoiced in the blessed hope, and that Christ is keeping it for him; but Paul is now in the intermediate state, and, if that is one of unconsciousness, Paul cannot be rejoicing in the blessed hope, and is, consequently, not far better.

Equally definite is his language in 2 Cor. v. He describes believers as "groaning," longing for the dissolution of the earthly house of this tabernacle, in order to be clothed upon with the house from heaven; that mortality might be swallowed up by life—a very strange way of speaking, if what he really meant was that death ushers the soul into a state of unconsciousness indefinitely prolonged. But he makes even more emphatic statements:—"Being, therefore, always confident, and knowing that while at home in the body we are absent from the Lord, we are confident and well pleased rather to leave our home in the body and to be at home with the Lord." Here is no room left for a solution of the continuity of consciousness, but rather an unequivocal

statement of its continuance. We need not enter into the questions raised upon the *manner* of separate conscious existence, affirmed in this passage; of its affirmation as a fact there can be no reasonable dispute, and that is the point we have under consideration.

That Stephen, of whose violent death Paul was a spectator, could not have believed in an intermediate state of utter unconsciousness, must be inferred from his prayer, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." In what satisfactory or intelligible sense can the Lord be said to receive a disembodied spirit, if it immediately passes into a state of unconsciousness as profound and as enduring as that of the dead body from which it is supposed to have passed? Has it passed? Has it not fallen asleep with it, and remains inseparably connected with its future fate? Indeed, it cannot be affirmed, on this hypothesis, that the soul has a separate existence; and we are led to the conclusion that the word "soul" is the name of an abstraction, not of a living entity.

The dying Saviour distinctly promised the penitent thief that on that day he should be with Him in Paradise, a promise which, if it was fulfilled, must have been fulfilled within a few hours after it was given. Did The Truth mean that before sundown the soul of that malefactor should, by means of a violent death, be laid in a state of unconsciousness, in which it still remains? According to custom, the hole in which the cross stood was enlarged, and the broken limbs of the criminal were huddled into it, and covered up. That was done then on Calvary. Was that Paradise? That hole was the place where the body was put. Where the unconscious soul was sent no man can say. But the Lord Himself went to this unconscious state. Was He then, and till He rose, an unconscious inhabitant of the land of darkness and the shadow of death? In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and in others, there can be no doubt the separate state of souls is referred to as one of intense consciousness both in the enjoyment of good and in the endurance of evil; but if the dead are unconscious, all these must be erroneous teachings, fearful mistakes on the part of the Christ, the Son of God, who has the words of eternal life, and who brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel, not as a conditional promise in some remote future, but as a present reality. But if He taught that the intermediate state is one of consciousness, and it is really one of unconsciousness, how can any one depend upon the promise of His coming?

In one perfectly-authenticated instance we know of the existence of a spirit separated from the mortal body in a state of consciousness. The prophet Moses died in the land of Moab, and was buried there. He slept with his fathers (Deut. xxxi. 16)—literally as in the margin, he lay down; and many centuries afterwards he was seen upon a mountain top in Palestine, conversing with the Lord Jesus, by Peter, James, and John. This is a fact that cannot be disputed except by denying the truth of Scripture; and it renders

the notion of a state of unconsciousness untenable. It is vain to say, as has been said, in order to evade the force of these conclusions, that this vision was an exception to general rules, and as, such, could decide nothing. It decides this fact, that Moses, ages after the death and burial of his mortal body, possessed in the intermediate state a separate, conscious, recognizable, and individual existence.

Many other portions of Scripture remain to be examined, but those already considered suffice to show that our Lord taught the consciousness of separate spirits in the intermediate state; that His inspired servants believed it, and taught it; and that the beautiful metaphor, sleep, applied by their Saviour to the deaths of His people, and confined exclusively to them, must not be distorted into the fantastic notion of an intermediate state of unconsciousness. God is not a God of the dead, but of the living; for all live to Him. To die is immediate gain, and to depart and be with Christ is far better than anything life can show.

BAPTIST AUTHORS.

A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

III.

ANDREW FULLER—PART II.

WITH the principal incidents in the life of Andrew Fuller our readers are already acquainted, and we now proceed to a more direct examination of his "works." Imperfect as our sketch necessarily was, it indicates with sufficient accuracy the nature of the influence he exercised over his contemporaries, and the grounds on which it rested. Few men have lived a busier life than he. The duties of the Mission Secretariat—apart from the work of his pastorate and his semi-episcopal oversight of the churches of the Midland Counties—were more than sufficient to absorb the attention of an ordinary man. But, in addition to his energetic labours in these directions, he availed himself of other means of furthering the interests of the Gospel, and of defending it from the opposition of its avowed adversaries, and the misrepresentations of its professed friends. Fuller had the pen of a "ready writer," and his literary productions, ranging over an extensive area, and bearing on every page the impress of his powerful and sagacious mind, are in every way as remarkable as the fruits of his labour in the fields we have already mentioned. Had he no other claim to remembrance than the bulky royal octavo (unfortunately the only form in which his complete works can now be procured), his would still be a name which men would not willingly let die.

All his writings are specifically theological or ecclesiastical in their character, and are devoted to the discussion of theoretical and practical divinity, questions of Church order and government, Christian philanthropy and evangelism, and various other subjects of a kindred order. We need not attempt a complete or systematic classification of them. The following table will be amply sufficient for our purpose:—In the *first class*, we may place the "Sermons," the "Expository Discourses on the Book of Genesis," on "The Apocalypse," on "The Sermon on the Mount," and on various other passages, such as those which relate to the Conversion of the Jews, the Millennium, the Unpardonable Sin, &c. Allied with these are the "Circular Letters" addressed to the churches of the Northamptonshire Association. In the *second class*, relating to Dogmatic Theology, we may include the "Letters on Systematic Divinity," the "Dialogues and Letters between Crispus and Gaius," and "Conversations on Imputation, Substitution, and Particular Redemption." In the *third class*—discussing questions of Ecclesiology—we have a number of Essays, Letters, &c., on Creeds and Subscription, Protestant Dissent, Ordination, Terms of Communion, and Preaching. In *class four*, we place the controversial writings, such as "The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation," and the pieces to which it subsequently gave rise; "The Gospel Its Own Witness," "The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems Examined and Compared as to their Moral Tendency," "Letters to Mr. Vidler on Universal Salvation," "Antinomianism," and "The Apology for Christian Missions" (a masterly production, in which Fuller comes down on his opponents with the power of a sledge-hammer). Mr. Fuller also wrote a singularly-beautiful memoir of the Rev. Samuel Pearce; and we are not surprised to learn that by his friends no one of his works was more highly valued than this. In addition to all these, he wrote a large number of magazine articles, answers to queries, and pieces, which, though termed fugitive, nevertheless possess great merit. These works constitute a small library, and it is to be regretted that they cannot now be procured in a convenient and readable form. The closely-printed, double-column volume, with which most of us are familiar, is as forbidding a book as can be imagined; and only an enthusiast could be induced to read it as Fuller's works deserve to be read. The re-issue of the original edition of the collected writings, in five (or six) volumes, as arranged, by Andrew Gunton Fuller, would confer a real boon on the denomination; and it is unfortunate that we have no Baptist Publishing Society to undertake the task. Is it Utopian to indulge the hope that some day—"far off," we suppose, it must be—the Baptist Union will establish, as one of its sectional branches, a department similar to that of the "Wesleyan Conference Office," in which the best literature of the denomination, both past and present, can be easily procured?

It is beyond our province minutely to criticise Fuller's works or

to test the accuracy of his doctrinal positions. We can do no more than submit a series of general remarks.

Of his "Sermons" we have formed a high estimate, and young preachers especially would do well to master them. They do not indeed, take rank with the foremost specimens of pulpit eloquence Fuller rarely, if ever, rose to the "empyrean heights" on which his great contemporary, Robert Hall, roamed with kingly freedom. He had no such sublimity of thought and splendour of imagination, nor could he pour forth such a torrent of burning words, or give to his utterances such marvellous beauty and almost unrivalled finish. His power lay in another direction. His mind was robust and vigorous, and absorbed in the study of the Gospel of Christ. Whether his lack of a collegiate education rendered him insensible to the charms of classical literature, may be questioned. It is certain that they never for a moment diverted him from the "one thing" on which as a Christian minister he had set his heart. In the discussions of purely speculative philosophy and abstract metaphysics, he had probably little interest, nor could he successfully cope with them, and even the objects of art held a very subordinate place in his esteem. This feature of his character is illustrated by a well-known incident to which we may refer. A friend was one day conducting him through the University buildings in Oxford, and pointed out an object of special interest among the splendid edifices that surrounded them. "Brother," replied Mr. Fuller, "I think there is one question, which, after all that has been written upon it, has not been answered:—What is justification?" His friend proposed to return home and discuss the subject and to this Mr. Fuller readily agreed, adding, "That inquiry is far more to me, than all these fine buildings." This incident, no doubt displays a certain lack of breadth, and shows that Fuller's marvellous energy was restricted within somewhat narrow limits, but it also explains his exceptional intensity and force. To be able thus to concentrate one's powers, is in itself a rare and valuable gift.

His sermons are those of a diligent student of Scripture, who has brought all the powers of a strong and masculine mind to bear upon his task. Every line convinces us of the reality of the man. He speaks as one who has lived in habitual converse with God, and been awed by the grandeur of the eternal world. He is no sciolist in religion. He feels the terrible evil of sin, and has shuddered at the thought of its results. His soul has been subdued to penitence, and moved to gratitude and joy by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus and so supremely momentous does that redemption appear, that it casts all things else into the shade. To his fellow-men, toiling struggling, tempted, he has a message of vital worth. His words have a strange power to search their hearts and lay bare their sins, to assuage their sorrows and lead them on to higher and holier things Burning love to God here begets a similiar love to men, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as the means of bringing the two into harmony, is

expounded with a clearness and enforced with a fervour which clothe the preacher's words with a power such as more learned and eloquent men have often sought in vain to wield.

The best part of Fuller's preaching was expository. "I have found it not a little useful," he writes to a young minister, "both to myself and to the people to appropriate one part of every Lord's day to the *exposition* of a chapter or part of a chapter in the sacred writings. In this way, during the last eighteen years, I have gone over the greater part of the Old Testament and some books in the New. It is advantageous to a minister to feel himself necessitated, as it were, to understand every part of Scripture in order to explain it to the people. It is also advantageous to a people that what they hear should come directly from the word of God, and that they should be led to see the scope and connection of the various writers. For want of this, a great number of Scripture passages are misunderstood and misapplied. In going over a book, I have frequently been struck with surprise in meeting with texts which, as they had always occurred to me, I had understood in a sense utterly foreign from what manifestly appeared to be their meaning when viewed in connection with the context."

The published expositions of the Book of Genesis, the Apocalypse, &c., are admirable specimens of this most valuable method of preaching. They display a remarkable versatility of power. The discourses on Genesis are, in our estimation, the best, and certainly no subsequent work of a similar character has superseded them. Mr. Fuller had not, of course, the advantage of the most recent research. He had no Kitto's "Pictorial Bible" to help him. Dean Stanley had not then published his charming "Lectures on the Jewish Church," or his "Sinai and Palestine," and the "Palestine Exploration Fund" was unknown. Had he, therefore, been living to-day, he would have had materials for enlivening and illustrating the Scripture narrative which did not then exist, and his pages would have been enriched by the results of the most valuable investigations into the geography and antiquities of Palestine of which we have any record, and so far they would have had a higher worth. But only so far. If the descriptions of scenery could have been improved, if the portraiture of "manners and customs" could have been rendered more graphic and lifelike, the analysis of character could not have been more keen, the moral and spiritual reflections more profound, or the applications more pointed.

There is a general impression that expository preaching is dry and monotonous, and that it must, by a foreordained necessity, fail to interest an ordinary congregation. Some of it, we have no doubt, is dry, but is it exclusively or peculiarly so? We have listened to topical preaching against which the same complaint may justly be made; and in both cases alike, the interest, or want of interest, depends largely on the preacher. The common prejudice against exposition is ignorant and unreasonable, and

we are glad that so many of our ablest ministers are resolved not to yield to it. In each series of the "Yale Lectures" which has fallen into our hands, the necessity of plain and practical exposition of the Scriptures is strongly and uncompromisingly insisted on, and, in reference to the common assertion that congregations do not like it, preachers are advised to persevere until they do like it, as ultimately they will. There is no other method which gives scope for such constant variety, which offers equal facilities for the discussion of important but neglected truths, which conveys as much solid instruction, or arms the mind with weapons of such invincible power in our conflict with the various forms of anti-christian error. The loss which the Churches suffer, in Biblical knowledge, in stability of character, and in declensions from the Christian faith, through the neglect of exposition, is far greater than the bulk of us would allow. We do not for a moment imagine that it is a panacea, capable of counteracting all the evils—speculative and practical—by which the Churches are perplexed and weakened; but it would assuredly prevent the occurrence of many of them, and ensure a more enlightened as well as a healthier tone of Christian life.

THE SCRIPTURAL MEANING OF THE WORD "ANGEL."

II.

IN a former paper we looked at the word from what may be termed its human side; and we now propose to examine the term in its application to that class of superhuman beings, usually called "fallen spirits." That there is such a sad class of beings, the Scriptures frequently assert, either by direct statement or obvious inference; and it is equally certain that these beings are termed "angels" by the sacred writers. Many popular opinions upon the subject are to be rejected at once as poetic fictions, or wild monkish vagaries, and, of course, no statement is to be received as true until tested by an appeal to the teachings of the inspired Scriptures. The following passages assert the *fact of the existence* of fallen spirits. In the 2nd Epistle of Peter ii. 4, we read—"God spared not angels when they sinned, but cast them into hell, and delivered them unto dens of darkness, being reserved unto judgment." The same declaration concerning them is made by Jude in the 6th verse—"The angels which kept not their dignity, but left their own habitation, He hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."

To the question, "*When* did the angels fall?" only a partial answer can be given. Their fall certainly preceded that of our first parents, but how long we cannot positively affirm. It is a settled article of

the Christian creed that the fall of Adam and Eve was the result of successful Satanic temptation. It is true that the name of Satan does not occur in the Mosaic account of the fall—a "serpent" being alone mentioned; but other portions of Scripture prove that by the "serpent" we are to understand that malignant being, so emphatically described in Revelation xii. 9—"And the great dragon was cast out, the old serpent, he that is called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." A passage referring to the same subject is found in 2 Cor. xi. 3—"But I fear, lest by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve by his subtilty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity and the purity that is towards Christ." It is evident that, by the mention of the "serpent," St. Paul indicates Satan, and takes for granted that his hearers understood his reference, for in the 14th verse he says—"Satan transformeth himself into an angel of light."

Another question naturally arises in connection with the subject, namely, "Were the angels that fell *many* or *few?*" The proper answer seems to be, "Probably many; but how many is not revealed." Two passages may be quoted upon this point. In the 5th chapter of Mark we read of a poor demoniac who, when Christ said to him, "What is thy name?" replied (verse 9), "My name is Legion: for we are many." The word "legion" is a Latin word adopted by the Greeks, and means the chief division of the Roman army; consisting, when largest, of about ten thousand soldiers. It is used indefinitely in the New Testament to signify a large number. When, therefore, the demoniac said, "My name is Legion," he meant that he was possessed and tormented by what appeared to him a terrible army of evil spirits. Our readers will remember the use of the word by Jesus Christ in reference to good angels (Matthew xxvi. 53), "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall set for my defence more than twelve legions of angels?" The mention of "twelve legions"—a hundred and twenty thousand—seems to intimate that vast multitudes of good angels exist; and if so, the supposition seems probable that there are also multitudes of fallen spirits. In the book of the Revelation xii. 3—4, we read the following remarkable words—"There appeared another wonder in heaven; and behold a great red dragon, having seven heads and ten horns, and seven crowns upon his heads. And his tail drew *the third part of the stars of heaven*, and did cast them to the earth." This passage is supposed by some interpreters to refer to the original fall of the angels; and they infer, from the words which we have put in italics, that when Satan rebelled, he involved one-third of all the angels in the sad consequences of his complete and dreadful overthrow. This interpretation being by no means universally received, those probably are right who tell us that the Scriptures are silent concerning the number of good angels or of fallen spirits.

The different names by which the Scriptures designate the fallen angels may occupy our attention for a little time. Although they have fallen so low, they are still called by their original name—"angels." Thus in the grand account of the last judgment, recorded in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew, we read the solemn words, "Then shall He say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." So also in the book of the Revelation we are told that, "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and his angels." Both armies therefore were composed of angels—one of heaven's chief princes being leader of the former and the devil chieftain of the other; the rank and file of both armies closely resembling in character and effect the great captain under whose banner they were marshalled for the momentous fight. Besides the word "angel," which is generically applied to all fallen spirits, several other terms are used in reference to them, in order to describe their depraved character and evil influences upon the spiritual condition of mankind. For example, they are several times named "*unclean* spirits." In Matthew x. 1, we read that Jesus "called unto Him His twelve disciples, and gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal every sickness and every disease." Of course the use of the word "unclean" is to teach us the sad fact that fallen spirits are far gone from their original righteousness, and are filled with spiritual impurity. They are also called "*wicked* spirits." We have that use of the word in a notable passage recorded in Ephesians vi. 12—"For we wrestle not (merely) against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against *wicked spirits* in high places." As the word "unclean" reminds us of their inward defilement, so the word "wicked" signifies that they are very malignant in their feelings and doings towards mankind.

Our readers are aware that the word "demon" is of very frequent use in the Scriptures as a name for the fallen angels; and as the word, for other reasons, is of some interest to Scriptural students, we offer a few remarks upon it. Indeed, a long essay might be composed upon the word in its connection with the worship of the ancient Greeks. Among them the word "daimōn" (demon) meant a kind of inferior divinity, superior to man but inferior to Jupiter, Juno, and the other divine inhabitants of Mount Olympus. The root of the word, learned men tell us, is probably the Greek word *Δαίω*, which means "to distribute," "to assign;" because these daimōns were supposed to have constant control over the condition of mankind. It is worth noticing that the "fays" (or fairies) of Saxon superstition held a similar office; for those two names are a corruption of the word fate, which itself is a corruption of the Latin word *fatum*, which means a "word"—that is, Jupiter's word; and therefore irresistible. Just as in mediæval times there were good fairies, so among the ancient Greeks there were good demons,—as all are

aware who remember the familiar spirit, or daimōn, of which we often read in the biography of Socrates. In the New Testament, however, the word is employed in a bad sense—that is, to signify an evil spirit. There is one remarkable exception to the rule, upon which we offer a few remarks. In the 17th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we have an account of St. Paul's visit to the celebrated city of Athens, and a condensed report of his remarkable address to some of the philosophers there. The 22nd verse, according to the Authorized Version, reads thus:—"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are *too superstitious*." A little examination of the closing part of the verse will show that the translation is incorrect. It is difficult to see how these Athenians could be "too superstitious," seeing that any amount of superstition must be wrong. Moreover, the Apostle, being a wise man, would be more likely to commence his address with words of conciliation, rather than with words of censure. On turning to the Greek Testament, we find that the Apostle terms the Athenians "δεισιδαιμονεστέρους"—"More given to the worship of demons, that is, of superior beings," and the whole verse may be thus rendered—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that ye are more given to the worship of superior beings" (than other Greeks are). St. Paul then proceeds to give an illustrative proof of his assertion—"For as I passed by and beheld your objects of worship, I found an altar with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD." The Athenians were so inclined to acts of worship, that they not only adored the gods they knew, but a god of whom they knew nothing. The voice of history bears witness to the truthfulness of the Apostle's words; for a Greek writer speaks of Athens as "one altar dedicated to the divinities,"—a sort of cathedral city for the whole of Greece—and another writer tells us, that "It is easier to find a god in Athens than to find a man." In this address of St. Paul at Athens the word "daimōn" is evidently used in a good sense, and is the only exception we are acquainted with to the rule, that the term is employed in the sacred Scriptures to signify that sad class of beings whom we now term demons or fallen spirits.

The Scriptures also speak of a close connection between devils and the idols of the heathen—as if the latter were often the habitations of the former. Thus St. Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, says (1st Epistle, x. 19—21)—"What do I say then? That that which is sacrificed to idols is anything, or that an idol is anything? Nay, but that the things which they sacrifice, they sacrifice to devils, and not to God: and I would not that ye should be partakers with devils. Ye cannot drink the cup of the Lord, and the cup of devils; ye cannot partake of the Lord's table and of the table of devils." The poet Milton has enlarged upon this idea, in the first book of his "Paradise Lost," where he gives a catalogue of the chief heathen divinities, and represents them all as fallen spirits. Selden, one of Milton's great

contemporaries, wrote a very learned book concerning the idols of Syria, the essence of which the poet condenses, and makes eloquent reference also to the chief false divinities of other portions of heathendom. Some of our readers are doubtless familiar with the lines we are about to quote, and some are not; but the former will not regret to listen once again to a little of Milton's cathedral-like music, and the latter will thank us for introducing them to the charmed circle of his majestic words—

> First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
> Of human sacrifice and parents' tears.
> . . . . . the wisest heart
> Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
> His temple right against the temple of God,
> On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
> The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
> And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
> Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
> From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
> Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
> And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
> The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines.
> . . . . Thammuz came next behind,
> Whose annual wound to Lebanon allured
> The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
> In amorous ditties, all a summer's day;
> While smooth Adonis from his native rock
> Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
> Of Thammuz yearly wounded . . . .
> . . . . After these appeared
> A crew who, under names of old renown,
> Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
> With monster shapes and sorceries abused
> Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
> Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
> Rather than human . . . .
> Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
> Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
> Vice for itself; to him no temple stood
> Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
> In temples and at altars, when the priest
> Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
> With lust and violence the house of God?
> In courts and palaces he also reigns,
> And in luxurious cities, where the noise
> Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers
> And injury, and outrage: and when night
> Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
> Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.

The Scriptures teach us that the fallen angels act under the guidance, and submit to the authority of one of their own number; who in some sense, therefore, is their leader, chieftain, prince, or king. He who possesses this "bad pre-eminence," perhaps first led them into rebellion against the Supreme Being, and now employs them to execute his evil designs against the welfare of mankind. This "prince of the devils" is referred to in Scripture under several names, each of

which indicates his evil nature, designs, and deeds. For example, he is termed—Rev. ix. 11—"Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue he hath his name Apollyon." In the Hebrew the word means "destroyer"—Apollyon meaning precisely the same in Greek. In Matthew xii. 24, he is termed "Beelzebub," which literally means "the lord of flies;" and probably the name has a contemptuous application, similar to the reference to it in 2 Kings i. 6—"Is it not because there is not a God in Israel, that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron?" Some editions of the Greek Testament read "Beelzeboul," and then the name would signify "the lord of dung"—of course, also an epithet of contempt. We need not quote any particular passage of Scripture to prove that the well-known word "Devil" is one of the names of the chief of the demons. It is a shortened form of the Greek word *Diabolos*, and literally means a malicious tale-bearer or detractor. In the Epistle to Titus, ii. 3, St. Paul uses the word in its literal sense when he writes that women are not to be διαβόλους (that is, "slanderers"), and probably one reason why the great enemy is termed *Diabolos*—"The Slanderer" or Detractor—is found in the fact that he impugned the divine veracity in his temptation of our first parents. The names "Deceiver," "Evil One," "Father of Lies," "Dragon," "Serpent," and "Murderer" are too obvious in their meaning to need explanation. The notable name "Satan" requires a few words of remark. It is transferred from the Hebrew language, and means exactly the same as our word *enemy;* and for the most part where the word "enemy" occurs in the English version of the Old Testament it is a translation of the Hebrew word Satan. Our Lord applies the word to Peter (Matthew xvi. 22—3) in its literal sense, when he said, "Get thee behind me Satan," meaning thereby to utter a severe censure of the Apostle's previous presumptuous utterance. But probably, with this exception, whenever the word Satan occurs in the New Testament, it means the Devil—*The Enemy*—the great spiritual foe of God and man.

The subject of this paper is a mysterious and momentous one. Even a sceptic must admit that human life is a fight, a severe struggle, a state of constant moral warfare; and all Christians believe that the Scriptures point out the causes and conditions of this warfare, and also describe the grand rewards which await the conquerors in it. Our highest wisdom, therefore, consists in striving to render constant obedience to the Divine commands:—"Resist the devil and he will flee from you;" "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life;" "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." *Watch and pray.* "These must be combined, for watching without prayer were but an impious homage to ourselves. Prayer without watching were but an impious and also absurd homage to God. And let it be observed what emphatic importance there is in the point of being saved from *entering* into temptation; since, when a man is fully in it and under the strength of its influence, there is an end of watching and an indisposition to pray!"

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

COMPREHENSION.—We are sure our readers, like ourselves, will deplore the controversy that has arisen among the Congregationalists, and which threatens difficulty to their Union in time to come. Of the men who are responsible for exciting it, we desire to speak in no terms but those of entire respect. They are, we doubt not, honourable and good men, but their conduct, in this instance, shows little taste, and less judgment. They acted within their strict legal right, of course, in summoning the conference which met at Leicester; but whether their adoption of a course of action which, to outsiders, must have seemed to be a regular feature of the Union meetings, was marked by that nice sense of honour which controls the conduct of gentlemen, we take the liberty of doubting.

We candidly confess that we think the mistaken zeal of the Union officials gave the "Conference" a fictitious importance. On the whole, we think it would have been better not to have noticed it at all. It is as certain as anything can be, that the increasing importance attaching to the Autumnal Meetings, both of the Congregational and Baptist Unions, will lead to the session of those meetings being more and more used, by men who have a speciality, for airing their belief and increasing its influence. The advocates of total abstinence have long seen the use that could be made of these great gatherings for compacting their scattered forces; and others, perhaps with less worthy aims, may be expected to follow in their path. This is perfectly legitimate; at least, it cannot be prevented. It will soon come to be understood that such movements in no way compromise the Union. They are as much outside its purposes as is the trade conducted by the vendors of nuts and oranges that sometimes hang on to the skirts of a "camp-meeting" outside the objects of the gathering they turn to account.

It appears as if the leaders of the Congregational Union, by their treatment of the "Leicester Conference," had committed themselves to deal with a question which might have been safely left to spend itself in futile endeavours to escape from its primitive obscurity; and we cannot help asking, Where will it end? We wish our brethren well out of their difficulty; and if they make it clearly understood, as we expect they will, that the basis of the Union is not mere Congregationalism, but *Christian* Congregationalism, we shall rejoice.

We say Christian, not to insinuate a doubt of the soundness of our Congregational brethren, but to express, in this decided way, our opinion of what would result from admitting the principles of the comprehensionists. Can there be Christian communion without Christian dogma? The question is not unlike, Can there be Chris-

tianity without a Christ, or religion without a God, or sympathy without community of sentiment? If a church were to determine that dogma should be no condition of its communion, it must obviously cease to be Christian. Its door must be equally open to the Unitarian, Theist, Pantheist, Buddhist, or Mohammedan; for should it pronounce anyone of these disqualified for its fellowship, it would abandon its own fundamental principle.

It will not avail to reply, that no one dreams of going this length; for when we are invited to enter on a new path, we have a right to ask whither it leads. The advocates of comprehension to-day may be mostly men whose general soundness in the faith is unimpeachable. Be it so. We must look beyond to-day. We must remember—what history abundantly teaches—that *their* point of arrival will be, for those who come after, a new point of departure. That "the world is not governed by logic," is only true in a very rough and limited sense. Logical results work themselves out and compel acceptance in the long run. We hold it to be the duty, therefore, of every Christian man, before committing himself to the Comprehension theory, to look its logical issue fairly in the face; and that issue we maintain is a complete negation of the Gospel of God.

To us there appears something positively wanton in the effort of a few men to excite discord in the Union in which they are trusted members. If they were hampered by "articles" and "subscription" we could understand them; but Congregational churches are not commonly supposed to be particularly creed-bound. We believe that the ministers of these churches, whether Baptist or Pædobaptist, providing they are sound on the main themes of the evangelical system—such as the Incarnation, the Deity of Christ, and the Atonement—enjoy, on most other subjects, all the liberty they ought to desire. What, then, is the meaning of the clamour for "more liberty" and "a wider charity"? A few Congregational and Baptist ministers avow their desire for a closer union with Unitarians, and one or two declare, with evident self-satisfaction, that they are accustomed to exchange pulpits with Unitarian ministers. We make no apology for saying that in this case there is unfaithfulness somewhere. No man, who thoroughly accepts the evangelical doctrines, could possibly preach a sermon which would not contravene the Unitarian theology at a hundred points. The very positions which he assumes, the premises from which he starts, the principles which underlie his arguments, are inconsistent with Unitarianism. The doctrine of the Sacrifice of Christ colours—nay, determines—all he has to say. He may confine his utterances to questions of Christian morality; but even the Sermon on the Mount becomes a radically different thing, according as it is read from the evangelical or the Unitarian standpoint. That there are points of unity between Evangelicals and Unitarians, is of course true; but in discussion they are inseparable from the points of difference, and these are at once so

many and so weighty, that we do not understand how either party can desire a fellowship that must embarrass and stultify both.

Collapse of Turkey.

That Turkey would be defeated if she entered into a conflict with Russia was no more than everyone expected, but that her collapse would be so rapid and complete as it has been was what no one looked for. After standing the first rude shock of her mighty assailant, she has suddenly gone down like a house of cards. Such an unparalleled event cannot fail to attract the attention of those who are interested in the causes of the growth and decay of nations; —philosophers, statesmen, historians—and the result may show that it ought not to have taken us by surprise. The world is slow to learn the lessons of history. It is only in the light of the present that we make out to read the past. Of course it was known that Turkey was bankrupt, but in that respect she was not much worse off than Russia. She still enjoyed the reputation of being a military power. Her army and navy were supposed to be well officered, brave, disciplined, and capable of almost infinite endurance. She had nothing to lose by a protracted war but men and territory, for she had neither money, credit, nor commerce; while she was sustained by the fierce religious fanaticism of her subjects, and had behind her the millions of Asiatic Mohammedans from which to recruit her armies. On all these and other accounts many people were convinced that, though she might be beaten in the end, it would only be at such a cost to the enemy that, like Samson, she would probably involve him in her own ruin. In spite of all this, however, a single campaign sees her broken, humbled, and almost erased from the map of Europe, while the victorious foe is stronger than when he took the field.

The question may now be asked, has Turkey ever been a great military power, in the modern sense of the term? We incline to think that the belief that she is, or was, is a mere lingering superstition, from the time when her plundering hordes broke up the Greek empire and struck terror into the heart of Europe. But that was a time when the success of the Turk was due quite as much to the weakness of those he assailed as to his own strength. Not a nation in Europe owned a standing army. The forces which met the Turk were hastily called together, badly drilled, badly led, badly armed, unaccustomed to war, and torn by dissensions; and had often more faith in the prayer, "From the Turk and the Devil, Good Lord, deliver us," than in their own valour.

But this could not last. The constant advance of the Turk at length taught Europe the art of war, but what he thus taught he never learnt himself. When he was required to face organized battalions, the conditions of his conflict with the West were wholly changed. He was no longer invincible. The complete defeat of the

Turk at the siege of Belgrade in A.D. 1456, and again in the attempt to capture the island of Rhodes in 1480, and in the subsequent attempt to overrun Italy, proved that he could no longer anticipate a resistless march of conquest. Thenceforth his conquests in Europe were few and unimportant. He could not stand against the hosts marshalled by western civilization. The memorable siege of Vienna finally broke his power. From then to now he has steadily declined. If anyone will examine a map of the Turkish empire as it was in the time of its greatest extent, and then mark how province after province has been torn from it, how steadily its area has been reduced without the Turkish Government having the slightest power to resist this process of disintegration—he will probably come to the conclusion that the time is not distant when the Turk will disappear from Europe, as the Moor disappeared from Spain.

The Liberal Scare.

Once again the most adroit of conjurors has "dished the Whigs." Surely he must have laughed in his sleeve at the tumultuous terror into which the most valorous Opposition were thrown on the 7th ult., by the rumour that the Russians, in spite of the armistice, had entered Constantinople. It must have filled him with grim delight to see them hastily repudiate their policy, abandon their resistance of the vote of credit, and rush to throw themselves into the arms of the Government. They fairly lost their heads when Mr. Layard's telegram was read. They were as thoroughly frightened as he declared the Porte to be. They were too scared to remember that Mr. Layard had sent alarmist telegrams before, only to be contradicted in a later communication. They were too scared to remember anything. An onlooker might have supposed that the Russians had captured the British fleet, and suddenly descended on Westminster. But what must they themselves have felt when they learnt, shortly after, that they had been the dupes of a trick, or the victims of an accident, and that, like a regiment of poltroons, they had flung down their arms, and rushed helter-skelter from the field before a volley of blank cartridge? England has seldom witnessed a more pitiable spectacle than this inglorious collapse of the Opposition. If this is to be taken as an illustration of the robust firmness, intelligence, and caution of the Liberal leaders, we, for our part, see no pressing reason for wishing them on the other side of the House. If they had waited for confirmation of the intelligence before withdrawing their amendment, we should not have had a word to say. The question whether the presence of the Russian in Constantinople is a sufficient reason for sending the English fleet to the Bosphorus is one for individual opinion. We offer no remark upon it. We only desire to record our sense of the great peril attending important action being taken in a panic. Not for one moment do we suppose that Her Majesty's Government had anything to do with contriving the scare that

divided the forces against them; they only used the unexpected opportunity which the providence of Beelzebub had thrown in their way, as Tory Governments have done before, and will do again.

Events march rapidly, and before these lines reach the reader the situation will probably be entirely changed. But the lesson of the late scene in the House of Commons will remain the same. It is not too much to believe that the hasty conduct of the Liberal leaders has had much to do with stimulating the frenzied cry for war which is now ringing through the country. As yet, at all events, there is no conceivable reason why England should go to war with Russia; and we have no language strong enough to utter our abhorrence of the men who endeavour to fan the war-spirit, by talking about her as "our natural enemy." "*But Russia is ambitious.*" So are all the powers, great and small; but that is no reason for fighting them. "*But look at her conduct in Poland and Siberia!*" Exactly; but we are not the ordained avengers of all the oppressed nations in the world. Besides, it may be that our own hands are not so *very* clean. "*But Russia in possession of Constantinople would be a permanent menace to England.*" Perhaps so; but, she is, as yet, very, very far from being "in possession" of Constantinople. We may wait a little longer. "*She threatens the safety of our Indian empire.*" That may be a good reason for cultivating her friendship, but is a very bad one for threatening and irritating her. In short, so far as anything that Russia has *done* in this war, there is much reason to rejoice for the freedom she has secured for some millions of oppressed Christians; but she has furnished us with no excuse for making war upon her. Is she to be goaded into doing so?

We are pained, most of all, to see so many English Christians with so little faith in humanity and so little trust in God, as, at the first panic-stricken cry of danger, to throw themselves before the Moloch of war. We, at least, who believe that the Lord reigneth, ought to preserve our souls in peace.

We observe, with deep thankfulness, that at the time of our writing the prospect is more bright than it has been for several days past. It is now known that the Russian advance on Constantinople, which was so incomprehensible to the Porte and so alarming to Mr. Layard, was not in contravention, but in pursuance, of the terms of the armistice. Virtually the war is at an end. For the time, "Turkey in Europe" is little more than a geographical expression. Russia holds Constantinople. A detachment of the British fleet is in the Bosphorus, not to menace Russia, but to be ready to succour the English residents of the Turkish capital should disturbances break out in the city, which there is only too much reason to fear. Still we cannot conceal from ourselves that, with so much explosive material lying about, an accident may precipitate an explosion. We can only hope and pray that our rulers may be wise and cautious, and that there may be no more unseemly panics.

Death of Pope Pius IX.

The death of Pio Nono, like many another long-anticipated event, has at last started the world by its suddenness. On February 6th he was "in more than his usual health and spirits;" the next day he had passed away. Thus the first king of united Italy and the last Pontifical sovereign of the "Papal States" have finished their course within a few weeks of each other.

It is difficult to estimate the importance to be attached to the death of the Pope. That subsequent events alone can show. Much, indeed almost everything, must depend on the character and policy of his successor, and at the moment of writing it cannot be known who this will be. A warm contest may be expected between the Ultramontanes and the Moderates, but any speculations based on the relative number of these two parties are vitiated by the cross-contest which will almost certainly occur between Italians and foreigners. Should the Ultramontanes succeed in placing one of their own number in the Papal chair, we may look for a continuance of the policy of the late Pope, conducted perhaps with a little more vigour. Whether this would be an advantage to the Roman Catholic Church, we greatly doubt. Pius IX. in his later days put a terrible strain on the loyalty of many Catholics. He is credited with having given a compactness to the Church such as it scarcely ever had before, but it is undeniable that he made a rift in it, which a continuance of the same policy must make indefinitely wider. Ultramontanism is at war with society, and with all the forces, intellectual and moral, that most deeply influence modern civilization and shape public opinion. In such a war there can be no doubt about the side on which final victory will be found. Roman Catholicism, with all its resources, cannot save even its own adherents from being swayed by the influences which touch them on every side and continually, in consequence of which many Romanists, even now, render but a faltering homage to the central authority. It needs but a few more turns of the ecclesiastical screw to drive them into "schism."

It is no easy matter to form a correct judgment of the character of the late Pope. His mind was badly trained, badly balanced, and, to the last, singularly immature. He united the rashness, waywardness, and petulance of a boy, with much of the astuteness of an accomplished schemer. He was extravagantly ambitious: he undoubtedly was sincere in his belief that he was by Divine appointment the first of mankind; so all his predecessors had believed or pretended to believe of themselves. But Pio Nono was resolved that in his case the fact should be placed beyond doubt; hence the new dogma of infallibility; but he was without the dignity that was necessary to make his position respected. He was irritable, touchy, and impatient. When he was deprived of his temporal possessions, he retired into the Vatican, insisted on calling himself a prisoner; by turns puled and

stormed and filled the world with his wrongs. Yet with all this he was benevolent, affable in intercourse, and often humorous.

His was no ordinary career. Raised to the Papal throne at a time when Papal misgovernment had become utterly intolerable, he determined to be a reformer. Alas! it was too late for reform. He had the unhappiness of seeing his honest attempts to improve the rule of the popes become the occasion of sweeping that rule clean away. Is it any wonder he thought himself ill-used?

Peace to his ashes. The world moves. He already belongs to the past, and men are pressing to the future. He has been but a few days dead, and the world is more concerned about what is to be than what has been. The Pope to come is a more important element in men's thoughts than the Pope that is gone. Who comes next, and how?

PIO NONO.

THE newspapers have made our readers acquainted with most of the details of the life and death of the late Pontiff—never, perhaps, has there been such frequent and abundant information given, immediately on death, respecting the last moments of any human being, as in the case of Pius IX. This may be partly attributable to the present position of the Roman Catholic Church, but far more to the wonderful activity of the agents of the newspapers in supplying the ever-eager public with facts or fictions to gratify craving curiosity. It will, consequently, not be necessary for us to enter at any length into a narrative of the events of the late Pope's life—a life of most wonderful vicissitudes and vast moment, not only to the Romish Church, but to other ecclesiastical communities, and to the political world at large.

Pius the Ninth was a member of the once noble but impoverished family of Ferretti; he was named Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, and was born May 13, 1792, at Sinegaglia. He was intended for the army, in which some of his brothers served with distinction during the campaigns of the first Napoleon. Giovanni himself served under Austrian or French colours for a short time—however, but little is known of his military career. He was sent for his education to the Ecclesiastical College of Volterra, where he spent five or six years, and which place he left in 1810. On the restoration of Pius VII. in 1815, he entered the Guardia Nobile of the Vatican; but—as is supposed—through an epileptic attack, his mind was directed to a religious course, and he made choice of the position of a priest. After his ordination in Rome, he attended assiduously to his duties there for some time, and then was sent by Pius VII., in 1823, in the

suite of Monsignor Muzi to Chili. During that mission he travelled over a large part of South America. He returned to Rome soon after the death of Pius VII., and found equal favour with the new Pope, Leo XII., who appointed him a Prelate to his household and gave him a Canonry in Santa Maria di Via Lata, and seconded the inclination of the young Mastai to devote himself to deeds of charity by naming him President of St. Michael's Hospital in Via Grande. In 1827, when only thirty-five years of age, Mastai Ferretti was appointed Archbishop of Spoleto, and five years later was transferred to the See of Imola. In 1829, Leo XII. died, and was followed in the Papal Chair by Pius VIII., after whose death in 1831 Gregory XVI. succeeded to the Papal throne. It may be needful to remind some of our readers that those were times of great political agitation and revolution in France, Italy, and other European countries. In Italy, the Popes Pius VII., Leo XII., Pius VIII., and Gregory XVI., were almost entirely dependent on Austria, and they imbibed the hard and tyrannical spirit which actuated the Austrian Government. The accession of Pope Gregory XVI., through the influence of Austria, was the signal for an insurrection in Central Italy, where it was successful at Parma, Modena, Bologna, and the movement overran the Papal States as far as Civita Castellana. Mastai Ferretti, in his diocese of Spoleto, was in the midst of this outburst, and had great trouble in calming the angry violent passions which raged around him. The reputation he had acquired for being a man of generous and benevolent disposition, greatly helped him in his difficult task. "On one occasion," his biographer remarks, "he harangued the rebels in circumstances of personal risk, and peaceably disarmed them." The revolutionary movement which had been stirred and encouraged by French intrigue, was finally suppressed by Austria in March of the same year, but broke out again in the spring of 1832, upon the withdrawal of the foreign soldiers. Again Austria came forward to suppress the movement, and on this occasion—much to the surprise and disappointment of the insurgents—she was aided by Rome. The sympathies of Mastai Ferretti were openly expressed in favour of the cause of liberty during this period of political excitement, and this drew forth the displeasure of Pope Gregory XVI. But Mastai Ferretti won favour in his diocese by his geniality and most self-denying generosity—he was called "The good Bishop." During this period he was sent—whether with a sinister or right motive—to Naples, where cholera was raging, when in a spirit worthy of San Carlo Borromeo, he disposed of his plate, furniture, and equipages, employing the proceeds of the sale for the relief of the poor sufferers, observing that "when God's poor were dropping down from sickness in the streets, his ministers ought not to be going about in their carriages." At last Gregory XVI. was constrained to make him Cardinal, which was done in 1840. He, however, continued to reside in his diocese till the year 1846, when, on the death of Gregory

XVI., he went to Rome to attend the Conclave. The Conclave was opened on the 14th of June, 1846, and lasted fifty hours. There were two hostile parties there arrayed in bitter opposition with regard to the new Pontiff. One was the party supported by Austria—conservative and reactionary; the other party was liberal. One member of the Austrian hastened on the vote, and thus estranged some of the Cardinals from his side; the result was that Mastai Ferretti was chosen by thirty-six out of fifty votes. The Archbishop of Milan, who had received instructions from the Austrian Court to veto the election of Ferretti, did not arrive in Rome till the day after the election took place, and so the design of Austria was frustrated. The election was a surprise, but it is explained by the counter intrigues of the Courts of Vienna and Paris; while the former was decidedly opposed, the latter favoured the choice of Mastai Ferretti for the Papal Chair. What would have been the result if the veto of Austria had arrived in time, we cannot say. The coronation took place on the 21st of June, the Pope taking the title of Pius IX., in honour of his benefactor Pius VII. The new Pope became at once very popular, in favouring the wishes of the people for a reform of the Papal Government, and the hopes and enthusiasm of the Italian people generally were raised to a high pitch. These hopes were, however, more easily raised than satisfied. The people of Italy were oppressed to such a degree—the cruelties and corruptions of all the Courts of that country were so great—that even moderate hopes of reform embraced far more than was in the power of any Pope or potentate to grant. The Pope began liberally—whether wisely or not may be open to dispute; but though infallible he miscalculated several items which necessarily formed part of the reckoning with which he ought to have commenced. He did not know adequately how much was demanded. He did not know how great were the forces combined against reform. He did not take account of his own nature—generous, fickle, and weak. And so the beginning that he made—right in intention—proved in fact disastrous and disappointing. We have said above that the hopes of the Italians were raised to a high degree when Pius IX. came to the Papal throne; but not only in Italy—in our own country and amongst sober able men there were sanguine expectations of what a "reforming Pope" would do. An article in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1847, opens thus: "There is once more a chance for Italy, and it comes from an unexpected quarter—from Rome itself." And then it goes on: "Contrary to all reasonable expectation, and beyond our most sanguine hopes, Providence has at length raised up a reforming Pope. Pius IX. is a ruler, resolute as Luther, yet gentler than Melancthon. His own people fall on their knees at his amnesties and ordinances, with a deeper reverence than under his most solemn benedictions before the steps of St. Peter's. Wherever he appears *gratior it dies, et soles melius nitent*; and the political horizon is clearing day by day

from Civita Vecchia to Ancona." When we hear that the Jews have started the inquiry (not very unlike their question in Oliver Cromwell's time) whether the reforming Pope might not be the Messiah?—since his own Christian population have applied to their new sovereign the words of the Gospel, 'Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes,'—we may pardon Azeglio (an Italian reformer) for welcoming in him not only the political regenerator of his country but the 'real Apostle of religious truth.'" In recalling all these hopes and expectations, we are reminded of the words of Thomas à Kempis—"He is vain who puts his trust in man." The people of the Papal States demanded a popular system of representative government which the Pope was not prepared to concede, and from that moment his popularity began to decline—a policy of reaction commenced, and thus the breach between the people and the Papal Government widened. The Pope made himself increasingly suspected and unpopular when he took Count Rossi to be his minister. Rossi was assassinated on November 15th, 1848, and a few days after the Pope had, disguised as a servant, to flee from Rome. He went to Gaeta. On November 27th he sent an ordinance to Rome declaring all the acts of the Government to be null and void. This document the Roman Chambers treated with contempt, and appointed a Provisional Government. During the Pope's absence in Gaeta, Rome was occupied by native troops under the command of Garibaldi. The French Government, however, in a most inconsistent and unjustifiable way, sent its troops under Oudinot to besiege Rome and take it from its own citizens. The Pope returned in April, 1850, escorted by French and Neapolitan dragoons. In 1860 the Sardinian troops entered the Papal territory and seized the whole, with the exception of Rome, Civita Vecchia, and some districts occupied by the French soldiers. Differences, however, soon arose between the French Government and the Pope, and in 1864 the Convention was entered into between France and Italy, the former engaging to withdraw all her troops from Rome within two years, while Italy undertook not to attack the territory of the Pope, and to protect it from attack from without. In the December following, the Pope issued his famous Syllabus condemnatory of revolution principles. However, in spite of all compacts and opposition, the Franco-Prussian War led to the withdrawal of all foreign legions, and to the entry on the 20th of August, 1870, of the Italian troops into Rome. Thus closed, and, we believe, for ever, the Pope's temporal power. It was predicted in the early part of his Pontificate that he would be the last Priest, Sovereign, of Rome. Strangely in every sense was that prediction verified—by means of a war which Napoleon III. madly undertook at the instigation of the Papal party was the temporal power swept away. And almost immediately after the promulgation of the dogma of infallibility was the Pope stripped of the last vestige of sovereign authority. But this loss

of territorial power, which he lamented and denounced, and which is still matter for bitter regret to all Roman Catholics, has been productive of so wide and deep a manifestation of respect and love for the Pontiff as scarcely ever has been seen before in the members of that Church. We are living too near the year 1870, when this temporal power was destroyed, to be able to see the full effects of the wonderful change then effected in the functions of the Papal Chair, but we can now plainly recognize that if Romanists mainly desired the development of zeal and self-sacrifice in the members of their Church, they ought to be devoutly thankful that the Pope is no longer a temporal sovereign. And this ought not to be lost sight of by the members of the Established Church in England, who cling so tenaciously to the temporal, seemingly unmindful of the fact that there are infinitely higher objects which a Church should seek, and that State patronage and support are the greatest hindrance to the attainment of spiritual blessings.

The summoning of the Œcumenical Council in June, 1869, to meet in Rome on December 8, 1869, was one of the momentous, and, as we deem, mistaken acts of the ever-restless, vain, and ambitious Pope, who was, to a great extent, under the influence of the Jesuitic Cabal in Rome. The main desire in calling this Council was to invest the Pope with the personal attribute of infallibility, and this astounding, arrogant dogma was —after much opposition and stormy discussion—passed by the Council in the following form: "The Roman Pontiff when he speaks *ex cathedrâ* —*i.e.*, when in discharge of the office of pastor and teacher of all nations, he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church—is by the divine assistance promised to him in the person of the blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed in defining doctrines regarding faith or morals, and that, therefore, such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church, irreformable." Such was the chief work done by the Council. Some may be inclined to laugh at the folly and presumption of men asserting such a thing. The decision has a ludicrous side. All unmitigated arrogance, such as this, is absurd and laughable. But then there is another view that must be taken of this declaration of the Pope's infallibility. For we must bear in mind that this dogma is now become a settled article of belief among the millions of members of the Roman Catholic Church, in all ranks of life, holding every kind of office, and exerting wide and all-important influence. This doctrine at once lifts into the position of divine truth all the *ex cathedrâ* declarations of the 256 Popes in the roll of Peter's successors; it justifies all their fulminations and anathemas; it stamps with the seal of truth and divine approval all their cruel bloody acts of persecution; it pronounces all utterly and wickedly wrong who have, during all the centuries, differed from the long line of, in many instances, most vile and worthless men who have occupied the Papal

Chair. And, for the future, it constitutes these definitions of faith and morals, as oracles spoken under the certain and all-sufficient guidance of God. An Irish priest is reported to have expressed his thanks for the assurance that with this dogma every morning he might receive a fresh revelation of the Divine will. Whether this be a fact or not, such is the inevitable result of the declaration of the Pope's infallibility. "We must have," said one of the Papal organs in Italy, speaking of the evils of the daily press—"We must have as a counteraction a Pope who, being himself infallible, can daily teach, condemn, and define, and whose utterances no Catholic ever dares to doubt." Pope Pius IX. was possessed of a kindly nature, but he was a priest of the most extreme type; no one has ever carried Papal claims to a higher point. No one can surpass him in this respect. That the claims he foolishly made—partly moved by his own vanity but mainly instigated by the Jesuitical faction—can only work mischief, is plain enough. Whether his successor will follow in his line remains to be seen; if so, there are days of keen conflict coming for all who value truth and come in contact with Roman Catholicism. The members of the Romish Church speak of the Pope as discharging two functions—that of teacher and that of ruler. We venture to think that, from an unprejudiced point of view, he grievously failed in both these offices. His teachings were often opposed by many of the more able and enlightened Roman Catholics, and these teachings were generally so absurd and unboundedly arrogant as to excite pity and shame for the poor old man who had uttered them. As a ruler, whether considered politically or ecclesiastically, he failed. In his political functions he brought the temporal power to a dire and perpetual end; in his ecclesiastical duties he was generally in collision with even friendly powers, and he managed matters so as to divide by most bitter feuds the members of his own Church. Any development of Romish power and influence is not owing to the teaching or ruling of Pius IX., but rather to his so-called misfortunes, to the ability and persistency of some of the leaders amongst the Romanists, and to the help afforded in England by the Romanism that finds shelter and support in the Established Church. We have come now to a new point in the history of the See of Rome. What the future may bring we have no power to say, but we can wait confident in the infinite love, wisdom and power of the Divine Head of the Church.

REVIEWS.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. With a View of the State of the Roman World at the Birth of Christ. By George P. Fisher, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College, &c. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George Street. 1878.

BOOKS of this class are, to a large extent, a peculiarity of our own age, and afford a pleasing and indisputable sign of the progress of knowledge. Subjects which were formerly reserved for the initiated are now discussed openly, and the results of the most elaborate and scholarly investigations are brought within the reach of readers of every grade. The present volume is founded on a course of lectures which Dr. Fisher delivered at the Lowell Institute, in Boston, two years ago, and addresses itself not simply to ministers and theological students, but to the intelligent public at large. The title of the lectures scarcely conveys an accurate idea of their scope, inasmuch as Dr. Fisher does not restrict himself within the limits which his title indicates, but discusses the earliest forms, as well as the subsequent developments of the popular religion of the Greeks and Romans, together with the main systems of the Greek philosophy. All this is, no doubt, essential to his design, for it is impossible to understand Christianity aright without some previous acquaintance with both the negative and positive preparation by which its triumph was ensured. This part of the subject is investigated with great fulness, and we are led to see very clearly how important a part was played in the preparation of the world for Christ by the Roman polity on the one hand, and the development of the ancient philosophy and religion on the other. The old mythologies are carefully explained, and their religious significance shown. There is probably no other work in which merely English readers can see this question discussed so comprehensively. The merits and defects of the systems of Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Epicurus, &c., are passed under review, and the utter insufficiency of philosophy, even in its most perfect developments, to meet the needs of man as a moral and spiritual being is ably demonstrated. The view of the state of morals in heathen society is especially impressive, and to those who believe that the world can be regenerated by "culture," read a lesson that ought not to be overlooked.

The social and religious condition of the Jews, both before and at the time of Christ, is similarly investigated, and there follows a discussion of the origin and credibility of the Evangelical narratives — the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles—concerning which we need only remark that, while it is necessarily too brief to be exhaustive, it is thoughtful, candid, and, on most points, conclusive, and conveys a very accurate impression of the present state of the controversy. The concluding lectures are devoted to a consideration of certain main points in the life and ministry of Jesus, of the leading events in the Apostolic age, and the characteristic features of the worship of the Early Church.

The work, throughout, indicates extensive and impartial research. Dr. Fisher is a fresh and vigorous

thinker—a man of ripe scholarship and fine spiritual intuition. His estimate of the relations of Christianity and the various heathen religions is sound and judicious. His defence of the supernatural element in the Gospel against the most recent Rationalistic criticism is valid and conclusive, and not the least merit of the volume is its suggestiveness. It abounds in those seminal thoughts which, in the mind of an intelligent reader, will prove the precursors of a rich harvest.

MODERN ATHEISM: its Position and Promise. Being the Seventh Lecture on the Foundation of John Fernley, Esq. By E. E. Jenkins, M.A. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road. 1877.

THERE is only one regret we have felt in our perusal of this able lecture, and that is that Mr. Jenkins had not the same scope as a Bampton or Hulsean lecturer. The limits of a single discourse, however protracted, are utterly insufficient for the requirements of a task such as is here attempted; and we see but a hint of what might be done. The Atheism which the author combats is the Agnosticism which is now so fashionable in scientific circles, and which asserts that it is impossible for us to know whether there is a God or not. Mr. Jenkins discusses the question first on purely scientific grounds—apart altogether from the phenomena of Christianity — and proves that "the simple phenomena of nature, awakening the intentions and drawing out the reasoning of the primitive races, impressed upon them two ideas—first, that a primal and intelligent Mind originated the universe; secondly, that the thinking part of man lives on after death." These ideas, moreover, are derived from the same sources, and formed by the same process, as ideas which we are, in the sphere of common life, compelled to accept, and which cannot, in fact, be questioned. The actual discoveries of science are thankfully accepted; her supremacy in her own sphere is freely allowed; but that there is a sphere in which she is powerless is made evident. Science cannot invalidate the voice of our intentions and conscience; still less can she destroy the power of Christ, who meets needs of our nature which science cannot touch.

We congratulate Mr. Jenkins on the production of this masterly and eloquent lecture. We have read it with eager delight, and found in it an intellectual as well as a moral stimulus. And, though it deals only with the outlines of a vast subject, its principles cannot be invalidated, and it conducts us to a path in which the advocates of Christian theism must triumph.

NOTES ON THE BOOK OF GENESIS: Explanatory, Expository, and Practical. By Rev. James Inglis, Author of "Bible Text Cyclopædia," &c. London: Gall & Inglis, 25, Paternoster Square.

THESE "Notes" are very similar to those of Albert Barnes, and quite worthy to stand side-by-side with them. A popular Commentary on Genesis has long been greatly needed, and we can on that ground give a cordial welcome to the one now before us. Its merits are so many and conspicuous that it is sure to gain for itself a recognition, especially from teachers of Bible classes, and students who have no command of larger and more elaborate works. We have tested the author's views in several crucial passages, and invariably with satisfaction. He is a well-read man, and has wisely availed himself of all the

helps to the elucidation of the Book with which his reading has familiarized him. All requisite information with respect to difficult words and phrases, history, geography, antiquities, &c., is compressed into small space, and the practical bearing of the great truths of the Scripture narrative is, as a rule, distinctly pointed out. Without pledging ourselves to endorse every opinion which is here propounded, we can most cordially express our general agreement with Mr. Inglis, and confidently commend his admirable "Notes" to the attention of our readers. We trust the reception accorded to this volume will be such as to encourage him to extend his labours to other books of the Old Testament, in popular commentaries on which, especially in the earlier sections, we are sadly deficient.

UNIVERSAL COMMUNION; or, the Sacrament for Man, not Man for the Sacrament. Addressed to the Independent Congregational Churches of the World. By A Deacon. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C. 1877.

WITH many of the points urged in this plea for a relaxation of the methods of admitting to the membership of our churches—for that is the ultimate drift of the book—we heartily sympathise. We have no right to insist on the necessity of tests which are not warranted by the principles of the New Testament, and the appointment of a deputation to visit candidates for membership is certainly a human expedient for which no legal or binding authority can be claimed. But the Church has certainly a right to some control in the matter, just as it has a right (in obedience to the direct injunctions of Scripture) to exercise discipline, and even to expel from its fellowship. Whether our tests ought not to be simplified, and our methods for ascertaining the fitness of men to enter the Church ought not to be altered, is another question, and one in relation to which the author would probably find himself supported by the concurrence of a large and growing number of his fellow-deacons and fellow-members. The whole subject is coming to the front, and must be fearlessly faced by us all. We cannot for ourselves endorse the author's position, nor do we think that the relaxation for which he pleads would keep in the communion of our Nonconformist Churches many of the class who now leave them for the Established Church. We know instances, not a few, in which his principles have been freely applied with no such results as he anticipates. In several places his expressions are so strong that they will provoke needless annoyance. But to his side of the question he has made a really valuable contribution.

OLD TESTAMENT CATECHISM OF HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: with Notes and Scripture References, for Families and for Junior and Senior Classes. By Rev. James Inglis. Price Threepence. Gall & Inglis, London and Edinburgh.

ANOTHER useful work by Mr. Inglis—the fruit of a very thorough study of the Bible, and containing an amount of information, on recondite as well as on familiar subjects, which it must have been extremely difficult to compress into such narrow limits. The boy or girl who masters this small catechism will have a knowledge of the history, the biography, and the various institutions of Scripture, such as few of their seniors now possess. The book ought to

find a place in every household in the country, and all our young people ought to be "well-drilled" in its contents. Higher praise than this is not needed, nor could it be given.

SANCTIFICATION. A Statement and a Defence. By Henry F. Bowker. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1878.

A SMALL pamphlet—the first of a series on a subject of the first importance. The writer belongs to a school with which we are not in full accord, as many of its positions seem to us one-sided, and therefore dangerous. It is only fair, however, to say that Mr. Bowker writes with great moderation, and has guarded his position from the misapprehensions which have frequently perverted it. If the doctrine had always been advocated as it is here, it would have been far more influential for good.

THE SEVEN TOPICS OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. A Manual of Theology, Orthodox and Unsectarian. For Classes or Private Reading. By the Rev. P. Maclaren, Professor of Systematic Theology, Union College, Adelaide. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

MR. MACLAREN is the Principal of an Unsectarian College in South Australia, in which the Congregationalists, the Presbyterians, and the Baptists have united, with the view of securing an adequate supply of well-trained ministers for their respective churches. The idea of such an union is a happy one, and we are delighted to hear that thus far the expectations of its promoters have been more than realized. Special denominational training, so far as it is needed, can easily be supplied from other sources, and there is nothing to prevent the heartiest co-operation on the wide ground which is common to all Evangelical Christians. Mr. Maclaren's small volume forms an admirable handbook for such a college, and will be widely appreciated by readers outside. He discusses the seven topics (viz., the Bible, God, Man, Christ, the Holy Ghost, Grace, and Glory) with devout thoughtfulness and care. He is evidently conversant with these great themes, and has brought to their illustration a vast amount of theological, historical, and scientific knowledge. His views are at once orthodox and liberal, and, while he maintains them with firmness, he is invariably generous towards those who dissent from them. Such a book must prove widely useful, and tend to the confirmation of the things most surely believed among us.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN EVANGELICAL REVIEW. Edited by Rev. J. S. Candlish, D.D. Jan., 1878. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

THERE are several valuable papers in the current number of "The British and Foreign Evangelical." Worthy of special mention are those on "Old Testament Morality," by the Rev. R. M. Edgar; "Biographies of 1877: Kingsley, Campbell, Martineau, and Arnot," by Rev. C. G. M'Crie; "The Book of Deuteronomy," by Dr. Murphy, of Belfast; and "Opportunity the Guide of the Church," by Rev. W Millar, of Madras. The Editor's review of the Dogmatic Literature of the past year is also good. The tone of all the articles is high. They are firmly evangelical, and yet generously recognise whatever is true and good in systems to which, as a whole, the writers are opposed.

ALPINE ADVENTURE; OR, NARRATIVES OF TRAVEL AND RESEARCH IN THE ALPS. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1878.

THE reader of this delightful little volume will find himself brought into such accurate acquaintance with the chief exploits of Alpine climbers that he will require a steady brain to pursue the perusal of the book to the end, for having once commenced to read it he will more than probably find it as difficult to lay down without completing it as we did. The engravings are numerous and most effective. We can testify to the accuracy of all of them which are taken from the base of the mountains. And no doubt the giddy heights, which we have never dared, are portrayed with equal fidelity.

DIANA. By Susan Warner. Author of "The Wide, Wide World," "Queechy," &c. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners-street.

THE popularity of Mrs. Warner's writings has made "Queechy" and the "Wide, Wide World," household words. In its vivid descriptions of American life and character, as well as in the incidents of the story it contains, this volume is quite equal to its well-known predecessors. It is a safe and pleasant book for young ladies, and, withal, copious in the kind of interest they affect.

BIBLE ECHOES. By the Rev. Jas. Wells, M.A., Glasgow. Second Edition. London: J. Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street.

MR. WELLS is an expert of the first rank in the art of addressing children on Gospel truths. The twenty discourses contained in this volume are such as could not fail to fasten the attention of the young. They are lively, impressive, and rich with illustrations of the most effective kind, while the great central truths of the Gospel intended to be enforced, are not, as is too often the case in such compositions, obscured by the illustration. Mr. Wells's work will stand the best test of a book for children—viz., that not only the little ones, but readers of all ages will be sure to find pleasure and profit in its perusal.

THE BELLA AND HER CREW. By Harriet S. Hill. E. Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey, E.C.

WE have a pleasant remembrance of Miss Hill's former book, "The Poacher's Sons," and the present volume will be appreciated not less heartily. The story is simple, beautiful, and touching, powerfully depicting the dangers of a sea life, and showing the sterling worth which, with many faults, is often found beneath the rough exterior of our hardy seamen. Rico Dean's early death is deeply pathetic, and the book throughout has the great merit of "setting us a thinking."

JOVINIAN; or, The Early Days of Papal Rome. A Tale. By W. H. G. Kingston. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

MR. KINGSTON'S stories have always a manly and vigorous tone about them, and "Jovinian" is no exception. It is a story "with a purpose," and with that purpose we cordially sympathise. At no time in the history of our English Christianity has there been a stronger need of the exposure of the real character of Roman Catholicism, and by showing the manner in which it took up into itself elements of the old Pagan religions, *and retained them*,

Mr. Kingston has done good service. The story itself is skilfully told, and is, in fact, quite entrancing. It is sure to become a favourite.

INGLESIDE AND WAYSIDE MUSINGS. By the Rev. J. R. Vernon, M.A., Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," &c. London: The Religious Tract Society. Price 6s.

NINE THOUSAND copies of Mr. Vernon's first work have testified to the hold which his forcible writing has taken of cultured readers—for only such can take pleasure in mental *pabulum* of the kind which this accomplished author provides. The present volume contains all the keen appreciation of nature, the knowledge of the human heart, the pleasing infusion of Scripture truth, and the gracefulness of style which characterized its predecessor. It is, moreover, charmingly illustrated, and altogether a winsome treasury of poetic thought and sage counsel.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

WE have neither time nor space to dwell upon the varied merits of the following recent publications, but we advise the boys and girls to look them up. *Gracie's Visit; Finette, the Norman Girl; Dick Boulter, or Getting on in Life*—each eighteenpence. *Harrie, or Schoolgirl Life in Edinburgh; and The Rutherford Frown*—each a shilling in price.

LESSONS FROM LIFE. Stories and Teachings for the Young. By the late Rev. W. Arnot. London: T. Nelson & Sons.

THE name of Mr. Arnot is sufficient guarantee for the adaptation and universal excellence of any productions of his vigorous mind and facile pen. This little volume is a treasury of delightful teaching for the young. It would be difficult to name anything more charming than its combination of vivacity and instructive power.

CHINA'S MILLIONS. Edited by J. H. Taylor, M.R.C.S., &c. 1877. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings.

THE proceedings and labours of the China Inland Mission are chronicled in this elegant volume in the highest style of literary art. In addition to the details of missionary work, which possess the deepest interest to the Christian reader, the engravings are attractive, and the map of China, which is, we believe, the best published in England, is alone worth the cost of the entire volume.

THE BRITISH MESSENGER. 1877. Yearly Part. Price 1s. 6d.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET. 1877. Price 9d. Large type.

GOOD NEWS. 1877. Price 6d. by post. Stirling: Drummond's Tract Depot.

IN the numerous enterprises of modern Christian zeal, the labours of the late Mr. Drummond, of Stirling, are notable as an illustration of the blessedness of those "who sow beside all waters." It is rarely that an individual is honoured with such extensive usefulness. Now that he has gone to the heavenly harvesting, we are glad and grateful to find that survivors continue his work, and produce these publications, the very cheapest in cost, but all of sterling worth.

THE ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY NEWS. 1877. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster-row. Price 3d. monthly.

THIS valuable periodical, containing missionary intelligence from all portions of the Church of Christ, and from all parts of the world, is conducted with much spirit, and, month by month, records the progress of Divine truth in the various spheres of Christian labour. Mr. Grattan Guinness discharges his editorial duties without partiality, and the typographical and pictorial departments of the work are produced with care and completeness.

OUR OWN ILLUSTRATED ALMANACK AND CHRISTIAN COUNSELLOR FOR 1878. Arranged by Walter J. Mayers. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster-row.

THIS is decidedly one of the best works of the kind which has yet appeared. The texts for every day in the year are ingeniously arranged and classified. The extracts—doctrinal, devotional and practical, in prose and in verse—have been selected from a wide range of reading, and the original pieces are pithy and pointed. Christian people will find it a useful *vade mecum*.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON. His Life and Work. By G. J. Stevenson, M.A. London: Passmore & Alabaster. Price 1s.

MR. STEPHENSON has collected an immense number of facts connected with the life and work of our beloved and honoured brother, and his [illegible]ok will be acceptable to the [illegible] thousands who are interested [illegible] subject. May he speedily be restored to his flock in renovated health, and long spared to preside over the great undertakings whose origin and development are recorded in this book.

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1. ILLUMINATED CARDS. Packet M. Religious Tract Society.
2. KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.
3. HARRISON WEIR'S PICTURES FOR CHILDREN. 1. In the Woods. 2. In the Fields.
4. NATURAL HISTORY PICTURES FOR SCHOOLS, with a Roller. London: Religious Tract Society.

No. 1 on the above list is a useful collection of elegantly illuminated texts of Scripture, suitable for enclosing in letters, for decorating a cottage wall, or placing beside a sick bed. No. 2 is invaluable for school use, and will assuage the difficulties of chronology with the sweets of pictorial representation. Nos. 3 and 4 contain exquisite specimens of Harrison Weir's fidelity of delineation of animal life, accompanied by descriptive matter suitable for the nursery and the infant class.

HOURS OF SORROW CHEERED AND COMFORTED. Poems by Charlotte Elliott. New Edition. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 2s.

WE are glad to announce this elegant edition of Miss Elliott's exquisite hymns and poems.

ILLUMINATED CARDS. Packet N. CHILDREN'S TRACTS. Packet 3. SMALL FOUR-PAGE TRACTS.—London: Religious Tract Society.

THESE are admirably adapted for distribution, either in letters or way-

side walks. The tracts are on paper of various colours, and cost only sixpence per packet, containing one hundred in each.

JESUS' BANQUET; OR, MONTHLY MEDITATIONS AT THE TABLE OF THE LORD. By James Smith, Newmarket. London: Passmore & Alabaster.

MR. Smith's addresses are devout and seasonable, and will be welcome as helpful to appropriate feeling at the Lord's table. There are indications of hasty composition, which the author will do well to amend in the future editions which we believe his little manual will reach.

STORIES OF IRISH LIFE. By Henry Martin. Parts I. to XII. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Price 2d. each.

WE commend this series to the notice of those who are laudably engaged in the effort to counteract the pernicious cheap literature which is working so much injury among the humbler classes of society. The stories are well told, and are full of sound scriptural teaching, while they have also the additional attraction of good, vigorous wood engravings.

PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER. By C. L. Brightwell. London: The Religious Tract Society. Price 2s. 6d.

IF well told, the story of Palissy cannot be too often repeated. We can heartily recommend this version of the brave old Huguenot's toils and trials.

JOSEY THE RUNAWAY; OR, BEWARE OF BAD COMPANY.

THE LAND OF THE MAMMOTH: A Boy's Arctic Adventures Three Hundred Years Ago.

LITTLE MIKE'S CHARGE. London: Religious Tract Society.

THIS fresh instalment of literary contribution towards the amusement and instruction of juvenile readers is worthy the attention of parents and teachers. The "Land of the Mammoth" is a very superior book, many of the facts connected with early Arctic discovery being interwoven with lessons in Natural History and other important branches of knowledge.

THE QUEEN SERIES OF PICTURE BOOKS: Bird Pictures, Nos. 1 and 2. Birds and their Nests, Nos. 1 and 2. Pictures by Giacomelli. Sixpence each. London: Nelson & Sons.

THESE brilliantly-illuminated specimens of bird life are worthy of the drawing-room table, but they will perform still better service by awaking the love of natural history, and fostering humanity in the breasts of the young.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT'S BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

WE regret that the parcel of books from this well-known Edinburgh house did not reach us in time for notice in our Christmas and New Year's numbers. GIDEON BROWN: A True Story of the Covenanters, by Dr. Charles Mackay, is worthy to rank with the writings of Defoe, to whose pen indeed it was attributed

when it made its first appearance in "All the Year Round" eight years ago. BLACK HARRY; or, Lost in the Bush, by R. Richardson, as its title indicates, is a story of Australian life, and it is recited in a style sure to please the boys. THE LITTLE SAND BOY, a true story, from the German of Othlie Wildermuth. FIRST PRINTER'S EARLY D/ MISS TROUBLE-THE-HOUSE, Sarah M. S. Clarke; FRED APPRENTICE, translated by Campbell Overend—are all of t charming, and for cheapness as as moral worth, unsurpassed.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Hatherleigh, Devon, February 1st.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Ashworth, Rev. J. W. (Bradford, Yorks), George Street, Plymouth.
Dyson, Rev. W. (Old Basford), Halifax.
Gooch, Rev. F. W. (Falmouth), Lower Norwood.
James, Rev. H. (Minchinhampton), Stratford-on-Avon.
Martin, Rev. T. H. (Regent's Park College), Wallingford.
Pope, Rev. G. W. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Thorpe-le-Soken.
Saunders, Rev. W. (Holyhead), Bangor.
Smalley, Rev. J. (Ross), Littleborough, Manchester.
Strong, Rev. T. G. (Gosport), Bradninch, Devon.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bridlington, Rev. G. Barrans, February 1st.
Melksham, Rev. J. Davis, January 16th.
Trowbridge, Rev. W. V. Robinson, January 30th.

RESIGNATION.

Taylor, Rev. H. W., Markyate Street, Herts.

DEATH.

Pryce, Rev. S., Abersychan, Mon., January 8th, aged 76.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1878.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WHEN the Reverend Mr. Thwackum mentioned religion, he meant the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England. Perhaps he believed that the last term in his polemical series was the sum of those which preceded it.

The unblushing readiness of this orthodox teacher of youth to conform to the doctrines of the school in which he had graduated reminds us of the ease with which people in this realm of England fall in with a notion, current on their side of the Atlantic, that the authors whom the United States of America have produced do not, as a rule, take rank in the world of letters with the higher class of English writers.

With a few salient exceptions in various departments of literature, American authors have received somewhat cool acknowledgment from the public of this country. This indifference may be accounted for on the same principles as those which governed Mr. Thwackum's bearing to what was not within the lines of Anglicanism, and possibly results more from want of occasion to form a right estimate of good things outside the run of one's usual experience, than from lack of the candour to admit the value of them when they have been brought thoroughly under notice.

As regards poetry, it is likely that we might not have to go far in order to find highly respectable persons who, when they mention American poetry, mean American poetry which is ordinarily read in England; who mean by American poetry ordinarily read in England, the poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; and who understand by the poetry of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow the poems called *Excelsior* and *The Village Blacksmith*. Be this, however, as it may, we are clearly safe in pointing to William Cullen Bryant as an American poet who is not studied among us so much and so

carefully as he deserves to be; and we should be gratified if we could be the means of inducing those of our subscribers who are not much acquainted with him to take steps for coming to an opinion of their own upon the value of his compositions.

In Bryant we have an illustration of the saying that a poet is born, not made, for some of his poems were published when he was only fourteen years of age, if not before, and the whole course of his long life serves to uphold whatever of truth there is in the adage. The notes heard in his childhood have been ringing in his ears ever since, influencing all that he has written, and the freshness of his poetry must always be its chief characteristic and its great charm.

It is a freshness of feeling simply, but he is not less entitled to stand high among poets because the themes which he has treated have in themselves little novelty. Indeed, if the first place is to be given to originality of topic, and to be denied to that which deals with the well known, many of the great masters must come down from the pedestals on which they have hitherto, and with general consent, been placed. The truth is that the poetic instinct, in its desire to appeal for audience to mankind at large, fixes naturally on facts widely spread and thoughts present to many minds, trusting to skilful handling of them in order to reach the sympathies of humanity. We have only to compare the descriptions of the starlit heavens in the *Merchant of Venice* and of the sunrise in *L'Allegro* with parts of Psalms viii. and xix. to see how the best-worn subjects have called forth the noblest poetical utterances, and how the greatest poets have, one after another, found the sources of their enthusiasm in old world ideas.

A slight examination of the works of our author is enough to assure us that the subjects which he most loves, and on which he has freest speech, are the manifestations of nature. He is never so much at home as when singing of forests and flowers, of mountains and valleys, of woods and winds and waters; and when he is telling of these things, what we deem to be his special gift comes readily into play. It is not merely that he turns from the prosaic details of ordinary life to dwell with joy on the beauties of the universe, for to do this has been, as a rule, the mark of every poetical mind; but that he carries his reader away from work-a-day surroundings, and sets him down amidst woods and wilds to feast his eyes and gladden his heart as he gazes on a land flowing with milk and honey, and drinks in the song of the birds, the voice of the waterfall, and the soft sighing of the tree tops. He, too, who thus leads us into *faerie* in the full strength of his manhood, keeps during his maturer years the vividness of the impressions which he conceived as a child, and we feel as if with one who, looking for the first time upon the wealth of creation, breaks into deep murmurs of contentment as he beholds it all very good. For him the undulations of the prairies are one moment like the gentlest swell of ocean standing still, and the next, with the impulse

of an infant who claps his hands at the transformation, he exclaims:—

> The clouds
> Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
> The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
> Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
> The sunny ridges;

for him there is no solitude beneath the open sky:—

> My steps are not alone
> In these bright walks; the sweet south-west at play,
> Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strewn,
> Along the winding way.
>
> The swelling hills,
> The quiet dells retiring far between
> . . . . . were a calm society
> That talked with me and soothed me;

for him the butterfly is

> A living blossom of the air;

and for him the summer wind after a sultry day is still something more than a scientific quantity:—

> He comes;
> Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
> The deep distressful silence of the scene
> Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
> And universal motion.

No adequate idea of his powers can be formed from these jottings. His poems should be read at length; and, in naming *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*—*Green River*—*June*—and *The Evening Wind*, as particularly worthy of consideration, we do so, not in order to pronounce on them as the best of his pieces, but because they afford good illustrations of the faculty to which we have drawn attention.

The following is so perfect a gem that we do not dare to mutilate it by quoting a portion, and we give it entire as an instance of Bryant's dealing in his happiest vein with a single object:—

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

> Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
> And colored with the heavens' own blue,
> That openest when the quiet light
> Succeeds the keen and frosty night.
>
> Thou comest not when violets lean
> O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
> Or columbines, in purple dressed,
> Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.
>
> Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
> When woods are bare and birds are flown,
> And frosts and shortening days portend
> The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

The sister ode addressed to the Yellow Violet has, we believe, been more admired than that to the Gentian; nevertheless, we prefer the latter.

Judging from his works, Bryant's character would appear to have been moulded under exceptionally favourable circumstances. His life, so far as we are aware, has not been eventful, and as we read what he has produced, and mark his simplicity, we are inclined to credit him with a training like that of the Swiss boy of whom it was said that—

Nature, the dear old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying, Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee.

In the present case the book of nature was opened to a pupil who, whilst showing due aptitude for taking in and profiting by those obvious lessons which the blindest of us are fain sooner or later to learn, was capable of grasping the higher and spiritual teaching which underlies whatever she has to tell us. As he watches the path through the air of a single waterfowl these words rise to his lips:—

He, who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

In the forest he is constrained to say:—

Here is continual worship;

and again:—

Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, Thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

A remarkable trait in his poetry is that often his best things, whilst evidently bearing the stamp of his own minting, bring to mind, by means of some subtle connecting link, the writing of poets of confessedly the highest standing. The frequent likeness to Wordsworth is so clear that a friendly critic has observed that it might justify a more invidious parallel, and the *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood* has been deemed to resemble Cowper. It would

not require a great stretch of imagination to credit these lines with coming from the same pen as the opening of *Endymion*:—

> Look on this beautiful world; . . . . .
> . . . . . see, every season brings
> New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
> Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
> Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,
> And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
> Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
> The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep,
> In His complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

This:—

> Here the friends sat them down,
> And sang, all day, old songs of love and death,
> And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
> And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
> To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
> Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.

And the fine *Hymn of the Waldenses* suggests certain English masters too plainly for them to have to be specified.

These are resemblances of style and tone rather than of matter, and are interesting as witnessing to the freemasonry of high minds.

The most striking of Bryant's poems is *Thanatopsis*, in which—without recourse to the common device of introducing dramatic incident—the vision of death is clothed in a grandeur that overcomes the repugnance which such a subject naturally excites. Dr. Griswold recounts* that, when it was offered for publication in the *North American Review*, Richard H. Dana, who had a share in the management of that periodical, pronounced, with a modesty in excess of his patriotism, that the poem could not have been written by an American, a belief which was shared by others. Being told that the writer was a member of the Massachusetts Senate, then sitting, Dana walked from Cambridge to Boston (both U.S.) to get a sight of him, only to have "a plain middle-aged gentleman, with a business-like aspect," pointed out as the person he sought. He was at once satisfied that this could not be the author of *Thanatopsis*, and went away without asking for an introduction—more accurate in his estimate of the senator than in his forecast respecting the poet's nationality, as it turned out that a mistake had occurred through a confusion of names. Later on, Dana and Bryant formed an acquaintance which became a friendship.

Thanatopsis concludes thus; and here are sentiments which have their echo in all hearts warmed with the conviction that the last enemy of the race has been vanquished:—

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravans which move
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,

* In *The Poets and Poetry of America.*

Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

The thought of resurrection and after-life is prominent elsewhere in Bryant's writings. He catches the idea as shadowed forth in nature—

Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death—

and dwells on it with prophetic emphasis in *Mutation;* whilst in *Consumption* and *The Cloud on the Way* he speaks undisguisedly and beautifully of hopes beyond the grave.

There is something very pleasing in the way in which he can make a simple theme call up scenes and feelings the relationship of which thereto would hardly be noticed if he had not the magic to show its nearness and harmony. In *The Song of the Sower*—which is as attractive as anything that he has written—he puts out his whole power in this direction, and *A Rain Dream* contains an example of the same thing:—

I shut my eyes, and see, as in a dream,
The friendly clouds drop down spring violets,
And summer columbines, and all the flowers
That tuft the woodland floor, or overarch
The streamlet:—spiky grass for genial June,
Brown harvests for the waiting husbandman,
And for the woods a deluge of fresh leaves.

The foregoing remarks have been offered with a view of indicating some of Bryant's excellences, and not with any pretence of furnishing an exhaustive criticism of his poems, for which the space at our disposal is insufficient, yet we will not refrain from expressing regret that he has not produced works of a more ambitious type than the short pieces to which he has chiefly devoted abilities which could hardly have failed to have shone more conspicuously and to more advantage in a wider field. The perusal of the longer of his poems, and particularly of *The Little People of the Snow*, confirms us in this opinion. That he might have handled with effect subjects other than those which he has generally chosen is evident from the playful ode *To a Mosquito*, the ballad called *The Wind and Stream*, the happy love song of Pitcairn's Island, and the tragically-mournful tale of *Monument Mountain*.

We turn from the volume containing his poems with the consciousness of having inspired a morality which, after contact with the ethics pervading much of the poetry of the day, is as health-giving as a ramble on the downs after hours spent in the factitious atmosphere

of the hothouses in which are cultivated the exotics whose own climate is deadly to the natives of temperate regions.

> We laid us, as we lay at birth,
> In the cool flowery lap of earth;
> Smiles broke from us and we had ease,
> The hills were round us, and the breeze
> Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
> Our foreheads felt the wind and rain;
> Our youth returned, for there was shed
> O'er spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furled,
> The freshness of the early world.

EGYPT.

WHATEVER dignity is derivable from mere antiquity must not be denied to the people of the Nile. No other land can show such a legacy of national legend attested by such a collection of national monuments. The dynasties of European monarchies dwarf into insignificance beside the long pedigree rolls of the Egyptian kings, and our own old England is a trifle, a mushroom, when compared with the majestic antiquity of Egypt. This antiquity cannot be adequately appreciated, because many wise and powerful kings, and generations of mighty sovereigns doubtless preceded the earliest whose history we possess. Egypt is a collection of phenomena. Its physical geography is unique, its annals are unparalleled, and its monuments are of undying interest and value. Any one of these points would form a suitable and sufficient subject for contemplation, but we propose only to notice briefly Egypt's achieved greatness in the past and its possible improvement in the future.

By virtue of its situation Egypt has always been a kingdom of great importance. Viewed from Europe, there was a tendency to class it along with the great imperial governments of the Euphrates Valley, and even in the time of Julius Cæsar the Roman geographical student was uncertain whether to assign it to Asia or to Africa.* Viewed from the side of Assyria and Chaldæa, Egypt was seen to be powerful enough to resist any ordinary assault, and near enough to counteract any diplomatic manœuvres. For hundreds of years Egypt as the Western Power counterbalanced the influence of Nineveh, Babylon, and Shushan. Conquest of a foe so distant was only to be thought of when resources were great and peace secure at home, and Cambyses

* Sallust, Jugurtha, xvii., xix.

was the first who succeeded in making the land of the Nile an integ part of an Oriental empire. Babylonish kings might win victc after victory over Egyptian armies, and might annex outlying dep dencies up to "the river of Egypt," but the Delta of the Nile remair the key of the position, possessing immense advantages from its m situation. The Eastern ruler must consent to one of two hard alt natives. He could not long occupy the hostile land, and he m either by useless edict attempt to annihilate the trade of the Levant, be prepared to see the fruits thereof enjoyed by his rival. At the ju tion of two continents, and near enough to the merchants of a thi Egypt must be enriched by all the trade of West and East; m gain from the industry of Hellene and Phœnician alike. The co merce of Southern Asia—even of Persia herself—must pass throu Egyptian ports, or be cramped into an overland, and therefore unp ductive, traffic.

In addition to its advantages of situation, this land enjoyed anotl important blessing. In a pre-eminent degree Egypt was a country natural resources, unaffected by external prosperity or adversi Those lands are permanently wealthy which do not depend upon t fickle emoluments of foreign trade. Fertility in a soil an cn in a nation are safer guarantees of power than the mightiest armies the acutest diplomacy. Egypt has always possessed both th guarantees. The busy perseverance which studded the land w huge temples and irrigated the thankful soil with innumerable can was certain to profit from the unrivalled fertility of the Nile Vall This independence of the external world, besides producing anotl result which will demand notice farther on, helped in every crisis strengthen the hands of the Egyptian Governments.

But the early centuries during which this enormous authority v felt are of small interest when compared with the years wh brought the Israelities into contact with it. If, as is p bable, the name "Egypt" is connected with "caphtor,"* tl we must suppose the Philistines to have been blood relations of Egyptians. This is not impossible, but there is no direct evidence favour of the supposition derivable from the Bible itself. We do find Egypto-Philistine alliances, but then, as long as the Philisti are very powerful, Egypt plays hardly any part in the Biblical histc "Solomon made affinity with Pharaoh, King of Egypt"—perh finding some alliance necessary for the well-being of that Ind commerce upon which he set such store. Whether this affinity to any family quarrel is uncertain, but it is certain that the re Jeroboam found refuge at the court of Pharaoh's successor, Shisha and interested him in his fortunes. During Solomon's lifetime demonstration was made, but Rehoboam gave signs of incapacity, a Egypt's ally was planted in the northern half of Palestine. So

* Amos ix. 7; Deut. ii. 23. † 2 Kings xi. 40.

the fifth year of Rehoboam," Shishak appeared in Jerusalem and laid his hand heavily upon the people. First capturing the border fortresses, he advanced to the capital, and a substantial indemnity alone induced him to withdraw. Predecessors of his had been accustomed to make extensive raids north-eastward, and an opportunity which enabled him to plunder Israel was welcome to an Egyptian prince who could flatter himself that he was walking in the steps of Rameses the Great. It is not quite certain that the tribute exacted was made a permanent tax, but, if it was, some dispute soon arose, for when Asa was king he was assailed by an enormous force under "Zerah the Ethiopian," an epithet not ill applied to an Egyptian monarch who reigned so far south as Thebes. The faith of Asa ensured his success, and for some time the struggles of Israel were directed against the less powerful, but more imminent, menaces of Syria. Uzziah, when he conquered the Philistines, showed sound policy in strongly fortifying Ashdod,* whose position might bar an Egyptian advance.

But the state of politics was altered. The monarchy of the Euphrates was now powerful enough to rival the monarchy of the Nile. Menahem might make a series of brilliant conquests,† but he had to bribe Nineveh to be allowed to keep them, and such an arrangement was not durable. Armies from Assyria crushed the resistance of Syria, and Pekah and Ahaz suffered along with the King of Damascus. Permanent tribute was now imposed and exacted. Egypt was no longer looked on as an enemy, but as a possible liberator, and Hoshea ‡ begged the help of "So, King of Egypt," but apparently without receiving it. Yet a bad precedent had been set. It was less humiliating for a wicked sovereign to be the vassal and tool of a foreign prince than to have recourse to the true God. Prophets might denounce,§ and enemies sneer at such folly,‖ but Israel, and at last Judah, believed that Egypt was to be their salvation from the yoke of Chaldæa, and Chaldæa was to prevent tyranny on the part of Egypt. But Egypt was now less powerful. The vigorous empire of Assyria was not to be checked in its conquering career, and the shock of disunion which transported influence southward from Nineveh to Babylon, only resulted in an accession of vigour. Doubtless Necho, after defeating the Chaldæan ally at Megiddo,¶ expected an easy victory, but, with Nebuchadnezzar, continued the success of his predecessors.** It is needless to go more deeply into this part of the subject; enough has been said to show that Egypt's importance was well appreciated, and that Palestine might well expect to gain from the alliance of such a neighbour, and especially from sharing the profits of the carrying trade between Egypt and the East.††

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* 2 Chron. xxvi. 6. † 2 Kings xv. 19. ‡ 2 Kings xvii. 4.
§ Isa. xviii., xix., xx. ‖ Isa. xxxvi. 6. ¶ 2 Chron. xxxv. 22.
** 2 Chron. xxxvi. †† Isa. xix. 24, 25.

The next phase in this land's history is of universal interest. With a penetration which raises him far from the level of a mere soldier, Alexander the Great fixed upon Egypt as the commercial centre of the world which he conquered. The wisdom of building Alexandria at the mouth of the Nile has been attested by centuries of incessant prosperity. Like Constantinople, it must flourish in spite of its government, and with no ephemeral existence. It had no artificial support. The Macedonian conqueror had no leisure to foster the city which he had devised, but he started a mighty movement which has not yet ceased. The city's industry began at once, and crowded markets and busy wharves showed the appreciation of the commercial world. Then came the innumerable quarrels which followed Alexander's death, and which form such an uninteresting period of history; but during this period Alexandria declines not in commercial prosperity. Then Grecian philosophers made it their head-quarters, and imported to Egyptian soil the arguments and theses of the Academe. Presently, these scholars begin to exercise an influence upon the vast Jewish population of the town—an element inseparable from the great marts of the world—and some of the best thinkers o the locality arise out of this union. By communion with these Greeks, the Jews seem to gain better appreciation of logical proof. Without letting go one of their cardinal points of faith they are more susceptible to argument. Mere obstinacy is not so obvious a characteristic of theirs. This modification of temperament would make them more open to admit a revelation which the Jerusalem Pharisee, influenced by prejudice as much as by ignorance, would steadily reject in face of overwhelming evidence. Such favourable circumstances would make the Alexandrians likely to receive the Christian faith, and we can easily believe that Apollos* was only one out of many pious and learned men contributed by the Egyptian metropolis to the early apostles.

Not long after the apostolic era two great calamities came upon Alexandria, the effects whereof have not yet ceased. A new rival contested with her the trade of Western Asia when Byzantium was enlarged into Constantinople. Left in a secondary but still magnificent prosperity, she experienced a ruder shock when, three hundred years after, Amrou, with the armed missionaries of Islam, forced his way into her streets. Adieu to the success and power of the past when the blighting influence of Mohammedanism cursed the industry and intellect of the town. The fanaticism of the conqueror was not satisfied with the expulsion of Christianity and philosophy; their memorials must be destroyed, and the whole of the immense library was burnt. The history, poetry, and science of the bygone years of the world were all then lost, and in our modern pride we can only vaguely hope that we have improved upon the knowledge of our

* Acts xviii. 24.

forefathers. For the civilization which nobler races had settled there, the Moslem substituted his accursed barbarisms; the enemies of mankind drove from its docks and markets the commerce which had philanthropized the world. And from that day to this, although the city has natural advantages which no mismanagement can lose, its commercial gains have been falling into other hands.

On a smaller scale the same thing has occurred all over Egypt. Tyranny, extortion, and wasteful administration preclude all commercial successes. The enforced Mohammedan pilgrimages to Arabia may create an artificial traffic at Koseir and other ports on the Red Sea,* but there is no naturally arising trade of any importance such as would be anticipated from such a mercantile position. Of course, Egypt gains now from the transit of our Oriental trade through its waters or over its land; but the tendency of such traffic, if long continued, is to end in the possession of the route by the incessant wayfarer. And this tendency seems just now likely to reach this fulfilment. The Suez Canal appears to many people so essential for our Eastern trade that they think we should be ruined if it fell into the hands of a hostile Power. Even then, so long as we held Aden, we could prevent an enemy from gaining anything from the occupancy of Suez, but that is not enough. We must not only be able to exclude business competition thence, but must ourselves have access to the shortest way towards the rising sun. It is worth reflection, however, that since the sea route is always more remunerative than the land route, our possession of Aden might again compel the Indian trade to follow its old track round the Cape—a track which in Portuguese hands once before outdid the Mediterranean business *viâ* the Levant and the caravans. The possession of Egypt would add to our trade's security, and would be the reverse of a hardship to the people of the land themselves.

For our purpose, this is the real question of importance. We are not called upon to decide the justice or injustice, the advantage or disadvantage, of an occupation of Egypt. The possession of the Suez Canal would enable us to guarantee the safety of our commerce, carried as it is from east to west through a series of narrow seas where convoy is most effectual.† To support our commerce we may find it needful to seize the whole delta, as Napoleon the First attempted to do. But, we repeat, our first inquiry is "Cui bono?" Who would gain? If it is merely a question of our own profit and loss, then the subject deserves the attention of the statesman, and is a matter of indifference to these pages. But when we discuss the amelioration of a whole nation in personal and national morality, then the topic is very suitable for consideration here. "We know how the British Government, with its regiments of officials trained to

* Klunzinger's "Upper Egypt," chap. vi.
† Zincke's "Egypt of the Pharaohs and the Khedive."

administer to dark races, would vivify the valley of the Nile, and utilize that very industrious person, the Nubian negro." * Here is a race which has undergone tyranny from its own rulers and from without through the whole of its history. The admission of a British administration would secure an amount of well-being and happiness to which Egypt has hitherto been a stranger. Even supposing that nothing more was gained, it were well worth while to supplant the tribunals of Moslem magistrates with a system of upright justice. We find it hard to believe the experienced residents in those lands who say that the Oriental is so conservative as to prefer the system he sees before him, with its empty gravity and open corruption. A system of bribery may take long to remove from the ideas of the people, but the cessation of its active working produces an instant relief. No State could so well interfere as England; none would reap so great profit as she from the action. We have already pointed out that Egypt's resources are so independent of the outer world that they are exceptionally valuable, and even under its present misrule the Nile tribute is looked upon as one of the most hopeful sources of revenue to the Sultan. If we governed the land we could afford to let it spend such surplus upon itself in fostering its commerce and encouraging its education.

As a matter which barely concerns our point of view we may say a word or two upon the trade. There is now a considerable amount of pearl-fishery going on in the Red Sea, and once more the quarries which supply Karnak may contribute to the architecture of the world. But it is as a granary that Egypt will be most useful to Europe, and the corn-ships of Africa may again feed the markets of Italy and Greece. Other vegetable productions of value find a congenial home in the Nile Valley, and there is every reason to anticipate abundance of commercial *matériel*. The introduction of foreign competition would compel the Arab traders to give way to the Frankish merchants; possibly the European will penetrate even as far south as to the Niam-niam or the Gallas. In such case the slave trade will inevitably perish. In spite of the efforts of the Khedive there must be a vast amount still remaining of the horrid cruelties described in Livingstone's "Last Journals," and the abolition of these appears an end justifying almost any means. And if any one should say that in so speaking we are discussing what may never come to pass, since England may not be able or willing to occupy Egypt, our answer is that, at any rate, some civilized Power is very likely to do so, and similar advantages would accrue to the country, if not to ourselves. Of one thing, it seems, we may be sure. The French will not occupy it. Algeria costs them so much that they will have no disposition to invest in another bargain which they are incapable of turning to account.

In the contingency of an occupation the population would afford a

* *Spectator*, February 23, 1878.

material to work upon of a most satisfactory nature. The rural Egyptian, in all accounts presented to us about him, appears a plodding, steady labourer, content with very little, and submitting with patience, and even cheerfulness, to the assessment of the tax-gatherer or the bastinado of the pasha. Under proper administration there is every reason to believe that his industry would remain to him, and his cheerfulness be undaunted by premonitions of extortion or torture. Possessed of Egypt, we might expect to have the qualities of the people develop into a prosperity unknown for fifteen centuries, and superior to any previous condition of the land. Competent observers bear testimony to the lack of influencing power on the part of the Turk governing or Arab trading class. We find these nations ruling, yet without any capacity of modifying the barbarisms among the darker populations. The industrious fellah is merely a rateable subject, not a fellow-creature who should receive sympathy. The negroes who trade with the merchants in the Khartoum caravans seem to learn little from the intercourse; no habits of providence are taught, and no idea of superior virtue inculcated. What is learned is not of a good nature. This want of influence and want of colonizing power show the political unfitness of the dominant race. The efforts made to keep the slave trade going in spite of foreign discouragement prove the moral unsuitability of the governing people. The sooner the authority changes hands the better for the governed. And there is yet a nobler sense in which foreign education would be desirable. What a grand opportunity for the re-introduction of that Christianity which was once expelled thence. What a triumph for the Cross if its missionaries once more evangelize Alexandria, and teach under the antique Pyramids truths even older and more lasting than themselves!

NOTES ON MR. COX'S "SALVATOR MUNDI."*

THERE are periods in the history of religious opinion when truths long neglected or unobtrusively held by a few faithful souls are brought to light, and their wide-spread reception marks a new epoch in the power of the Church on earth. No wise man will reject an interpretation of Scripture solely because it is different to that which is generally accepted on the subject. That there are jewels of revelation in the river of the water of life—the written word of God—undiscovered as yet, we cannot doubt. Childlike teachableness has ever been a mark of the true believer. "I will hear what God the

* "Salvator Mundi; or, Is Christ the Saviour of All Men?" By Samuel Cox. London: Kegan, Paul, & Co. 1878.

Lord will speak: for He will speak peace unto His people and to His saints; but let them not turn again unto folly." This quotation contains a great truth—The shadow of an unprejudiced teachable spirit is a danger of "turning to folly."

Naturalists tell us that there are certain transitory conditions of soil and atmosphere which suit certain kinds of fungus; should a seed fall where these conditions exist, it will grow and propagate with amazing rapidity until its nourishment has become exhausted, when it will be found there no more. The history of religious belief, and indeed of belief in general, has its periods when opinions of a certain class find a more ready acceptance. In times when prolonged war has made men think severely, the sovereignty of God may be more considered than His fatherhood; and in enervating times of peace the holiness and justice of God may be forgotten in imperfect contemplation of His infinite love. In times of social disorder there is a tendency to the study of unfulfilled prophecy, but physical-force-fifth-monarchy men disappear when law and order regain their sway.

We cannot say that we altogether regret the appearance of this book, although we are entirely dissatisfied with its argument, which is intended to prove that all men will finally reach heaven and abide in eternal bliss. The opinion has certainly been growing amongst us, and it is of great advantage in the service of truth that whatever ideas are developing should receive adequate expression. Mr. Cox is well qualified to present for public acceptance his theological views. He writes with remarkable clearness and force, and is for the most part candid and courteous when speaking of those from whom he differs. He has rendered excellent service to Biblical students in the *Expositor*, albeit he not unfrequently tries the patience of his readers with a proneness to fanciful interpretation, which in one less genuine would be ascribed to affectation. But the question discussed in this book is of infinitely greater importance than its author's style. Have we here really the utterance of some grander view of the truth "as the truth is in Jesus"? or is it but some more subtle form of the old serpent's delusion—"Ye shall not surely die"? Let us at once freely state that after the most careful consideration of the arguments of this book they utterly fail to satisfy us. We believe it contains error, and that of a most serious kind. Still it was evident that such a book must come. Dissatisfaction has arisen with the view our fathers accepted, or with their method of statement in regard to the eternal condition of the lost. In the denial of human immortality it was thought that a refuge might be found. The idea of Life only in Christ was not without its beauty and attraction. But it is a belief in which the human mind cannot rest. In every age the consciousness of man has rejected the idea of its annihilation. Then if we refuse to believe in eternal punishment, and are dissatisfied with the theory of a limited existence for the soul, we are apparently shut up to the notion of final restoration. Charming as this may be when first received, it

will fail, after the novelty has passed away, to satisfy those who, taking the Scriptures as their sole guide, fail to find it stated so clearly and unmistakably as might be expected. We cannot find it in the Book, and are not satisfied to accept so far-reaching an opinion on inferences, even if these inferences were more satisfactory than they appear to be as stated by our author.

We must make one remark which involuntarily occurs to us on reading the preface. In page ix. there is a very serious charge brought against ministers of the Gospel. It is suggested that many of them have long held, as the writer professes to have done, the doctrine of final restoration, but fear to proclaim it. This is surely an error in point of fact, and a blunder to use such an argument. As a body, the ministers of Jesus Christ do not keep back any part of the truth, or hesitate to assert their convictions. Certainly not in our "circle of acquaintance" is there this *ἀσέβειαν και ἀδικιαν ἀνθρωπων των την ἀληθειαν ἐν ἀδικια κατεχοντων.* "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and if the circle of Mr. Cox's ministerial acquaintance contains such vicious specimens, we advise him to seek better companions. If it be a firstfruit of the acceptance of these opinions that it leads to unfaithfulness in the utterance of conviction, then it must not be forgotten that "the tree is known by its fruits." He who has reason to believe that he has received a truth from God, ought to proclaim it at all cost. Men of olden days suffered the loss of all for freedom and boldness of utterance; but, according to this preface, those who have this light have no courage of conviction. Mr. Cox has done well to administer this reproof; but it is not so widely applicable as he seems to think. "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell the dream; and he that hath My word, let him speak My word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

The main drift of the argument of the book is as follows: Our Lord said to those cities wherein most of His mighty works were done, "If the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes."

> Then why were these mighty works not done? . . . Can we blame them? will God condemn them, and condemn them to an eternal death or an eternal misery, because they did not see what they could not see—because they did not repent, when the very means which would infallibly have induced repentance were not vouchsafed them? A momentous question this! Few questions are more momentous.—*Page* 2.

> The conclusion to which we are driven when we really consider these words is, as I said in my last lecture, that if the men of Sodom would have repented at the ministry of Christ, then this germ of life must, under the rule of that kind, just God, who suffers no vital germ of goodness to be destroyed, have been long since developed; they must long ago have seen the works of Christ, and have been brought by them to that life of which He Himself pronounced them capable. But as this conclusion runs right in the teeth of more than one popular dogma, we must proceed to examine a little in detail the ground on which it rests.—*Page* 23.

In proof of this opinion, he resolves to narrow his defence to the teaching of the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament. He asserts that the passages commonly adduced in favour of the endless punishment of the impenitent do not sustain the interpretation put upon them, and he professes to find in these Scriptures certain large and controlling principles which point in an entirely opposite direction. He endeavours to show that the terms "damnation" and "hell" never mean what is generally accepted to be their meaning. He then devotes some attention to the Christian doctrine of the Æons, and in a chapter on the test and testimony of principles, he seeks to establish his position by an endeavour to harmonize it with some of the great doctrines of Christianity, and so asserts the universality of redemption—that, at the last, every human being shall find a home in the Father's house on high.

We have seen, then, that the English verb "to damn" is used to translate two Greek words which never mean more than "to condemn," and commonly mean only "to judge"; that our English noun "hell" is employed to render three Greek substantives—Tartarus, Hades, Gehenna—each of which, so far from indicating an endless state of torment, indicates only an intermediate and temporary condition of the soul; that the Greek and English adjective "æonial," though it is commonly translated by "eternal" or "everlasting," means only æon—or age—long, both in the Bible and out of it; and we have found, especially in the writings of St. Paul, a Christian doctrine of the æons, a doctrine which implies that as there have been ages that are past during which men have been slowly raised to their present condition, so also there are ages to come in which the Divine education and development of the race will be carried on towards its final issue or goal. From all these lines of thought, and from the Scriptures which illustrate them, we have drawn the conclusion that the impenitent wicked, when they pass out of this age, will not be adjudged to a final and changeless doom, but will be exposed to a still severer and more searching discipline than that of this life,—to what our Lord Himself calls an "æonial pruning," or a "salting with fire," the design of which will be to free them from their thraldom to evil, and to save them unto life everlasting. The current theory of the future state of the wicked is, therefore, condemned by the very Scriptures to which it has long made its appeal.—*Page* 173.

Now we should fully agree with this conclusion with a slight alteration, simply the insertion of *not* in each sentence; then it would be scriptural. Though our hand may tremble in writing it, yet we are assured that when our Lord threatened the "danger of eternal damnation" He meant something more than a temporal judgment. And that when we read of the Eternal Spirit, it is the contemplation of the Holy Ghost under a very different aspect than that of the great *Zeit-geist* or Time-spirit (page 113). Let it not, however, be supposed that this extraordinary explanation of the passage in the Hebrews is spoken in any way intentionally dishonouring to the Great Comforter. There is no irreverent spirit manifested in the book, whatever may be its failings. But it appears to us that the criticism in parts is wholly at sea. That these solemn words are used in the New Testament with various meaning, is not questioned. We thought that all Greek scholars were now agreed on the meaning of *αἰών*. Doubtless it often

means a limited time, but in such cases it has rather the idea of completeness than limitation. We cannot understand why the authority of Aristotle should not be accepted, who asserts that its origin and meaning is *αἰὲν ὤν*. What other word have we to express eternity? Though often used inaccurately, yet in old Greek it is the proper term for that which has an endless existence—for the immortal gods and for heaven.

To follow the argument throughout would require a criticism as large as the book itself. In plain English, it is a substitution of the Romish notion of purgatory for the Scriptural teaching of eternal punishment. One can hardly fail to be astonished when the author calmly assures us (page 34) that we have derived the theory of the future state, which has long found general acceptance, from the Romish Church. That is to say, the Protestant opposition to purgatory is a Romish error. We think church history will show the reverse. It is here stated that the belief in hell rather than purgatory is "a survival of ancient heathen belief, showing through the thin varnish with which Papal theologians have sought to disguise it." This is not the only startling statement in this book—indeed it is a book full of surprises. On page 72 we read, the "uninspired Jewish writings for the six centuries nearest to Christ know nothing, absolutely nothing of 'hell.'"

Is it really so? We quote the exact words of Mr. Cox. Had the Jews in the time of our Lord forgotten the words of Daniel, "some to shame and everlasting contempt"? Were they ignorant of the strong and terrible figures of Isaiah? There is surely some misapprehension here. True, Dr. Deutsch, in his brilliant paper on the Talmud, makes the assertion that "There is no everlasting damnation according to the Talmud"; but are we compelled to accept the dictum of that great and sad-hearted scholar as final? Talmudic scholars are rare, but we have reason to believe that they are far from unanimous in their approval of Dr. Deutsch's special pleading. It would appear as though the learned doctor had a brief on which was written, "Say all you can to suit popular prejudice in favour of the literature of the Rabbis." And he did it well. For example, it is happily a belief of our times that a husband should be tender to his wife, so Dr. Deutsch has given a string of precepts directing this. But an equal list, had the intention been to fairly represent both the defects and excellences of this "strange museum of antique thought," might have been given of an opposite kind. Rabbi Jose Ben Johanan, of Jerusalem, said, "Be not prone to discourse with womankind, even with thy wife; he who does so his end will be the inheritance of hell." In a passage quoted by Dr. McCaul, however, who certainly gives a very different idea of Talmudic literature, we read, after mentioning a list of transgressors "who have sinned, or caused many to sin as Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, all such go down to hell and are judged for ever,"—so he

translates: the original is ונידונין בה לדורי דורות. Possibly this is the passage to which Dr. Deutsch alludes as the only one; but in Hilchoth T'schuvah, c. iii. 8, we read, "These are they who have no part in the world to come, but who are cut off and perish and are condemned on account of the greatness of their wickedness and sin for ever, even for ever and ever." (The Old Paths, page 5.)

The attempt of some modern writers to prove that the Jews, at the time of our Lord, and their Rabbis held not the doctrine of eternal punishment, fails as we become better acquainted with Hebrew literature. In the Pseudoepigrapha it is taught very clearly. (See Drummond on the Jewish Messiah, chapter xxiii.) The general opinion appears to have been not unlike that of the Romish Church that the resurrection will include all men, who will be divided into three companies, כתות —The wholly righteous, צדיקים גמורין; the wholly wicked, רשעים גמורין; and the middle, בינוניים —these will be purified and restored: the authority quoted for this is the passage in Zechariah—"I will bring the third part of them through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried; they shall call on My name, and I will hear them." The fact that this was advanced as the proof-passage is at once an evidence that the restitution was not considered universal. The knowledge that this was the opinion prevalent in the time of our Lord throws light on those passages in which, when describing the judgment, He ever states definitely that the result is to be but twofold. Our Lord did not argue but asserted truth; it is quite in accordance with His method of teaching that He combated the idea of a threefold division, by simply stating it to be twofold; and the idea of a limited punishment, by ever describing the results of the judgment in terms as strongly expressive of everlastingness as the language He spoke could afford. The fiction of a twelvemonth's purgatory for the imperfectly righteous sons of Israel, so common amongst Jewish doctors, whilst never mentioned by the Great Teacher, is certainly repeatedly condemned by the character of His statements with regard to the future state.

Josephus is definite enough. Assuredly, his authority is of the highest value on this subject. He asserts, in the clearest terms, not in one passage only, that both Essenes and Pharisees believed in the immortality of the soul, and in eternal punishments as well as rewards. In the eighteenth book of his "Antiquities," and in the first chapter, he says of the Pharisees: "They also believe that souls have an immortal vigour (*ἀθανατόν*) in them, and that under the earth there will be rewards or punishments, according as they have lived virtuously or viciously in this life; and the latter are to be detained in an everlasting prison," &c. Then in the third book of the "Jewish Wars" he says, "They say that all souls are incorruptible (*ἀφθαρτον*) . . . but that the souls of bad men are subject to eternal punishment." Surely we need not quote further; or we might direct attention to Maimonides, to the "Benediction of

Samuel"; to Meier's Annotations to the Seder Olam (pp. 1108, 1109); to the enumeration, in chap. ii. of the Sanhedrin, of those who have no portion in eternal bliss. But we forbear. We entirely agree with Mr. Cox in his statement, "Whatever certain modern teachers or ministers may do, we may be quite sure that the Great Teacher did not use in one sense words which He knew that those who listened to Him took in another and very different sense." But we read with surprise the statement, "Neither the Lord Jesus nor His apostles had any such word as 'hell' in their vocabulary, or any conception answering to it in their thoughts." He tells us that the English word "hell" is used sometimes to denote "the retired spot to which, in a popular game, the lad led a lass to exact the forfeit of a kiss;" but the conclusion would be preposterous that it is never used with a more solemn meaning in the present day. In the time of our Lord, that Gehenna referred to a valley near Jerusalem, all know; but, both from the state of opinion of that age, and the manner in which our Lord used the word, it is clear that He meant to convey a meaning such as we give to the word "hell" now—an indescribable, hopeless realm, the abode of lost souls.

We have dwelt at length on this part of the argument—because of its great importance. Not less surprising than the assertion of the character of Hebrew thought in the time of our Lord, is the author's exegesis of the passage in the writings of the Apostle Peter on the "Spirits in Prison." This will never do, although Mr. Cox advances it, apparently, as the keystone of his argument. Take it as we may, the *πνεύμασι* here agrees with *οὐσι* understood. The spirits were clearly in prison—"eo tempore quô Apostolus scribebat." Even if the forced interpretation were allowed, that Christ went into the prison to preach, and the last clause, which asserts that the period was "in the days of Noah, while the ark was a preparing," were not there; still we look in vain for any proof that our Lord enabled them, "on the bridge of His cross, to pass over the great gulf and enter into the joys of Paradise." True, if St. Peter held this faith, there is no reason why we should not too. *Credat Judæus.*

There can be no doubt that there is a chastisement of the Lord, which is for the profit of those who are exercised thereby; but we demur to the assertion that the design of punishment is to quicken life, to produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and to make partakers of the Divine holiness. The primary object of punishment is rather the vindication of law, than the improvement of the person condemned. Penal servitude and capital punishment are intended to deter others from crime, the reformation of the sufferer is a secondary consideration. When the New Testament speaks of eternal fire, it is not in purification that the meaning of the imagery will be found. That some punishments become reformatory we cannot question, but, assuredly, some are final. Alas, there is no gleam of hope in such a

passage as "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power." (2 Thess. i. 7—9). The punishment threatened here is not the punishment of reformation but of destruction, ὄλεθρον, absolute ruin; the last clause adds a terrible significance, for it is not only from the presence of the Lord, but from His glorious power, the source of all that is holy and good.

Let us test this assertion by applying it to a few passages. When the Apostle speaks of the enemies of the cross of Christ, and says, "Whose end is destruction" (Phil. iii. 19), he surely does not mean that they shall have to undergo a process of sanctifying punishment, but their end shall be glory. When he speaks of sudden destruction coming upon the unpenitent (1 Thess. v. 3), he certainly does not mean to say that their present incitements to repentance shall be suddenly changed to those that will be severer and more effective. When he speaks of men being drowned in destruction and perdition (1 Tim. vi. 9), he meant something other than being washed in other streams which would be found more successful with polluted souls. We cannot accept the opening up of the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus we find in this book. We fail to see that our Lord intended to teach by it that the future lot of the wicked will burn out selfishness and worldliness, and quicken the germs of charity and spirituality; its lesson is of a very different character. We admire the ingenuity, which, however, is but an illustration of how candid minds use the words of Scripture for defence of cherished opinions rather than the reception of truth. For one lesson of this awful parable is, "Beside all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot, neither can they pass to us that would come from thence." So this parable, which Protestant writers have generally relied upon for the confusion of the Romish error of purgatory, is, by our ingenious author, manipulated to prove the very reverse.

On a subject like this, the most becoming spirit is one of intense reverence and teachableness. The human mind is in revolt against God, few of the doctrines of the Gospel are palatable, some are eminently distasteful. The human heart considers the doctrine of everlasting punishment with no little repugnance, and gladly listens to any argument in favour either of future annihilation or of future restoration. Is this repugnance from heaven or from hell? Is it a remnant of the Divine likeness or an effect of the ruin of sin? This is the question. How shall it be settled? By an appeal to the Word of God. Mr. Cox has made that appeal, and it is suspicious that with all his acuteness he fails to find one passage which unmistakably asserts "the larger hope." He has given us one or more awful contortions of the Scriptural view, as advanced by erring man

But we must not forget that Mr. Boston, from whom he gives a terrible sentence, was a man of large heart. Should the doctrine be true, it is assuredly better to frankly avow it than attempt to explain it away. In the inspired description of the fall we are taught that the temptation was presumptively to question unpalatable statements of God. We reiterate that it is perilous to assert things are so, because we wish them to be so. It is far nobler to sustain a true belief which is repugnant to sinful man, than to substitute another for it which is less distasteful. We say this, because in many of the treatises recently published the authors frankly avow they started from feeling rather than Scripture. But Scripture is the true light. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Men would gladly rejoice to find the charming poetic conceptions of Andrew Jukes, in his work on the "Restitution of all Things," founded on a basis of scholarly argument. Their hearts would leap to find that the dream of "Festus" was more than a dream, and really a juster view of the Word of God. But we dare not substitute feeling for faith in religious belief. Beautiful indeed is the music of "In Memoriam," and the hopes it holds out. But as we read the Laureate's words, we recall a poem of loftier hope and greater sublimity which towers over them all; whose author had more daring conception than Bailey, and deeper insight than Tennyson; the very poem to give utterance to the thought of day, yet most ancient of the flowers of literature. The poet therein was troubled with the same problem, until fear came over him and made all his bones to shake. Then a spirit came, and in the silence a voice was heard, saying, "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

The phrase so often used, now "faintly trust the larger hope," reveals the secret of *Salvator Mundi*. In our modern worship of the "big," have we come to this, that our hopes are to be determined by size? If once the mind is allowed to accept hopes because of their more pleasing nature, those hopes may mislead the intellect. Men who are dazzled by some notion, often faintly trust it; and then, misled by it, seek to find it in the Word. Be it ever ours to seek the *truer* hope, whatever its extent may be. We dare not admit intuition as any test of principle. Our minds are blinded and dark, away from the true light. To us it may appear that restitution is more in accordance with Divine love than eternal punishment, but a fuller light may reverse our notion. The best hope is not that which appears to be largest, but that which is truest; and we would ever nurture the larger faith, which is yet the truer; that GOD KNOWS AND WILL DO WHAT IS MOST IN ACCORDANCE WITH INFINITE LOVE. IN THE TRUEST AND LARGEST FAITH WE HAVE THE TRUEST AND LARGEST HOPE AND THE TRUEST AND LARGEST CHARITY.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

IX.

THE journeys of the students in fulfilling their appointments were performed in a great variety of vehicles, from the carrier's cart, or market van, up to the well-appointed coach. Many preferred walking, when the weather was fine and the road pleasant, as not only conducive to health, but to a considerable saving of expense, a matter of some importance to us all. I do not remember that any one met with any serious accident, which was somewhat remarkable, considering how rude some of these vehicles were, and that in winter our journeys were mostly in the dark.

About this period coach-travelling had been brought to perfection. The fast coaches averaged ten miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages. It required, at least, a hundred and twenty horses to work such a coach between Bristol and London. Selected with great care, well matched as to size and pace, driven by coachmen bold and skilful in performing their work, kept in first-rate condition, with an unlimited supply of food—for the proprietors were well aware how much dearer horses were than hay and corn—they scarcely required the whip. With such a team, and a full complement of passengers, a mail-coach was a sight worth seeing. The Bristol and Bath coaches, and those from other towns, made the London road very lively. How we did bowl along in those days!

During my residence in Bristol, a company started a coach on the novel and most agreeable arrangement of no fees to coachmen, guards, waiters, or porters, at a fare of a guinea outside. We dined at Thatcham, a pleasant village in Berkshire, and, as the time was most punctually kept, dinner was on the table the moment we arrived. Well-cooked, with plenty of servants to wait, and ample time for the meal, it was a most enjoyable dinner, for which, I think, we paid half-a-crown. The passengers by the night coaches had here a capital tea and coffee supper.

Though the horses were changed some thirteen or fourteen times, not more than half-an-hour was lost in these frequent stoppages. I have seen one team taken out, and another put to, in less than a minute! The horses had seldom more than six hours' work in a week; but at the pace they were driven, it was like fighting, and they required prolonged rest to recover from the excessive strain put on them. I was much amused one day by my fellow-student, Mr. John Dyer, putting into my hands an advertising sheet, published at the close of the previous century, describing at considerable length the advantages presented by a coach about to be started to London; and this notice was displayed in type suited to its importance:

"And the proprietors solemnly pledge themselves, with the blessing of Almighty God, to perform the journey in the short space of three days!" The Bristol mail at that time was doing the same journey in twelve hours. Such was coaching fifty years ago.

I remember well my first visit to Paulton, and being introduced to Farmer Rossiter, who was quite a character in that neighbourhood before his conversion, and more so afterwards. Mr. Mursell's ministry was the means of bringing him to God. When the time drew nigh for his baptism and union to the Church, it was suggested that, as he was so large and heavy a man, some minister of greater physical power than Mr. Mursell should baptize him. He would not listen to any such a proposal. It should be Mr. Mursell, or no one. "Why, Farmer," said Mr. Mursell to him, "if I manage to put you down into the water, I shall never be able to get you up again." "Won't ee? you put Oi down, and Oi will get up again, depend on't." The service was held, and I have often heard it described as singularly solemn and affecting. The contrast between Mr. Mursell and the farmer was very striking. Every one who has heard Mr. Mursell knows how impressively ministerial duties are discharged by him. This was an occasion of touching interest both to him and his convert. The earnest, dignified manner of the one, and the childlike meekness of the other, who towered head and shoulders above every man in the place, constituted a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The ardent affection of Farmer Rossiter for Mr. Mursell was evident to all who had any social intercourse with him, and continued to the end of his days.

Shortly after this visit to Paulton, I was taking tea with Mr. Hall, who had not long before been preaching there, when he said, "Have you ever been to Paulton, sir? and have you seen Farmer Rossiter?" "Yes, Mr. Hall, I have." "Were you not much struck with him?" "I was, sir, as to his appearance manners, intelligence, and energy. Such an one as we don't meet with every day." "No, indeed, sir. Remarkable man, sir. He interested me the first moment I saw him, when I went into his house to light my pipe. After we got into conversation I could not get away. His talk was so racy, sir, and so original. Messages came from the friend at whose house I was to take tea, and I replied that I was at Farmer Rossiter's. It was not polite, I admit, sir; but the man was naturally a sort of phenomenon, and he was a marvellous instance of what the grace of God can do. Never go to Paulton without seeing Farmer Rossiter, sir. Such men of strong natural faculties, though unhewn and uncultivated, with ardent religious feelings, brace, one up, sir, like a breeze from the North."

Few things strike one more, by way of contrast, than the character of the Psalmody of those days and that of the present. It was hearty, certainly, and sufficiently energetic; but fitness of tunes to hymns, or expression in accordance with sentiment, or taste in execution, were

never thought of, at least in the more rural districts, and not, to any great degree, even in towns. Violins, flutes, clarionets, violincellos, and double basses, were common enough, and generally very rudely played. I remember, on one occasion, seeing a good man playing on the last-named instrument, and using the bow as energetically as if he were sawing a piece of mahogany. The afternoon was excessively hot, and, that he might do his work with more pleasure to himself, he took off his coat! It is hardly necessary to observe that in Broadmead we neither saw nor heard anything of this kind. There, the singing was simple, effective, and devout. It was superintended by Mr. Derrick, whose voice was by no means distinguished for sweetness or power. He was, moreover, partially deaf! But his taste as to the selection of tunes suitable to the hymns was remarkable. He saw in a moment if a pause in the tune would divide a word, and thus injure the effect and the sense of any stanza; consequently we never heard, in Broadmead, such breaks in the lines and words of the hymn. One of the members led the soprano with exquisite skill and taste. My now ancient friend, Mr. Ashmead, then a member of King Street Church, used to come occasionally to Broadmead, and take a seat with the choir, whom he greatly assisted with his fine voice. I often sat by his side, and had some valuable hints from him in psalmody, which I have not forgotten to this day. Mr. Hall frequently expressed to us the pleasure he felt when he had seen any of the students taking a place in the choir; and though not himself gifted with a musical voice, he intensely enjoyed singing as a part of Divine worship, and never failed to impress upon us the importance and advantage of being able, in case of need, to conduct it ourselves.

I may here be permitted to offer a remark or two on the notable improvement which has taken place in our Psalmody since these, now somewhat distant, times. Even in our villages, the singing is, for the most part, proper and becoming; and certainly far more in harmony with decorum and good taste. The publication of the PSALMIST, some forty years ago, had much to do in effecting this desirable change—if, indeed, its publication did not inaugurate it. The late Mr. Hawkins, a most accomplished amateur musician, endowed with a voice of wonderful compass, variety, and power, was the editor; the whole being harmonized by Vincent Novello. It soon found its way into the organ lofts of parish churches, and, subsequently, into many Nonconformist churches. Since then the publications of Mr. Hullah, Mr. Curwen, Mr. Waite, the blind minister from Hereford, have greatly advanced the character of Public Psalmody. Nor must we forget the "Weigh-House Service of Song;" and "Hymns Ancient and Modern"—a book, by-the-by, which needs careful watching by those who use it, because of the artful way in which some objectionable sentiments are, as it were, smuggled in; the collections of tunes, chants, and anthems, by Dr. Allon; and if last named, not the least in importance,

the "Bristol Tune Book," so simple, and so well adapted for general use. All of these works have contributed to the improvement of singing as a part of Divine Worship.

For many years the ministry of Dr. Thomas Price and John Howard Hinton was admirably supplemented and supported by the Psalmody conducted by Mr. Hawkins. Very many of the most intelligent and cultivated of the church and congregation, some of whom were distinguished for high musical ability, gathered round him at the weekly practice, which, in his hands, and those of my late highly-esteemed friend Mr. Edward Smith, became a truly devotional exercise, helping to harmonize the ministry with the worship, on the Lord's Day. The change thus briefly noticed has become nearly universal, for it has reached even Scotland, where it is, perhaps, more marked than in England—and it is one in which all devout persons can rejoice. It is difficult to exaggerate its importance, especially when we view it in relation to the apostolic precept, to "edify one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs." If any of the readers of the MAGAZINE should wish to trace it back to its origin, we may safely point them to the efforts and example of the friends who met for Divine worship in DEVONSHIRE SQUARE.

During the session of 1829-30 one of my fellow-students, Mr. Smith, of Ross, whom we greatly respected for his unaffected piety, was laid aside by an illness, which brought him to an early grave. On the occurrence of a few days' vacation, I left Bristol to pay him a visit. At Chepstow I hired a horse for two days, and a very sprightly one it seemed. But I had not gone far, before it turned out to be what is called, in stable language, "a daisy cutter," stumbling so often as to make it difficult to prevent a disastrous fall.

Going up the beautiful valley of the WYE, I stopped first at the far-famed "Wind Cliff." As we were ascending the path, the guide said to me, "Be you fond of scenery, sir?" "Yes, indeed, I am." "Then, please, doan't open y'r eyes 'till I tell 'ee." When we reached the summit, he turned me round on a small level platform, and with evident delight exclaimed—"There, now, you may open y'r eyes as wide as you like, and you'll see summat." The scene which presented itself was, certainly, one of exquisite beauty. The weather was exceedingly fine. A rich blue sky, over whose face were passing those delicate fleecy clouds, which we often see on a fine spring morning, throwing, on the landscape beneath, shadows as light as gossamer—the broad majestic Severn in the distance washing the feet of the Gloucester and Somerset hills—the Wye, winding and curling around the rich meadows spread out at our feet—the noble ruins of Chepstow Castle just below, with the bridge resting on its lofty pillars, and elegantly curved arches, constructed to suit a tide rising sometimes sixty feet—the beautiful hanging woods on every side—and the summits of the lofty hills of several distant counties—

made up a scene on which any one of taste would look, for the first time, in silent admiration.

At last I spoke. My guide at once said—"I see, sir, that you enjoys it, you do." "My good fellow, how do you know that?" "How do I know it, sir? Why, you don't chatter." "Well, now, tell me have you ever had any persons up here who *didn't* enjoy it?" "Only about two, I think, sir, and that wor last year. I took 'em by their looks for gene'lmen. But they worn't gene'lmen at all, for they hadn't the feelins of gene'lmen. For when I brought 'em up here, as I did you, sir, and tould them to open their eyes; sure enuf, they did, but not on that pictur out there, but on *me*, and said, 'Is this all?'" "Whatever reply did you make to that speech?" "I couldn't say a word, sir, but took to my heels, and ran down; for if I had stopped there another minnit, I should have poked 'em both over!" This guide was a man of great natural taste; for he pointed out, not only the more striking parts of the landscape, but some of the more delicate and beautiful, such as those on which an artist's eye delights to repose. Refinement of feeling, is, happily, not confined to any class. We often meet with it among the lowly, as well as among the cultured and high born. Wherever it exists it has power to draw together persons of widely diverse conditions, who can have fellowship with each other. This communion of spirit is the result of a law impressed on human nature—for "God created man in His image."

In this valley lies TINTERN ABBEY, beautiful even in ruins. What splendid places these Abbeys must have been before the rude hand of the spoiler touched them! They are almost always placed on fine sites, in the midst of fertile fields, near beautiful rivers, generally surrounded with hills more or less lofty, and crowned with the richest verdure. I had never before seen such ruins as these. How mingled are the feelings which a *first* view calls into play; they are so varied and singular that it is difficult to describe them. The system of religious life to which they owe their origin, the inmates and their habits, the scandals too often connected with them, the lordly state, and almost regal power of the Abbots, which, though often oppressive, was not unfrequently exercised to vindicate the cause of the poor against the tyranny of the rich; and the events which led to their overthrow, would naturally pass in review. Such a review, with the strong emotions it excited, combined with the impressive beauty of the ruins themselves, and the exquisite scenery lying all around, indelibly impressed on one's memory this first visit to TINTERN.

ROSS is beautifully situated, and has fine surroundings. From the higher parts of the town, one sees a most extensive prospect, containing nearly all the elements of the finest landscape. Having enjoyed it for a short time, I walked out to my friend's home, and was cordially welcomed by him and his family. He was, I soon found, fully aware of his condition, and our conversation, therefore, naturally turned to those great truths "most surely believed by us," and the

blessed hope the belief of them inspires. How subdued and mellowed our feelings are when death, though seen in the distance, is approaching us! The brightness and animation of young robust life had vanished. But he now displayed mental and moral qualities which previously none of us had observed. He was surrounded by an atmosphere of serenity and peace, and realized the truth of the promise, "at even-tide it shall be light." To him now, more than ever before, "faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Our feelings on the morrow, when parting, were very sorrowful, yet the interview was a refreshment and a joy.

In returning to Chepstow by the old road, I paid a visit to Raglan Castle, another splendid ruin, and once a strong fortress; and which gives one some idea of the power of the barons of "the olden time." Such ruins have great value as historical remains. They are as instructive as they are interesting. There is not, I believe, another instance of one nobleman having, on his property, three such remarkable ruins as Chepstow, Tintern, and Raglan.

Hitherto the ride had been most pleasant, and without any mishap, and I was congratulating myself on returning safely. But just as the lights of Chepstow appeared glimmering in the distance, the horse tripped, and made one of those long, scrambling falls, which neither rein, nor whip, nor spur could prevent. As he fell on his head, I slipped my feet out of the stirrups, and jumped over him, or he would have rolled me over in the road, where he lay as if shot. I was exceedingly annoyed, and finding he was very little hurt, I soon had him up again, and certainly did not fail, when handing him over to the ostler, to rebuke that functionary for bringing me such a miserable steed.

While taking tea, the proprietor called, and in a most blustering manner thus addressed me, "You have done a pretty job, you have, sir." "Indeed, pray what pretty job have I done?" "Done? why you have a throwed my horse down, and broke both his knees; and you must pay me for the damage." "Why, my man, do you think I would do such a foolish thing as that? Why, your horse threw me, and put my life in peril, and what compensation are you going to make me for *that?*" It was curious to watch his countenance, and, very much amused, I looked on in silence. He evidently felt the tables were turned, for he altered his tone, pleaded poverty, and hoped that, as a gentleman, I would consider him. "If you had spoken like that when you came in, I might have made you a present, though I have not exceeded, by one foot, the distance for which the horse was hired. But as you have tried to impose on what you thought to be my ignorance, there is your money, and you had better go."

But an incident occurred when the horse fell, which was, to me, both new and extraordinary; and which I will endeavour to describe. During the few moments which intervened between the stumble and

the horse's coming to the ground, I was thrown into a state of intense excitement, and a panorama of my life passed, as it were, before me. Persons, events, and circumstances of days long gone by, and which had been buried in one's memory, started up with a distinctness so vivid, that they were never forgotten any more. I had a new conception of the quickness and energy of the mental faculties. The incident left a solemn and abiding impression. Not long after, in conversation with a most intelligent friend, to whom I had mentioned the circumstance, I found a similar thing had happened to him. Since then, I have read of some other remarkable instances of the amazing power of the memory in moments of excitement. Often have I since felt, in a manner never felt before this happened, the deep solemnity of the words in the parable, "SON, REMEMBER." And when warning sinners of the awful end of a sinful life, and the future woe of the lost, it has struck me that the exercise of the memory, as indicated by such incidents, in keeping perpetually before the mind a picture of that life, gives us some insight into the meaning of the awful words which fell from our Saviour's lips—"WHERE THEIR WORM DIETH NOT, AND WHERE THEIR FIRE IS NOT QUENCHED."

NOTE.—By letters received from Rev. S. Allsop, of March, Cambridgeshire, and my friend, Mr. John Eastty, of London, I find that I must have misunderstood Mr. Anderson, who could not have referred to the late Mr. Melvill, at the time when he held the Golden Lectureship, as the dates do not coincide. Somehow, remote and recent memories were confused. I thank these friends for enabling me to make the correction.

The following note from the Rev. W. Bull, of Sutton-in-the-Elms, is curious and interesting:—

Sutton-in-the-Elms, near Lutterworth,
March 1*st*, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the last of the very interesting papers, "Reminiscences of Bristol," with which you have favoured us in the BAPTIST MAGAZINE, you quote the sentence—"The tears of repentant sinners are the wine of angels," which Mr. Hall severely criticised, as the saying of a modern popular preacher. It is, in reality, the literal translation of a saying of St. Bernard's. The Latin is, *Pœnitentium lacrymæ, vinum angelorum.* It is cited by Archbishop Trench in his Notes on the Parable of the Lost Piece of Money. (Luke xv.)

It shows that *tastes* differ, or, perhaps, that what are considered beauties of speech in one age and language, will not always bear being reproduced exactly in the same form in another language, and a later age.

I think you have done well in publishing the reminiscences of our *alma mater*, old Bristol.

I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours, W. BULL.

Rev. F. Trestrail.

Newport, Isle of Wight. F. T.

BAPTIST AUTHORS.

A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

IV.

ANDREW FULLER—PART III.

"THE Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation" was, as we have seen, Fuller's earliest treatise, and the one by which he became so widely known as an independent thinker. It was directed against the Ultra-Calvinism which rested like a blight upon most of the Dissenting and Evangelical Churches of that day, and maintained that it was the duty of all men cordially to believe in Christ. The young theologian by no means denied the existence of an universal inability, "but the more he examined the Scriptures the more he was convinced that all the inability ascribed to man, with respect to believing, arises from the aversion of his heart. They *will not* come to Christ that they may have life; *will not* hearken to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely; *will not* seek after God; and *desire not* the knowledge of His ways." The inability, in other words, was moral, not natural or physical, and hence the obligation to believe is inviolate—"As, for instance, if we should say of a dumb man he would not speak, no obligation to utter sound would rest upon him; but if such silence were the result of any powerful passion, we should describe his inability as moral, and so hold him accountable."

The position assumed by Mr. Fuller is as remote from Arminianism as from Ultra-Calvinism. "There is," he says, "no dispute about the doctrine of election, or any of the discriminating doctrines of grace. They are allowed on both sides, and it is granted that none ever did or ever will believe in Christ but those who are chosen of God from eternity. Neither is there any dispute concerning who ought to be encouraged to consider themselves as entitled to the blessings of the Gospel. Though sinners be freely invited to the participation of spiritual blessings, yet they have no interest in them while they continue in unbelief. . . . The question is not whether men are bound to do more than the law requires, but whether the law, as the invariable standard of right and wrong, does not require every man cordially to embrace whatever God reveals, ... whether that which is reported in the Gospel ought not to be believed with all the heart, and whether this be not saving faith. The question is not whether faith be required of sinners as a virtue, which, if complied with, shall be the ground of their acceptance with God, but whether it be not required as the appointed *means* of their salvation."

The arguments in favour of Mr. Fuller's position have since he wrote been thoroughly familiarised, and comparatively few would now call them in question. But at that time they had an appearance of novelty and daring, and exposed him to the charge of heterodoxy.

He marshals the proofs from Scripture with the confidence of one who feels that his ground is sure, as well as with the tenderness which seeks to persuade men. As an investigation into the teachings of Scripture, we know nothing finer or more conclusive; and scarcely less impressive is the manner in which he sounds the depths of human nature and shows that its voice harmonises with Scripture, and places the responsibility of man's unbelief not on God but on himself.

The book was assailed from opposite quarters. Hyper-Calvinists, Arminians, and Sandemanians entered the lists against its author, and endeavoured to overthrow his position. To specify the points to which they respectively, and for very different reasons, took exception would require more space than we can spare. And, for the same reason, we must be content with a simple reference to Mr. Fuller's "Defence" of the treatise, his "Strictures on Sandemanianism," &c. This only will we say, that the bulk of his arguments seem to us absolutely unanswerable. In most cases he maintains his ground with ease. If there is any direction in which he is not thoroughly at home, and lacks the skill of a master, it is in the region of pure metaphysics. In this branch of study his strength is not conspicuous, and a wider acquaintance with its literature would have given him a more complete triumph over his antagonists. Whether it would, in an equal degree, have increased the popularity and the general effectiveness of his writings may be questioned. We are inclined to think that it would not. He appealed to men on the grounds of common practical sense, and dealt with the questions in dispute in a manner which won the approval of at least the majority of those who were not trammelled by a false system. That "The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation" effected a powerful change in the doctrinal belief of our churches, and a no less marked change in the style of preaching, is a mater of simple history. Andrew Fuller has, on this ground, done a work which few have surpassed, and by it "he being dead still speaketh."

His ablest work is, without doubt, "THE GOSPEL ITS OWN WITNESS; or, The Holy Nature and Divine Harmony of the Christian Religion Contrasted with the Immorality and Absurdity of Deism." It is a refutation of the deisms of Tom Paine and other infidel writers. The arguments are almost entirely of the *à posteriori* order, and give full scope to Mr. Fuller's peculiar powers. Here, if anywhere, the real greatness of the man appears. He writes with a calm confidence in the integrity and ultimate triumph of his cause. "The writer of the following pages is not induced to offer them to the public eye from an apprehension that the Church of Christ is in danger. Neither the downfall of Popery, nor the triumph of infidels, as though they had hereby overturned Christianity, has ever been to him the cause of a moment's uneasiness. If Christianity be of God, as he verily believes it to be, they cannot overthrow

He must be possessed of but little faith who can tremble, though in a storm, for the safety of the vessel which contains his Lord and Master."

In his Introduction, he explains, in a few pithy words, the drift of his argument. He proposed to deal only with the *internal evidence* which Christianity possesses. Other writers have proved the validity of the Christian history, and have shown that we have conclusive evidence for the truth of its narratives.

> But if, in addition to this, it can be proved that the Scriptures contain internal characteristics of Divinity, or that they carry in them the evidence of their authenticity, this will at once answer all objections from the supposed uncertainty of historical evidence.
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> Historians inform us of a certain valuable medicine called *Mithridate*, an antidote to poison. It is said that this medicine was invented by Mithridates, King of Pontus; that the receipt of it was found in a cabinet, written with his own hand, and was carried to Rome by Pompey: that it was translated into verse by Damocrates, a famous physician, and that it was afterwards translated by Galen, from whom we have it. Now, supposing this medicine to be efficacious for its professed purpose, of what account would it be to object to its professed history? If a modern caviller should take it into his head to allege that the preparation had passed through so many hands, and that there is so much hearsay and uncertainty attending it, that no dependence can be placed upon it, and that it had better be rejected from our *Materia Medica*, he would be asked, *Has it not been tried and found to be effectual; and that in a great variety of instances?* Such are Mr. Paine's objections to the Bible, and such is the answer that may be given him.

And that answer is given very effectually. In the first part of the work, Mr. Fuller enlarges on the holy nature of the Christian religion as contrasted with the immorality of Deism. Christianity reveals a God glorious in holiness, and not one who is almost destitute of moral qualities. It teaches us to worship Him, and devote ourselves to His service, and does not leave us to our own corrupt will. It sets up a pure and adequate standard of morality, supplies us with an adequate motive power, or "moral dynamic," promotes the virtue, the peace, and the happiness of men as only a religion from God could. Some of the chapters are written with immense power. Take the following passage:—

> Mr. Paine not only avoids the mention of "walking humbly with God," but attempts to load the practice itself with the foulest abuse. He does not consider himself as "an outcast, a beggar, or a worm;" he does not approach his Maker through a mediator; he considers redemption a fable, and himself as standing in an honourable situation with regard to his relation to the Deity. Some of this may be true, but not the whole. The latter part is only a piece of religious gasconade. If Mr. Paine really thinks so well of his situation as he pretends, the belief of an hereafter would not render him the slave of terror. But, allowing the whole to be true, it proves nothing. A high conceit of oneself is no proof of excellence. If he choose to rest upon this foundation, he must abide the consequence; but he had better have forborne to calumniate others. What is it that has transported this child of reason into a paroxysm of fury against devout people? By what spirit is he inspired in pouring forth such a torrent of slander? Why is it that he must accuse their humility of "ingratitude," their grief of "affectation," and their prayers of being "dic-

tatorial" to the Almighty? "Cain hated his brother. And wherefore hated he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." Prayer and devotion are things that Mr. Paine should have let alone, as being out of his province. By attempting, however, to deprecate them, he has borne witness to the devotion of Christians, and fulfilled what is written in a book he affects to despise—"Speaking evil of the things which he understands not."

The social disintegration that would result from the supremacy of self-love is forcibly pointed out.

If our supreme affection terminate on ourselves, and no being created or uncreated be regarded but for our own sakes, it is manifest that there can be no union beyond the sphere in which other beings become voluntarily subservient to our wishes. The Supreme Being, if our plan do not comport with His, will be continually thwarting us; and so shall we be always at variance with *Him*. And as to created beings, those individuals whom we desire to be subservient to our wishes, having the same right and the same inclination to require that we should be subservient to theirs, will also be continually thwarting us; and so we shall always be at variance with *them*. In short, nothing but an endless succession of discord and confusion can be the consequence. Every one setting up for pre-eminence, every one must, of course, contribute to the general state of anarchy and misery which will pervade the community. Such is, in fact, the state of this apostate world; and, but for Divine Providence, which for wise ends balances all human affairs, causing one set of evils to counteract the influence of another, and all to answer ends remote from the intention of the perpetrators, it must be overset by its own disorders.

Again:—

Ancient philosophers have taught many things in favour of morality, so far, at least, as respects justice and goodness towards our fellow-creatures; but where are the motives by which the minds of the people, or even their own minds, have been moved to a compliance with them? They framed a curious machine, but who among them could discover a power to work it? What principles have appeared in the world under the name either of philosophy or religion that can bear a comparison with the following? "God so loved the world," &c. [Then follows a series of quotations.] . . . . . These are the motives by which Christians in every age have been induced to practise that morality which, while writing against Christianity, Paine, Bolingbroke, and many others have been compelled to applaud. But the far greater part of them are rejected by deists, and what will they substitute of equal efficacy in their place? The love of Christ constraineth *us*; but what have they to constrain *them*? Will self-love, or the beauty or utility of virtue answer the purpose? Let history and observation determine.

The second part of the treatise, which discusses the harmony of the Christian religion, is equally effective. The sections on the fulfilment of prophecy, on the agreement of Scripture with the dictates of conscience, and on the spirit and style of Scripture, are quite equal to Fuller's average. But in the last two chapters he rises to a far higher strain, and reaches a height to which even his massive powers were rarely equal. The former of these chapters is on "The Consistency of the Christian Doctrine, particularly that of Salvation through a Mediator, with Sober Reason," and contains not only a magnificent vindication of the central truth of the Gospel, but the celebrated illustration from the proceedings of a king and his son, consequent on the disaffection and rebellion of a part of the army—an illustration which has rendered

invaluable service in the endeavours subsequently made to elucidate this great theme. The other chapter is on "The Consistency of the Scripture doctrine of Redemption with the Modern Opinion of the Magnitude of Creation," and the highest testimony to its worth is found in the fact that it suggested the argument of the most brilliant and effective series of sermons either of ancient or modern times—the "Astronomical Discourses" of Dr. Chalmers.

In the treatise which ranks next in importance to this masterly refutation of Deism, "The Calvinistic and Socinian Systems compared as to their Moral Tendency," Mr. Fuller pursues a precisely similar line of argument in relation to what is popularly, but (as he justly contends) incorrectly, known as Unitarianism. The conditions of the conflict have doubtless changed since this dissertation was produced. The frigid materialism of Dr. Priestley, the dry and jejune rationalizings of Belsham and Lindsay have little in common with the glowing enthusiasm and reverential love of Channing, or the refined spiritual culture and the lofty aspiration of James Martineau. To meet that which is peculiar to men of this stamp, we must have recourse to other arguments than those employed by Mr. Fuller. But even here the variation will frequently be in form more than in substance; and in relation to the essential idea of the Unitarian faith—the idea which underlies all the modifications of it, both in England and America—Mr. Fuller's work is as applicable to-day as it was at the commencement of the century. The demonstration of the deity of Our Lord is as conclusive, as any demonstration outside the sphere of mathematics can be. And of the tendencies of the Evangelical and Socinian systems, no candid reader can, we think, be left in a moment's doubt. If they are to be tested by their fruits, we can have no hesitation in saying, which of the two is of God. We very strongly direct attention to this work, and urge all our readers who are interested in the controversy to make themselves familiar with its contents. They will find in it a storehouse of wise and powerful thought,—an armoury from which they can be furnished with weapons whose worth has been often tried, and which modern culture can neither blunt nor destroy.

Our notice has necessarily been restricted to Mr. Fuller's principal works. Although there are others of scarcely less worth, we cannot now venture to enlarge upon them. The delightful "Memoirs of Samuel Pearce," the "Letters on Systematic Divinity," the essays on "Spiritual Pride" and "The Backslider," demand a passing notice. There is scarcely a question of special moment in connection with the doctrines, the ritual, and the ethics of Scripture, on which Fuller will not yield us solid instruction. He is best remembered as the man who freed our churches from the meshes of a deadly Antinomianism, and brought them into the large and fertile fields of Scriptural truth. He has shown us that faith is a moral act, comprising more than the assent of the intellect, and calling into play the energy of the whole

man. He has proved it to be a duty, incumbent on all who hear the Gospel, and thereby he effected a revolution in the tone of our preaching. Our ministers are no longer afraid to exhort sinners to repent and turn to God. He further showed the unscripturalness of many current notions of the Atonement—especially of those which were cast in grossly commercial mould, while of the vicarious and substitutionary nature of Our Lord's sufferings, he has furnished us with many decisive illustrations. In the conflict with sceptical and Socinian errors, he achieved an evident triumph, and the entire Church is, on these grounds, his debtor.

If he has not cleared away all the difficulties whose pressure has obstructed the progress of human investigation, he has but failed where the keenest thinkers of all ages have declared success to be unattainable. If he has left many questions unsolved, it is because they are by their very nature insoluble. Sir William Hamilton claimed for his philosophy that it brought us back from the aberrations of modern theology to the truth and simplicity of the more ancient church. The same claim might, with equal justice, have been advanced by Andrew Fuller, and he also might have written (in reference not only to the question which Hamilton specifies but to several others no less important)—

> It is here shown to be as irrational as irreligious, on the ground of human understanding, to deny, either on the one hand the foreknowledge, predestination, and free grace of God, or on the other the free will of man; that we should believe both, and both in unison, though unable to comprehend either, even apart. This philosophy proclaims, with St. Augustin, and Augustin in his maturest writings, "If there be not free grace in God, how can He save the world; and if there be not free will in man, how can the world by God be judged?" Or, as the same doctrine is perhaps even better expressed by St. Bernard—"Abolish free will, and there is nothing to be saved; abolish free grace, and there is nothing wherewithal to save." St. Austin repeatedly declares the conciliation of the foreknowledge, predestination, and free grace of God, with the free will of man, to be "a most difficult question, intelligible only to a few." Had he denounced it as a fruitless question, and (to understanding) soluble by none, the world might have been spared a large library of acrimonious and resultless disputation. This conciliation is of the things to be believed, not understood. The futile attempts to harmonize these antilogies, by human reasoning to human understanding, have originated conflicting systems of theology, divided the Church, and, as far as possible, dishonoured religion.
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> "Vain wisdom all and false philosophy."

NATURAL SCIENCE AND FREE THOUGHT.

[The following extract from Professor Virchow's lecture before the Conference of German Naturalists at Munich affords convincing proof that the Darwinian theory is not universally accepted by the *savants* of the day. Dr. Virchow is Professor of Pathology in the University of Berlin, and a scientist of the highest repute. His testimony assumes extraordinary importance from the fact that he is as thoroughly sceptical of Revealed religion as any of the Evolutionists of England. The whole discourse will, we hope, soon appear in an English dress.—Ed.]

I WILL cite one more example by way of illustration. There are at this time few students of nature who are not of opinion that man stands in some connection with the rest of the animal kingdom, and that such a connection may possibly be discovered, if not with the apes, yet perhaps, as Herr Vogt now supposes, at some other point. I freely acknowledge that this is a *desideratum* in science. I am quite prepared for such a result, and I should neither be surprised nor astonished if the proof were produced that man had ancestors among other vertebrate animals. You are aware that I am now specially engaged in the study of anthropology; but I am bound to declare that every positive advance which we have made in the province of pre-historic anthropology has actually removed us further from the proof of such a connection. Anthropology is at present occupied with the question of fossil man. We have gone back from the man of the present "period of creation" into the quarternary age, the time respecting which Cuvier still maintained most distinctly that, speaking generally, man did not yet exist. But in our day the quarternary man is a fact universally accepted—the quarternary man is no longer a problem, but a real doctrine. The tertiary man, on the contrary, is a problem the material evidence of which is now under discussion. There already exist objects with regard to which it is disputed whether they are to be accepted as proofs of the existence of man in the tertiary period. We are no longer making mere speculations on the point; but we are debating about distinct specimens, whether they can be acknowledged as evidence of the activity of man in the tertiary period. The question proposed receives different answers, according as material objects are deemed sufficient evidence or not. Eminent churchmen even, such as the Abbé Bourgeois, are convinced that men lived in the tertiary period. For them the tertiary man is now an actual doctrine; for us, who are of a somewhat more critical disposition, the tertiary man is still only a problem; but, we must acknowledge, a problem fit for discussion. Let us, then, in what we have now to say, keep provisionally to the quarternary man, whom we really find. When we study this fossil man of the quarternary period, we must of course have stood comparatively near our primitive ancestors in the series of descent, or rather

of ascent; we always find a man just such as men are now. As recently as ten years ago, whenever a skull was found in a peat bog, or in pile-dwellings, or in ancient caves, people fancied thep saw in it a wonderful token of a savage state still quite undeveloped. They smelt out the very scent of the ape—only the trail has gradually been lost more and more. The old troglodites, pile-villagers, and bog people prove to be quite a respectable society. They have heads so large that many a living person would be only too happy to possess such. Our French neighbours, indeed, have warned us against inferring too much from these big heads. It may have been that their contents were not merely nerve-substance, but that the ancient brains may have had more connecting tissues than is now usual, and that, in spite of the size of the brain, their nerve-substance may have remained at a lower stage of development. This, however, is but the sort of familiar talk which is employed in some measure as a support of weak minds. On the whole, we must really acknowledge that there is a complete absence of any fossil type of a lower stage in the development of man. Nay, if we gather together the whole sum of the fossil man hitherto known, and put them parallel with those of the present time, we can decidedly pronounce that there are among living men a much greater number of individuals who show a relatively inferior type than there are among the fossils known up to this time. Whether it is just the highest geniuses of the quartenary period that have had the good luck to be preserved to us, I will not venture to surmise. Our usual course is to argue from the character of a single fossil object to the generality of those not yet found. This, however, I will not do. I will not affirm that the whole race was as good as the few skulls that have survived. But one thing I must say—that not a single fossil skull of an ape or of an anthropoid ape has yet been found that could really have belonged to a human being. Every addition to the amount of objects which we have obtained as materials to discuss has removed us further from the hypothesis propounded. Besides, we cannot entirely set aside the consideration that it may perhaps have been only in a particular position on the earth that the men of the tertiary period lived. This might be just as possible as in the case of the remarkable discovery made of late years in North America, that the fossil ancestors of our horses are found in regions where the horse itself has long since entirely disappeared. When America was discovered it was generally horseless. In the region where the ancestors of our horses lived, there was not a living horse found. Just so it may be that the tertiary man once existed in Greenland or Lemuria, and will still be brought to light somewhere or other out of the depths. Only, as a matter of fact, we must positively recognise that as yet there always exists a sharp line of demarcation between man and the ape. We cannot teach, we cannot pronounce it to be a conquest of science, that man descends from the ape or from any

other animal. We can only indicate it as an hypothesis, however probable it may seem, and however obvious a solution it may appear. From the repeated experience of the past we ought to take a signal warning lest we should unneccessarily impose on ourselves the obligation, or succumb to the temptation, to draw conclusions at a time when we are not justified in so doing. Believe me, gentlemen, herein lies the great difficulty for every student of nature who addresses the world without. Whoever speaks or writes for the public is bound, in my opinion, to examine with twofold exactness how much of that which he knows and says is objectively true. He is bound to take the greatest possible care that all the merely inductive generalisations which he makes, all his extended conclusions according to the laws of analogy, however obvious they may seem, be printed in smaller type under the text, and that in the text itself he put nothing but what is really objective truth. Thus, gentlemen, we might surely hope to gain an ever-enlarging circle of adherents, to obtain an ever greater number of fellow-workers, to see the educated public take a further interest in science, with those fruitful results which have already been witnessed in many of its domains. Or else, gentlemen, I fear that we shall over-estimate our power. With perfect truth did Bacon say of old, "*Scientia est potentia.*" But he also defined that knowledge, and the knowledge he meant was not speculative knowledge, not the knowledge of hypotheses, but it was objective and actual knowledge. Gentlemen, I think we should be abusing our power, we should be imperilling our power, unless in our teaching we restrict ourselves to this perfectly legitimate, this perfectly safe and unassailable domain. From this fortress we may make incursions into the field of problems, and I am sure that every venture of that kind will then find all needful security and support.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

WHEN the last general election summarily dismissed the Gladstone Government, it was cynically remarked by some one that the nation had simply got tired of being severely virtuous, and especially of "hearing Aristides called just." The logic of such a reason required that the next Government should draw a good broad streak of vice, or, at the very least, of erratic virtue, across its rule, and permit the nation to indulge its desire to "feel wicked" for a spell. The logic of facts has singularly confirmed the cynical hypothesis. The Government cannot be accused of being righteous

overmuch. It would be hard to mention a single failing in the national character which the Beaconsfield *régime* has not stimulated into unwonted activity, and endowed with power. It is not probable that history will concern itself very much with the doings of the present Parliament except to refer to it as an expression of temporary aberration, mental or moral, of the nation at large. Unless the Premier can connect his name with a great crime—such as setting Europe in a blaze by making war on Russia—the Macaulay of the future will only refer to him as the histrionic minister whom the nation raised to power in its fits of temporary insanity, that he might dazzle it with illusions or indulge its caprices.

We are not concerned greatly to deplore an occasional interval of Tory rule; what we do deplore is the pernicious effect on the national life and character of a rule which is not honestly one thing or another —which is not honestly what it calls itself. A Government with Lord Derby or Lord Carnarvon or the Marquis of Salisbury at its head would be perfectly comprehensible. It would be unflinchingly Tory of course, but then it would be unmistakably respectable. It could never be Machiavelian. It would never be suspected of cherishing designs inconsistent with patriotism or loyalty to the constitution. It would never so far forget its baronial traditions as to drag the crown from its safe position as a lay figure in the Government to make it mischievous as an active factor in party politics. It would not alarm us by its dramatic vagaries, disgust us by its vulgarity, or rouse our indignation by its want of probity. It might be stupidly conservative or blindly reactionary, but it would never consent to sustain itself in power by truckling to the wild impulses of a mob, and, at least, it would be to the heart's core English, and would jealously guard the national honour.

But what have we? Every sober-minded man must shudder at the signs of national demoralization which for four years have been increasing all around; and still more when he observes that this decay of high principle is directly encouraged by the highest officials of the State. For that the rule of Lord Beaconsfield is working unspeakable mischief, by lowering the tone of political morality, is doubted by none but its most unscrupulous partizans. It is discouraging to discover what large masses of people there are, even in this highly civilized England, to whom "brilliance," and cunning, and brag, and brute force, and clever trickery are more than all great principles or moral laws; but it is infinitely more discouraging to see these masses petted and pampered, and used for party purposes, by the responsible rulers of the nation. When the Prime Minister received a deputation from the notorious Cannon Street meeting, when he dignified the roughs who formed it as "the citizens of London," and thanked them for their "spontaneous expression of confidence in her Majesty's Government," he gave imperial sanction to rioting and rowdyism as legitimate features of political controversy. The subsequent disgrace-

ful scenes in Hyde Park and the smashing of Mr. Gladstone's windows were the natural results of his own conduct. It will be strange if the lesson is not well learned.

It was humiliation enough to see a Prime Minister of England, as if his title had been Earl of Cock-a-doodle-doo, crowing defiance of a friendly power at a Lord Mayor's banquet, and bragging about the number of campaigns the country could go through without reaching the end of its resources. It is worse than humiliation to have the most ignorant and excitable classes of the population carefully taught to regard the same friendly power as "our natural enemy," on whom it is right to make war, cause or no cause. It is worse than humiliation to have it instilled into the public mind that nothing but a selfish regard for "British interests" should regulate our intercourse with other nations. It is worse than humiliation that the young men of England should see honour and truth deliberately sacrificed to the exigences of party, as if falsehood and fraud became virtues by being promoted to a Cabinet.

We cannot pretend to mourn over the obvious weakness and incoherence of modern Toryism. These are simply incidental to its reluctance either to break with the past or to relinquish the present. It is putting new wine into old bottles; but as we set no value at all on the bottles, we do not regret their bursting. The policy of the Conservative Government is weak and vacillating and self-contradictory, because at every move it has to attempt the reconciliation of incompatibilities; because it can only sustain itself in power by pandering to a democracy which it hates, from which it recoils, but which it must conciliate,—a necessity which compels it to depend for leadership on the least scrupulous of its adherents.

We do, however, and honestly, regret to see a great historical party, merely that it may hold office, submitting to the leadership of a man whom it neither trusts nor honours, and who, on his side, respects neither its principles, its prejudices, nor its pride.

But all this is as nothing to the effect likely to be produced on the morals of the people—that the young and thoughtless should be encouraged to sneer at political morality, and to regard unscrupulous cleverness as the highest qualification for governing the country; this is ominous for the future, and cannot fail to fill with anxious foreboding every man who believes that only "righteousness exalteth a nation."

Tennyson.

Mr. Tennyson's new poem, "The Revenge," which leads in the "Nineteenth Century" for March, will add nothing to the fame of its author. The critics evidently do not know what to do with it. *The Spectator* admits that it is not a great poem, nor one of the best of Tennyson's songs, but says that "it contains some ringing lines, and

is full of the fire that should penetrate the ballad"; and with this "faint praise" its criticism ends. All who truly love Tennyson will be sorry that he has written it, just as they were sorry when, a few years ago, he produced "I stood on a tower in the wet"; but we like this later production even less than the earlier one. After all, "I stood on a tower in the wet," notwithstanding its feeble verbiage and circular movement, really did suggest to the imagination a scene of wild grandeur—the weird loneliness of the watcher, the gloom, the rush of the tempest, the meeting of the waters—which was but little below the sublime. The conception was every way worthy of the poet, it was only the execution that was at fault. But in the story of "The Revenge" the theme itself is not worthy of the poet's pen. The foolhardiness of Sir Richard Grenville, in attacking a fleet of fifty-three Spanish ships of war with his one small vessel with only a hundred fighting men on board, cannot be held up to admiration; and the English Admiral who should imitate the deed to-day—if he survived his temerity—would be tried by court-martial and shot. Nor can the last order of Sir Richard Grenville be pronounced anything but savage barbarism. The strange conflict had lasted until "The Revenge" was torn and riddled with shot and could fight no longer; forty of the men were killed; of the ninety sick who before the fight had been placed in the hold, "most were stark and cold," and the Commander himself was fatally wounded;—

> "But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,
> We have fought such a fight for a day and a night
> As may never be fought again!
> We have won great glory, my men!
> And a day less or more
> At sea or ashore,
> We die, does it matter when?
> Sink me the ship, Master Gunner,—sink her, split her in twain!
> Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain."

Our sympathies go with the crew, who, thinking of their children and wives, resisted the inhuman order, and surrendered to the Spaniard. We cannot see the vast difference betweem Sir Richard Grenville's "heroic order," and that of a captain of a merchant-ship, who orders his vessel to be scuttled in mid-ocean that he may gain by insurance. There is a certain mercenary meanness in the latter case, but the brutality is much the same in both. Yet it is to this closing scene in the story of "The Revenge" that youthful readers—fond of daring deeds—will turn with most zest, and we regret that they will not meet with a single word to remind them that inhumanity is not heroic, nor fool-hardiness brave.

Did Mr. Tennyson's position as Poet Laureate impose on him the obligation to do something at this particular juncture to excite the military enthusiasm of the nation? If so, we are not sorry that he has failed. It would be sacrilege to use his powers for such a purpose

The poet should be a preacher of peace and brotherhood, not of war and bloodshed.

We hope Mr. Tennyson will not adopt the advice tendered him by *The Spectator* to "give us, now that he is in the vein, the song which all Englishmen would recognise as expressing to the full the genius of the people for effort and for fight;" especially capped as it is by the following *naïve* admission that he could not possibly do it without being untrue to himself!—"No one can do it like himself, if only he will not write down to a people which feel him most when he is most himself in his most thoughtful mood." Very true! therefore he won't try it. The result at its best could only be, as in his first and latest failures, a dose of "Grantham gruel: nine grits and a gallon of water."

Two Parliamentary Bills.

Not much in the shape of domestic legislation is to be expected from the present Session of Parliament, and, all things considered, perhaps the less the better. Until the irrepressible Eastern Question is out of the way, the country is in no mood to watch the action of the Legislature on any matter but "our foreign policy;" and when it is out of the way, both country and Parliament will require breathing time before they can settle down to less exciting questions of home policy. Indeed, already the House of Commons seems to be at a loss what to do with its time; and it might be an advantage to all concerned if, till the end of the Session, the Members were to adopt the rule of the Peers of not meeting till five o'clock, and going home to dinner at seven. Two Bills, however, now before the House, are of considerable public interest, and deserve attention.

"A Bill to Amend the Law relating to Vaccination," brought in by Mr. Pease and others, is substantially the same as one which our late beloved friend, Mr. Candlish, made, if we remember rightly, repeated attempts to carry over a second reading. It remains to be seen whether the promoters of the new Bill will be more successful. Probably they won't. But as it, or something like it, must pass sooner or later, our readers will do well to make themselves acquainted with its bearings.

The anti-vaccination movement can scarcely be called great, in the sense of being wide-spread; but its adherents and advocates are intelligent, persistent, conscientious, and, for the most part, occupying a social position which gives importance and influence to their action. Distinguished, in this matter, by unbending resolution and unfaltering loyalty to conviction, they are precisely the people whom it is impossible to reduce to obedience to a law which their consciences condemn. They may be very unwise, but they are unmistakably decided. They will go to prison, but they won't bring their children to be vaccinated. Fine them, they pay the fine and go away as

inflexible as ever; and society feels that it has been discomfited by a handful of men whose very immobility turns defeat to victory, and brings the law into contempt. Of course, such people are very disagreeable. People who cannot conform their opinions and conduct to the established order of things always are disagreeable, always have been, from St. Paul downwards, and always will be. And the average Englishman has a decided antipathy to "people with a crotchet." He gets "exceeding mad" against them if he is obliged to punish them for it; perhaps, because he has an uncomfortable feeling that to punish people for not doing what they cannot do without violence to conscience, is very like persecution,—and he has a healthy objection to persecution for conscience sake, specially when it takes the form of fine or imprisonment. So he fumes and storms, and perhaps pays the fine for them, to ease his mind, and then growls his wonder "why they cannot be reasonable, and obey the law like other people."

Ah, why indeed! But since some of them clearly cannot, it may be well to ask next, Can any measure be devised by which the due authority of the law can be maintained, and these tender or mistaken consciences spared?

Of course, it would be absurd to say that a law must be relaxed or repealed because somebody objects to it; or that provision should be made by which it could be broken with impunity. But with regard to the Vaccination Acts, we think it must be admitted that the sanitary value of vaccination, as a preventive of small-pox, is by no means so *incontestibly* established as to warrant its being made universally compulsory, at all costs. We ourselves believe it is a preventive, and quite concur in the law as it stands. But many of our friends feel otherwise, and are able to produce a vast weight of evidence which seems to show that it is not only worthless but injurious. They could not possibly have their child vaccinated, for they would feel that they were wantonly doing it an irreparable injury. Now what is to be done with these people? We think Mr. Pease's Bill, which lies before us, adequately provides for their case while carefully guarding the authority of the law. It consists of a single clause, which we give:—

"*After the passing of this Act*, no parent of a child shall be liable to be convicted for neglecting to take, or cause to be taken, such child to be vaccinated or for disobedience to any order directing such child to be vaccinated, if either-

(*a.*) He has been previously adjudged to pay the full penalty of twenty shillings for any such offences with respect to such child; or,

(*b.*) He has been previously twice adjudged to pay any penalty for any such offences in respect of such child."

It may be feared by some that this relaxation of the law will encourage the neglect of vaccination by those who are merely careless. We do not think so. People who have no invincible objection to vaccination, but who, through sheer heedlessness or indolence might be disposed to neglect it, will be kept up to the mark, as the

are now, by the penalties which neglect would involve. On the other hand, people who have such an objection cannot be made to obey the present law by any penalty that can be devised, and to inflict upon them fine after fine is worse than useless; it creates sympathy with them, and brings the law into contempt. Let them be adjudged to pay the full penalty for each case of failing to comply with the law, and there let the matter end. They will have no right to complain of having to pay for the privilege of refusing obedience to a law which the rest of their countrymen think of vast importance to the public welfare.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of THE FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS BILL of the Home Secretary, and which has already passed through committee in the House of Commons. In many respects it is an admirable and timely measure. Not the least of its excellences is the successful manner in which it codifies the law on factories and workshops. No fewer than sixteen previous Acts are repealed by it, all of their provisions which it has been thought well to retain being embodied in the new measure. There is only one feature in it to which we take serious exception, and which we trust the Upper House will greatly modify or entirely remove. The Bill is designedly drawn *so as to include under the heading of Workshops all private dwelling-houses in which any handicraft is carried on for gain, even though only the family of the occupier are employed.* Should the Bill become law, every such dwelling-house will be placed under the law regulating workshops, and will be subject to Government inspection. Whether it would ever be possible to enforce such a law, whether, indeed, it would ever be seriously attempted, may be reasonably doubted. There are thousands of homes in which the mother and daughters are engaged in some simple handicraft, such as dress-making, straw-plaiting, lace-making, &c. These are scattered all over the country, but chiefly, perhaps, the rural districts; it would require an army of inspectors to prevent the systematic evasion of the law, and their domiciliary visitations would cause an amount of irritation which would hardly be conducive to popular respect for authority. That *children* should be protected against the "greed of gain," which would set them to work at an untimely age to the injury of their health and the neglect of their education, all will admit; but this is sufficiently secured by the Education Act, and need not have been again provided for in a new Bill.

Nor can we forget, while looking at this feature of the Bill, that it is an interference with the freedom of only one class in society, and that it operates to check, not their vice and prodigality, but their thrift and industry. If a widow and her daughters are working for gain, they must on no account, even in their own home, work beyond nine o'clock in the evening, or more than ten and a half hours a day. But if they work for pleasure, there is no limit to their freedom. With the theatre, the ball-room, the concert hall, the Bill does not meddle.

Children and young people may sit there till midnight every night in the week, till both body and mind are wrecked; there is no restraint. It is only the thrift of the industrial classes that needs to have a check placed upon it! A law so delicately poised on the confines of class legislation will require to be delicately applied if it is not to excite popular discontent.

Mr. Gladstone's Retirement.

Those who note the under-currents of social life, and particularly the singular confusion of political parties since the last general election, will be likely to feel that there is more significance in Mr. Gladstone's announcement of his intention to retire from the representation of Greenwich than appears on the surface of his letter, or perhaps than he himself is conscious of. Should it prove to be the prelude to his retirement frem Parliamentary life, it will close an era and mark a new point of departure for all forms of political opinion and action. The nation will feel that it is stepping out into an unknown path, with no one on whom it can depend for guidance. It is safe to say that, except Lord Beaconsfield, who is followed by the Conservatives sullenly, and by the roughs thoughtlessly, there is not a single politician but Mr. Gladstone who has a following sufficient to justify his assuming command of a party. There was never more need of him in the House of Commons than during the present reign of Tory insolence and Liberal anarchy; but there is little for him to *do*, except to keep watch on the party in power, and alarm the country when they threaten to be dangerous. For the last three years his best work, his most useful work, has been done outside the House; but that the man who should be at the helm, guiding the destinies of the empire, should be employed in teaching elementary politics, is not creditable to the nation.

And it must be admitted, not without a sense of shame, that the country has at present no place to offer Mr. Gladstone that is worthy of his character and genius—none in which he could use his great powers with the best effect for the highest ends. Not that the country is Tory, as the Tories fondly dream; but that it is perplexed, has no policy, and does not know what to do next. To Mr. Gladstone belongs the rare honour of having successfully settled the blazing questions of the last generation, and as yet no others have come up. We have reached the era of small measures and little men, of whom Parliament is the paradise. Apart from the Eastern difficulty, which, we may hope, will soon be out of the way, there is absolutely nothing ripe enough for legislative action but what second and third-rate men can very well attend to. Nor is it easy to guess how long this state of things will last. Its alteration will probably be marked by an entire break up of the Liberal party, and its re-organization on a totally new basis. But whatever the future may bring, this let us

say, the genius, wisdom, integrity, patriotism, and statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone have raised our country to a pinnacle of commercial prosperity and political freedom, such as no nation enjoyed before. Long may he live!

REVIEWS.

Eternal Hope. Five Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey, November and December, 1877. By the Rev. Frederic W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Canon of Westminster. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

The first edition of this book was exhausted within a few days of its publication, and it will for some time to come be widely and eagerly discussed. There is, at the present time, a more general interest in the subject of the future punishment of the wicked than we have previously witnessed, and the interest is not in all cases so healthy and encouraging as it may seem. No man who has the spirit of Christ will wish to retain the current belief if it be not true, and still less will he endorse the gross and revolting misrepresentations which have been made of that belief by some of its professed friends no less than by its foes. But we meet with many who adopt "the larger hope," as it is frequently called, merely because it is the fashion of the hour, and who speak as if the general faith of Christendom were essentially irrational and blasphemous, and must be subverted at all costs.

Dr. Farrar is both a scholar and a Christian; a man of extensive—we do not scruple to say profound—learning, and of evident sincerity and earnestness. We hold him in the highest esteem, and believe that no man is more worthy of the honours which have been so largely conferred on him. But, at the same time, we imagine that this volume gains its importance from the reputation of its author, and the place in which its words were spoken, rather than from its intrinsic worth, or the extent to which it is likely to aid a settlement of the question discussed. We do not find in it any new argument, nor, indeed, any argument which, in our opinion, has not been frequently refuted. The problem must be decided by Scripture alone, as its conditions, apart from Scripture, are not within our grasp. And we are bound to say that, after reconsidering it, under Canon Farrar's guidance, we are unable to acquiesce in his conclusions, or to abandon the ordinary view.

Nor are we conscious of "inveterate prejudice" in thus maintaining our position. On the contrary, we have endeavoured to look at the matter fairly and honestly, as those who *for their belief* are responsible to God, and who would not, as they dare not, represent Him. But the Canon's argument seems to us inadequate. We have no objection to substitute the word "condemnation" for the word "damnation"—"Hades" ought no doubt frequently to take the place of "hell" in the Authorised Version. But that leaves the question where it was, and as to the translation of

αἰών and *αἰώνιος* we have simply to acknowledge ourselves unconvinced by what is here urged. We allow that *αἰώνιος* is, in the Septuagint, applied to things which are not necessarily endless (as the everlasting hills), but even in such instances it is employed to make *the strongest expression of duration* that the nature of the case will allow. In the New Testament, when it is applied to future times there is no instance of its implying a cessation, or of its pointing to anything beyond itself. The blessedness of the righteous is described by it. That is allowed to be eternal. Can we alter the meaning of the word when it is used to describe the punishment of the wicked? The most emphatic term (in respect to duration) which the Greek language contains is applied to this matter. Every form of words which, in regard to the existence of God and the glory to be ascribed to Him most implies everlastingness is used in relation to the future of the wicked, and that fact is, to our thinking, decisive.

Canon Farrar contends that the meaning of an adjective may be modified and even altered by that of the substantive to which it is attached, and on this ground seeks to invalidate the interpretation of *αἰώνιος* to which he is opposed, because "the substantive *κόλασις* (with which it is joined in Matthew xxv. 46) in its *sole* proper meaning has reference to the correction and bettering of him that endures." This we deny. See, *e.g.*, the use of the word in 1 John iv. 18, "Fear hath *torment*," and of the cognate verb, Acts iv. 21, "Finding nothing how they might punish them," and in the Greek version of the Apocrypha (1 Esdras viii. 24 and 2 Macc. iv. 38) the noun and the verb are used to describe punishment by death and the slaying of a murderer, in neither of which instances was improvement or correction the end in view. Nor must we overlook the fact that in the majority of cases in which future punishment is spoken of, *ἐκδίκησις* is the word employed, and it surely implies the vindication of violated justice. Once *τιμωρία* —the vindication of outraged honour —is theword employed (Heb. x. 29); and if future punishment had been disciplinary, how is it that it is never described by *παιδεία*, a word which would have placed the question beyond further dispute?

We are constrained therefore to dissent from Dr. Farrar's conclusions, and to maintain the belief which he deems so mischievous. Against the *variations* of that belief to which he alludes, we protest as strongly as he does. We respect the sincerity of his intention, we sympathize with the generosity of his spirit, and bear cordial witness to the fact that he nowhere speaks lightly of sin or its consequences. Even if there be a hope for the ultimate restoration of the wicked—and this is all he contends for—their punishment must, as he shows, be beyond all conception terrible.

The other sermons in the volume on "Heaven," and "Is Life Worth Living?" are written in the noblest strain, and will command all but universal assent from thoughtful readers. Dr. Farrar is certainly one of the most powerful and eloquent preachers of our day, and, where he does not go beyond "what is written," one of the most instructive and helpful.

STUDIES IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE. By W. J. Millar, C.E. London: Marlborough & Co., 51, Old Bailey.

GRATITUDE to Mr. Millar, who has enriched our pages with several

s papers, would prompt us to
nd word for any productions
pen, but, irrespective of all
siderations, we have no hesi-
n saying that science stu-
ll find most valuable infor-
in this little book on such
s the Transit of Venus, Spec-
nalysis, Atmospheric Elec-
and other phenomena of
nd Force.

WONNACOTT, lately Minister
bion Congregational Church,
Memorial Volume. Edited
s Wife. Hodder & Stoughton,
noster-row.

a memorial volume, printed
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ie preacher. The sermons,
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There, young in years, and
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ness of spirit, he pursued his
mid much physical weakness
for nearly four years, when death terminated his labours among a devoted people. The sermons are full of evangelical truth, indicate an unwonted insight into character and motive, and are calculated to awaken hearty consecration to God.

FROM BONDAGE TO FREEDOM: A Tale of the Rise of Mohammedanism. By the Author of "Glaucia, the Greek Slave," "Out of the Mouth of the Lion," "Faithful, but not Famous," &c. London: The Religious Tract Society.

To portray some of the chief characteristics of the age in which Mohammed lived, and the early conflicts between heathenism and Christianity, is the object of this volume. The corruptions of Christianity in the sixth and seventh centuries, the idolatry to sanction which the name of Christ was employed, and the perversions of the Christian faith, which were the sources of the strength of Mohammed, and the delusions and miseries which have marked the history of Islamism for more than 1,200 years, are in it clearly indicated. Of the tale, which is simple and attractive, Mohammed is the hero. The leading incidents of his early manhood are fairly sketched, and also the commencement and first stages of Mohammedanism. We thank the Tract Society for this and kindred publications. We commend it to our young friends. They will find it an interesting volume, exciting, we trust, their best affections and feelings, and awakening a desire for a fuller acquaintance with the history of the men and times to which it relates.

A Sermon on the Occasion of the Death of Rev. John Cox. Preached at Ipswich by Rev. T. M. Morris. Ipswich: H. Knights. Price 6d.

A very suitable tribute to the memory of a good man and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Mr. Cox was one "who had been a careful student, and a great admirer of Puritan theology; the influence of his extensive reading in that direction was very visible in both the matter and manner of his preaching, and the style, both of his spoken utterances and the productions of his pen, was marked at once by many of the excellences and some of the defects of the Puritan literature which he so highly valued, and of which, in the earlier part of his ministry at least, he made so large a use. As might be expected, he sought to maintain the old landmarks; his theology to his last was the old Puritan theology, and as an able and much-experienced controversialist, he was always ready to "contend for the faith once delivered to the saints," as he understood it. But though so much engaged in controversy, he was a man of very kind and genial spirit, and though an outspoken and uncompromising opponent of whatever he deemed to be erroneous, he ever sought to deal fairly and courteously with his opponents, and while speaking plainly what he deemed t truth, it was his constant and pr endeavour to speak the truth in lo

Christ and Full Salvation. Rev. J. B. Figgis, M.A., Ministe Countess of Huntingdon's (Brighton. London: S. W. Pa & Co., 9, Paternoster Row.

This book has apparently grown the Oxford and Brighton Conferen "Scriptural Holiness," &c. Mr. attended them both, and gives a re the impressions made on him at th That the leaders of the movement attention to neglected aspects of f truths we have no doubt. Many c have, however, gone into the o extreme, and given a gospel which sided and dangerous. Mr. Figgis clear and consistent a thinker to f this error, and he has none of the s a partizan. His little book is cal to render great service to Christia and women in their sorrows and t tions and cares. It points to t source of strength and consolati peace, and is evidently the fruit of found spiritual experience. It is tively written, and will, we doubt highly prized by all who read it ca and sympathetically.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Gorse Hill, New Swindon, February 16th.
Fraserburgh, N.B., February 27th.
Totnes, Devon, March 7th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Berry, Rev. C. B. (Bingley, Yorkshire), Spanish Town, Jamaica.
Davies, Rev. T. (Bristol College), Cardiff.
Morgan, Rev. T. (Pontypool College), Dowlais.
Smalley, Rev. J. (Ross), Littleborough.
Strong, Rev. T. G. (Gosport), Bradninch, Devon.
Williams, Rev. T. (Merthyr), Coleford.

RECOGNITION SERVICE.

Bath, Hay Hill, Rev. W. J. Packer, February 24th.

DEATHS.

Gordon, Rev. J. H., late of Darlington, March 10th.
Roberts, Rev. W., Penycae, Ruabon, February 25th, aged 61.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1878.

SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE cloud which has hung so mysteriously over the larger part of Africa is fast being lifted, and we are being enlightened as to the character of that wonderland. While so many are marvelling at the scenes exposed to view by adventurous travellers, and are speculating as to what the future may bring to the strange populations with which we are being made acquainted, a loud call has been made upon the various sections of the Evangelical Church to seize the present opportunity for following up Livingstone's missionary work, and seeking to remedy some of the unfortunate mistakes of Mr. Stanley's indiscreet zeal, by undertaking special missions to the Africans. Several missionary societies have already entered upon the work, and have approached the centre of Africa from the east. At the southern end of Lake Nyassa the Free Church has founded a colony and mission-station, appropriately named Livingstonia; at the northern end of the same Lake, the Universities Mission have planted their station; while our Evangelical brethren of the Church Mission have occupied two stations on the Victoria Nyanza; and our brethren of the Congregational body, through the London Mission, are hoping to found a mission at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. In all that these societies are doing, and are contemplating, Baptists unfeignedly rejoice. Whatever differences characterise us in our various church relations at home, the bond which unites us in all foreign work is so close, that denominationalism cannot mar our unity, or create jealousy or disagreeable suspicions. It is but meet, however, that the Baptists should form one of the wings of any great missionary enterprise in a newly-discovered land. If we are not eager to introduce our distinctive principle into every new field, we are anxious that the Christ whom that principle honours should be made known by us wherever a door is opened.

Africa is not a new field to Baptists. Our work has been done on

the West Coast under circumstances which have entailed hardships denials, and heroisms of various kinds, such as brighten the pages of our missionary journals. It is a pity that we have no popular record of the truly apostolic labours of brethren who have braved the unhealthy climate of the Cameroons, Victoria, and Fernando Po Baptists are not wise in the matter of literature. Materials there must be for many a fascinating story of missionary ardour, which, if used wisely and popularly, might supply lessons to our churches, and deepen the love for our missions in the hearts of our children Reports interest us for the time; a consecutive story for all time The heroism and plodding enterprise of our brethren on the West Coast of Africa will form a chapter in mission literature of which Baptists, and, indeed, the Church generally, will have no cause to be ashamed. It was felt last year that, while our Society had no reason for dissatisfaction so far as the work on the West Coast itself was concerned, it was time that an effort should be made at once to extend its area. Changes in the missionary staff at the time favoured the idea. Younger men were on the field who were eager to penetrate the interior, and to preach the Gospel to the heathens, who had literally never heard the name of Christ. The Cameroons was still to be the base of all such efforts, but stations in the interior were to be established. This was a favourite purpose of one of the best and holiest of our young missionaries, to whose fervent aspirations in regard to it the writer has been privileged to listen more than once But the genial, gentle Robert Smith was cut off in the flower of his manhood, and the broken column fitly represents the purpose he had at heart, and which Death frustrated.

While deliberations were going on as to the best arrangements for making the proposed extension, a letter was received by the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society from Mr. Robert Arthington of Leeds, which directed their attention to Central Africa. Mr. Arthington made an offer of one thousand pounds to the Society on condition that it would undertake at once a visit to the Congo River where stations might be established, from whence eventually the Gospel could be carried into the very heart of Central Africa, and eastwards on the Congo at some point beyond the rapids. As I understand, Mr. Arthington is not connected with our denomination but he made the offer in the deep conviction that each section of the Christian Church should do its part in carrying the Gospel to the heathen. He had previously testified to his sincerity in this catholic feeling, by subscribing £5,000 each to the Church and London Missionary Societies for a like purpose. The offer came at a time when great depression of trade and European complications and other causes had created grave apprehensions of financial deficits, but a sub-committee was at once engaged in making all needful enquiries, and fortunately they had the invaluable counsel of the Rev. Alfred Saker whose thirty-five years' acquaintance with the West Coast made the

deliberations all the easier. Mr. Saker, with almost juvenile enthusiasm, said he had for years looked upon that part of Africa as a very fine field for missionary toil, and added, "Would that I could, either by a gift of money or by personal service, forward this undertaking. Were it only possible, I would leave England for this noble work to-morrow." It was resolved to undertake a preliminary visit to San Salvador, and to make an appeal for the men and the money. The expense of the journey was estimated at not more than about £600; Mr. Arthington offered £50, and other and generous gifts were at once forwarded. So far as the agents were concerned, here was a splendid opportunity for young men of culture, scientific knowledge, and sufficient enthusiasm such as would have been accepted with intense delight by the sons of perhaps a sturdier race. If none have responded as yet, the work itself has not been stayed. Whatever God may have in reserve for our Central African Mission, the enterprising spirit of our two young brethren, Grenfell and Comber, can hardly fail to inspire in others a like spirit of heroic devotion to missionary evangelisation. Having accepted the invitation of the Committee to establish a mission station at San Salvador, they seized a suitable opportunity of making a preliminary survey of the land, with a view to facilitate the journey they are almost immediately to undertake to the scene of what we trust will prove for many years their missionary home. "The knowledge," says Mr. Grenfell, in writing to the Committee, "that we could visit the approaches to San Salvador, have time to spare for general observation, as well as for the gaining of special information, and yet be back in Cameroons before our orders arrived, helped us to come to the decision to make an attempt to spy out the land at once." The success of this experiment was made known to our readers last month, and we are sure that all will join us in congratulating a Society that is served at such a time by brethren so competent and so earnest. Although their stay in the land of their adoption was necessarily short, and their glance at its characteristics very rapid, they managed to acquire sufficient information to justify their largest hopes of the success of the attempt to found a mission in the Congo.

Congo was discovered by the Portuguese in 1484. For more than one hundred years it enjoyed considerable prosperity; but upon the discovery of Angola and Benguela, the Portuguese felt less interested in the land, and eight years ago they completely abandoned it. The chief town is San Salvador, situated between Bembe and the River Congo. The Roman Catholics sought to evangelise the country upon its discovery, and they baptized the king, and succeeded in establishing a nominal Christianity. In 1534, they built a cathedral in San Salvador; and a few years subsequently the Jesuits planted monasteries and convents. The ruins of these buildings still remain, and testify to the earnestness with which these men must have laboured to introduce civilization and religion after their kind. The

river, which forms so remarkably natural a boundary between North and South Africa, has been described as "by far the most copious stream of the continent, and one of the greatest rivers of the world in respect of the volume of water which it carries to the sea." Lieut. Grandy, who commanded the "Livingstone Congo Expedition" in 1873, was only able to proceed a little way into the interior; and at that time, all that was known of the remarkable river had been communicated to the world by Captain Tuckey, who, in 1816, ascended nearly 200 miles up the grand stream. All the accounts then published of its character have since been fully confirmed. The mouth of the river has a width of six miles. So great is the volume and force of its current, that no bar can be formed; and for many miles out to sea the water of the sea-surface is perfectly fresh. As far up the river as sixty miles it is so wide, and the currents are so strong, that "it requires half an hour to cross it in a good boat with ten strong Kroomen paddling;" while, "at 140 miles from the sea, the Yallala cataracts begin; and for forty miles beyond this, where the river descends by a narrow gorge through the mountains which here form the margin of the African plateau, its channel is interrupted by almost continuous rapids and cataracts." Many hypotheses were formed as to the direction of the river, and its tributaries and sources; and had not Lieutenant Grandy met with so many serious difficulties through the opposition of the natives, he might have early settled many speculations on this subject. The honour, however, was reserved to Mr. Stanley to demonstrate that the Lualaba of Livingstone is no other than the River Congo. We hope, in another article, to refer to the journeys of this fearless explorer, and need only here say that he tells us that "as the river runs through the great basin which lies between E. long. 26 deg. and 17 deg., it has an uninterrupted course of over 1,400 miles, with magnificent affluents, especially on the southern side; thence, clearing the broad belt of the mountains between the great basin and the Atlantic Ocean, it descends, by about thirty falls and furious rapids, to the great river between the falls of the Yallala and the sea.

Messrs. Grenfell and Comber have been able to make a report upon the climate of Congo. It confirms all that has been previously written of the coolness of the temperature due to the westerly wind, which sets in from the Atlantic early in the morning and continues until the evening. Indeed, not only in regard to the climate, but also the inhabitants, there is a great difference between the south and north Africa divided by the Congo. Gorillas and chimpanzee are only known on the north side, and many of the monkey tribes are unknown on the southern. Such animals, however, as antelopes of various kinds, zebras, wild buffaloes, and lions abound; while some districts are much troubled with hyænas, jackals, and leopards.

Several descriptions have been published of the King of Congo. Once he was a formidable chief, but since the withdrawal of the

Portuguese he has sunk to the level of other chiefs. He seems to be hospitable and kindly disposed, and professes to be very fond of the white man, and anxious that Englishmen should come to his land. Mr. Monteiro, who has written a very interesting work on "Angola and the River Congo," does not believe that the natives are distinguished so much "by the presence of positively bad as by the absence of good qualities, and of feelings and emotions that we can hardly realise to be wanting in human nature. It is hardly correct to describe the negro intellect as debased and sunken, but rather as belonging to an arrested stage." He explains that the negro neither loves nor exercises mercy, has no idea of a Creator or of a future existence, and is no idolater even. "His whole belief is in evil spirits and in charms or 'fetishes'; these fetishes can be employed for evil, as well as to counteract the bad effect of other malign 'fetishes' or spirits." In short, the negro has struggled against fever and miasma, until it is only the fittest to endure these evils that has survived in the race. "Even the natives of Portuguese Angola, who have received the idea of God or Creator from the white men, will not allow that the same power rules over both races, but that the God of the white man is another and different from the God of the black man; as one old negro that I was once arguing with, expressed it, 'Your God taught you to make gunpowder and guns, but ours never did!'" Slavery has been a domestic institution from time immemorial, and Lieut. Cameron has shown that the slaves are taken from the heart of Central Africa and are brought to the Portuguese coast to be sold. The wide-spread belief in "fetish" has led to wholesale accusation of witchery, the punishment of which is slavery, and hence the supply of slaves has not been difficult to keep up. The present year witnesses the complete abolition of slavery in the Portuguese possessions. This is the land which Livingstone speaks of as "a fine missionary field."

For at least thirty miles up the river the natives belong to the Mussurongo tribe, and are, for the most part, sturdy pirates, "never losing an opportunity of attacking a loaded barge or even a ship, unless it is well armed and keeps in the centre of the stream." The Loango and other native states on the coast-land north of the Congo will, it is hoped, form part of the field of our missionary operations. The following account of these people we extract from a valuable "Compendium of Geography and Travel in Africa," just published by Mr. Stanford, and edited by Mr. Keith Johnston:—

> The rulers of all these native states along the coast are priest-elected kings of the purest type—mere tools in the hands of the fetish ministers. After minute and protracted preparations, sacrifices to the various demons, and costly gifts to the priests, they are raised to the throne, and upheld in it in perpetual dependence on the sacerdotal order. They are all subject to innumerable "Quixilles," that is, observances, similar to the *Tabuc* of the South Sea Islanders, regulating all their actions—their going and coming, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking. Owing to these vexatious ordinances, it has

been found very difficult of late to discover any one willing to assume the unenviable dignity of a Loango King. The throne often remains for years unoccupied, during which time the coffin of the last king deceased may not be laid beneath the earth, the sacerdotal caste continuing to govern in his name. However, the Quixilles, or Xinas, as they are also called, are imposed, not only on the king, but also on every one of his subjects. They have relation to the most varied objects of enjoyment or of daily use, and are partly determined for each individual by the first thing he touches after birth, or other such trivial circumstances, partly inherited by the family tradition, like the banshees of the old Celtic families in Ireland; partly, also, incurred during lifetime by vows or other self-imposed obligations to some divinity whose protection is sought either permanently or for some special and hazardous undertaking. All must be observed with extreme rigour; and cases have occurred of natives having unwittingly violated some one of their Quixilles, and dying through fright or fear of the consequences attending such transgressions.

The Loango coast is a hilly, thinly-wooded country, exporting palm oil, gum, wax, orchilla, copper, ivory; and also yielding coffee and cotton, besides mandioca, bananas, and other aliments, in sufficient abundance to support a dense population. The natives, like all the Congo negroes, are, on the whole, of small size, with weak bodies, speaking a language related to the Bunda speech, which is spread far inland, hence understood far and near—in some places all the way to the eastern sea-board. They are, however, amongst the most highly-developed African tribes, and are skilled in many industries.

It has fallen to the lot of the Church Mission to mourn the martyrdom of the first missionaries to Central Africa. Lieut. G. Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill whilst on their way to Uganda must have fallen among hostile natives, by whom it is feared they were murdered. While waiting for further confirmation of this sad report, two other gentlemen are being sent out to take the place of those who have fallen. The Victoria Nyanza Mission is a very promising enterprise, and, notwithstanding this unfortunate check, its difficulties are neither insuperable nor unprecedented. It was expected that life would be sacrificed, and that many trials would be encountered. Sixteen months ago, Mr. Hutchinson, in his work explaining the field the Church Mission had selected, anticipated that which has happened. He said "the commencement of every great missionary enterprise has been as it were a plunge into darkness and doubt. Witness the early attempt of the London Missionary Society in Tahiti, or the West African Mission of the Church Missionary Society, where between the years 1804 and 1816 out of seventeen missionaries eleven had been called away, and not a result attained save the wonderful lesson of faithful self-sacrifice taught by those honoured graves in the little churchyard at Kissy. The landing of the first missionaries in New Zealand was such another dangerous and doubtful task." There is no occasion for despondency. The Lord of the churches has opened the door for missionary activity in various parts of the great Nile lakes, and neither obstacles which were foreseen nor painful checks which were anticipated should lead us to shrink from the work they have undertaken in His name. It is possible to reach Uganda: six distinguished travellers have already done so. King Mtesa is favourable to Englishmen, and has invited

missionaries to teach his people the Christian religion. Mr. Stanley tells us that his Majesty has prepared broad highways in the neighbourhood of his capital "for the good time that is coming when some charitable European will send him any kind of wheeled vehicle," that he is fond of imitating Europeans, and anxious to benefit his country. He must have a teachable spirit, since Mr. Stanley has half converted him from Islamism and persuaded him to keep the Christian as well as the Moslem Sabbath, to read the Lord's Prayer in Arabic and the Ten Commandments, which he caused to be written on a board for *his* daily perusal. His Majesty's subjects are computed to be at least two millions, and Mr. Stanley is so confident of missionary success among them that he has declared that in one year the preachers of the Gospel will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. This traveller's idea of conversion may possibly reach no further than a nominal adhesion to the Christian faith, but his assurance is invaluable. A mere preacher is not wanted. "The bishops of Great Britain collected," he says, "with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he could be found, would become the saviour of Africa." Men with practical knowledge have taught the arts of civilization as well as preached Christ to the heathen, and there ought to be no difficulty in securing the services of such men for Central Africa.

Captain Young, in his exceedingly fascinating journal of adventures whilst exploring Lake Nyassa, gives us a most pleasing record of the success, thus far, of the Free Church Mission in establishing the settlement of "Livingstonia"—on the south-east side of that great lake. Livingstone's grand ambition was to get rid of the slave-trade, and make it possible for missionaries and men able to teach the industrial arts to settle in Central Africa. Instead of preaching in one place, as many desired him to do, he gave his life to the work of a forerunner, and has paved the way for others both to teach and preach. The Free Church Mission is a memorial of the great work accomplished by the intrepid traveller. In it all the Scotch Presbyterians have united; and, encouraged by this unanimity among the Churches, Captain Young undertook the charge of the expedition.

The steamer *Ilala*, so named because it was at that place where Livingstone died, carried six men bound for Nyassa—one a medical missionary, a carpenter, an engineer and blacksmith, another engineer, an agriculturist, and a seaman. After many adventures the expedition safely reached its destination, in good health, without a mishap. The natives looked upon the men as their friends and the friends of the great traveller who had laboured for the oppressed Africans, and

welcomed them with much heartiness. Captain Young's estimate of the African character is a very high one. "I have always considered," he says, "that the strong tendency on the part of the natives to place themselves willingly under any new comer who is capable of leading them, is a most hopeful feature. When enterprise develops in East Africa, it will be found that great settlements will spring up around trading stations and mission villages." The people are abundantly grateful. "There is a young generation growing up which will yet hand down to others the tale told by their fathers of the men who wrenched the slave-sticks from their necks, who set their mothers free from the cruel thongs of the Portuguese slave-drivers, who stood out the hard days of famine and destruction with them, and who, when the time came, laid down their lives among them." This will account for the hearty welcome which has been given the founders of the Livingstonia mission. No sooner had the young Scotchmen settled, than they began to cut down some of the fine timber which crowned the hill-tops, and good progress was soon made in house building. A picture of one day at Livingstonia must suffice :—

> The natives we employed very quickly came to look on regularity almost as a joke. They knew the time for the twelve o'clock bell to go as well as the "dockyard horse;" and many were the appeals to "Jo"—one of their comrades, who was told off to look to such matters—to ring it when the sun seemed almost overhead. At mid-day we had dinner. Goat soup, made with a little care, and seasoned by a breeze off the lake, is by no means to be despised. Then there were fowls, rice, sweet potatoes, Indian corn done in different ways, and perhaps something from our store of preserved meats—to say nothing of fish, which was generally to the fore: such was the bill of fare at Livingstonia. At five p.m. all the natives knocked off work; tea was served, and the paymaster came to the front. Ominously putting a small stick up in the fork of the tree over his head, he began by tearing off lengths of calico eighteen inches broad. This was the wage for the day's work. Here and there, some one less able to shake off bad habits than his companions, would raise a doubt as to the length of his piece of cloth; if so, down came the inevitable measuring-stick from the tree, and down, too, came a round of chaff upon his devoted head from the bystanders, who were insensibly establishing in their own minds the impossibility of an Englishman cheating any one. . . . Dr. Laws was indefatigable in his many occupations—doctoring the sick who came to him, planning houses, teaching and picking up the Manganja language as fast as he could, the better to turn his many talents to account. It is a feather in his cap to have ventured on a two-storied house—the first, I suspect, ever built in these regions since the days men originally planned shelter for themselves.

The London Missionary Society's Mission to Lake Tanganyika has not been so successful. It started in April last year, and has met with many serious difficulties and delays since it left Zanzibar. The outfit of the supplies of the mission proved to be too cumbrous, and, according to a statement just published by the Directors of the Society, whether from the rank grass, the hard work, the unusual experience, or other causes, a large proportion of the oxen were lost, and "it was evident that the carriage into the interior had become a problem by no means easy to solve." One of the missionaries has

been recalled to give explanations, and doubts are expressed as to whether the expedition will be able to complete the journey to Lake Tanganyika during the season. "The Directors still consider the Lake the goal of the expedition; but they are prepared to accept Mirambo's town as another mission station, if, after inquiry and experience on the spot, its members are themselves satisfied with such an arrangement; and they are desired specially to report upon the subject."

All that we have heard and read of the new fields of Christian labour opened up to the churches proves convincingly that no more promising missionary enterprise has presented itself for many years. Livingstone's unconquerable faith in the character of the natives was justified; his earnest appeals for men to go "into the interior" to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ cannot but bear much holy fruit. At the same time, great care must be exercised. Such a conflict as that which has to be warred against ignorance, cruelty, and sin in Central Africa requires the utmost skill. The strong batteries of superstition, which have existed for centuries past, are not to be successfully assailed in a day. Of the ultimate issue of a united and determined effort to win Africa for Christ, we have no doubt.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

X.

I WAS agreeably surprised, one Thursday afternoon, when "The Bill" was read out by the monitor, to find I was appointed to preach at Rodborough the following Lord's Day. Mr. Davies, the pastor, had previously rendered some kindly service to the church at Shortwood, on condition that when he needed a supply they should provide one. Mr. Crisp directed me to go to Nailsworth, where I was to be the guest of Mr. Barnard, grandfather of the present pastor of the church at Highgate. The ride was bitterly cold, there being a sharp frost, mingled with fog.

On arrival, I found myself in the midst of a large family, full of animation, intelligence, and life. The reception was as warm within as the air was cold without; for more kind and hospitable Christian friends than Mr. and Mrs. Barnard I have never known. This visit was the precursor of many more, as well as of subsequent cordial intercourse with the sons and daughters as they grew up and settled in life. Death has, however, sadly narrowed that fine family circle.

As Rodborough was four miles distant, Mr. Barnard lent me a

beautiful pony. To those who can ride, horse-exercise is the most pleasant and animating of all modes of locomotion. A wonderful sympathy springs up between the horse and the rider; and it makes one sad to see an animal so noble and generous, so fiery and yet so gentle, ill-treated and abused.

The morning was singularly fair and bright. The fog of the previous day had been frozen; and every tree, every leaf, and every twig was clothed in rime. The valley winds about most curiously; it is very narrow, and its sides are steep. Here and there were seen the handsome residences of the manufacturers, encircled with beautiful plantations; and more frequently the cottages of the work-people, surrounded with pretty gardens. Where the fog had been condensed into drops of water and subsequently frozen, each drop sparkled in the sunlight, like a gem, radiant with the most brilliant colours. At each turn of the road a new scene presented itself, not less beautiful than that which preceded it, only, in some respects, different. These frequent changes were like the movements of a grand panorama. A picture, however finely drawn, and exquisitely painted, is only an imitation of some scene in nature; but this on which I looked was a reality. Hence the deeper impression produced by it, and the more intense enjoyment. I never saw such a spectacle before; and though I have since seen trees and shrubs covered with frost, yet never on so grand a scale, or lighted up with such brilliant sunshine. I was sorry when the ride was over, for one would have liked to have lingered for hours. I have never met with any friends resident in the neighbourhood who remember this frost-scene but who speak of it with delight; and we may be certain that such a deep impression recalled with so much vividness, and enjoyed, as it were, over again, must have proceeded from a landscape that was very beautiful.

The position of Rodborough Tabernacle, on a somewhat lofty hill, is unusually fine, and commands a most extended prospect. Beautiful valleys stretch out on every hand, some of them richly wooded, and crowded with numerous villages and hamlets, the seat of the manufactures peculiar to the district; which, at this time, was thickly populated. The numerous cottages of the workpeople, looking bright and clean, are objects of interest and beauty. Stroud, a lively town, lies just below, and the distant hills of the neighbouring counties seem bathed in light. Such a landscape, made up of such varied elements, and seen for the first time, as I then saw it, could never be forgotten.

It was Sabbath morning too, when, not only are busy men at rest, but the cattle in the fields are quieter than usual, and the trees seem to sleep. Silence, deep and impressive, reigned around, only broken now and then by the voices of the people coming up the hill sides to worship. One's thoughts were irresistibly carried back to the time when Israel went up to Jerusalem on their solemn festivals, singing,

as they went along, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord." Judging from the tone of feeling and conversation, when at night we gathered round the cheerful fireside with Mr. and Mrs. Barnard and their family, it was a day of joy to all. The beauty of nature, clad in garments so bright and splendid, combined with the influence of Divine grace to cheer our hearts and lift them up to heaven.

The situation of Shortwood Church, if not so commanding as that of Rodborough, is more marked by its quiet beauty. At the head of a narrow valley, on a slight elevation crossing it from side to side, it forms a pleasing object in a beautiful landscape. At this time the congregration was large, for evil days had not then fallen on the district, compelling large numbers of the working people to emigrate. The church was influential and prosperous. Their distinguished pastor, Mr. Winterbotham, when co-pastor with the venerable Mr. Gibbs at Plymouth, had suffered imprisonment on a charge of alleged sedition in a sermon which would be thought very harmless now. At the time of my visit, Mr. Winterbotham was gathered to his fathers; the church was, however, rich in deacons. Mr. Heskins, a host in himself, and a man of exalted piety and sound judgment, was efficiently assisted in all church affairs by Messrs. Barnard, Flint, and Francis, with other friends, then young and ardent, but who now, matured in character and experience, are their worthy successors.

How much our churches are indebted to their deacons! It used to be somewhat the fashion—and it has not yet died out—to decry these excellent men. They are often accused of a lust for power, of want of deference and courtesy to the pastors, and sometimes of a want of liberality in regard to pecuniary affairs. A very smart saying, attributed to Mr. Spurgeon, but which he never uttered—"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you; but resist a deacon, and he will fly at you"—has passed from mouth to mouth until many people really believe it. No man has more gratefully and honourably testified to the worth and fidelity of his elders and deacons than Mr. Spurgeon. At the Metropolitan Tabernacle they are both numerous and efficient, but they are only a large sample of the larger body of deacons who sustain office in our churches. I do not know the average number of deacons in the churches. The "Baptist Hand-Book" reports 2,620 churches in the United Kingdom; and there are many that make no returns at all. Three deacons to each church would be a fair average. If so, that would give more than 7,000 deacons. That in so large a body of professing Christian men, there may be some who are mentally and spiritually unfit for the office—some who do love power, and who do fail in a generous sympathy with their pastor—is to be expected. But these are, after all, rare exceptions. Of them we are sure to hear when they misconduct themselves; but of the vast majority, who right loyally do their duty, one never hears of except when visiting the churches in which they hold office.

This view of the matter is supported by the fact that the government of our churches, when the pastoral office is vacant, falls into their hands. If they were not men of principle, of sound judgment, and of good report, how could the order of churches, without a pastor, be maintained. And beyond this, consider the case of churches where the pastor, a young man, comes direct from college, with very little experience of men and things. How are such young pastors to get on when responsibilities to which they have not been accustomed devolve upon them, if the deacons are not influential, judicious, and godly? They are, in fact, over and above the special purpose for which they are chosen, a sort of Privy Council to assist the young inexperienced pastor with hearty co-operation and sound advice. They are an admirable body of men, of whom I have had a very extended knowledge in past days, and I never hear them spoken of in depreciating terms without protesting against the injustice which is often done to them.

A pleasant incident connected with this visit to Rodborough came to my knowledge many years after. I was taking breakfast one morning with a friend in a boarding-house in London, when a gentleman, who had been looking at me very earnestly for some time, at last said, "Were you ever at Rodborough, sir?"

"Yes; I was there once, but it is a great many years ago."

"I thought I was right. You are Mr. Trestrail. Do allow me to shake hands, for I am really glad to see you."

"May I ask the reason for this cordial and most unexpected greeting?"

"When you preached at Rodborough my mind was greatly perplexed with inquiries respecting the proper relations of the State to the Church. You preached, if you remember, from the words, spoken by our Lord when at the bar of Pilate—'*My kingdom is not of this world, else would My servants fight. But now is My kingdom not from hence.*' Your discourse removed my perplexities, and I have had no difficulty about that subject from that time to this. I am glad, therefore, of the opportunity of personally thanking you for a sermon that was so useful to me."

It is not easy to determine whether I was more surprised or thankful. I mention this incident because it affords me the opportunity of saying to my brethren who, though engaged in full pastoral work, are very frequently rendering occasional services to churches in different parts of the country; and more especially to those who, having no pastoral charge, are wholly occupied in public duty, and when preaching are nearly always confined to topics relating to the institutions committed to their charge—*Be encouraged*, since you may be useful when you least expect it; and, in after times, the good done by the Divine blessing on your labours will come to light. May the knowledge of such good come to you as often as such knowledge has, of late years, come to me, to cheer and animate when you are cast down

and are sad. But even if you never hear of such usefulness, "the day will declare it."

No one should go into the neighbourhood of Shortwood without paying a visit to Proster Hill. The ride to it is not, certainly, very interesting. Wide extensive fields with but few trees, and cold-looking stone walls instead of neatly trimmed verdant hedges, do not make up a pleasant or attractive landscape. In this case, however, the previous dulness greatly enhances the enjoyment of what is to come. For as you turn out of the direct road by a sharp corner, BERKELEY VALE suddenly opens to your view. It possesses every element of a noble landscape. Wide expanse of country, distant blue hills of several counties, hanging woods on the right and on the left, steep declivities running down into the valleys below, rich pasture lands dotted with sheep and cattle of the finest breeds, the beautiful Severn expanding right before you into a broad reach, its waters dividing the scene in its midst, with the Welsh hills beyond, silence reigning around, broken only by the lowing of oxen, the bleat of sheep, or the song of birds, cannot be enjoyed, especially for the *first* time, without kindling emotions of intense delight. A scene of so much beauty and magnificence awes one into silent worship. But no such emotions will be felt if the beholder be in a hurry. To enjoy perfectly any natural scene we must be freed from the necessity of viewing it in haste. We should be able to give ourselves up tranquilly to the influence of the different objects as they gradually unfold themselves to our view. The effect is destroyed if we have to crowd the whole of our energy of sight and power of observation into the brief space of a few moments. The fairest and grandest scenes of nature are soon forgotten if rushed through at the utmost rate of speed.

Mr. Hall had the deepest sympathy with natural beauty; but was not familiar with, and had seen very little of the sea. I was speaking to him one evening of the great ocean, beheld, for example, from some such bold promontory as the Land's End, as a spectacle of varied beauty and solemn grandeur, when he somewhat hastily remarked, "I am surprised, sir, to hear you talk in that strain about the sea. It must be very monotonous, for it has only two states, sir; a dead calm, or a furious storm."

"I think, sir, you cannot have often seen it, or else you would have observed a great variety of conditions between a calm and a tempest. It changes colour so often, and its colour is so rich and pure. Nor can you even see the arch of the heavens so perfectly as when standing on some promontory, and looking out upon the wide expanse of the great deep, as far as the eye can reach, to where, on the horizon, sky and ocean blend together."

"Well, sir, there is truth in what you say, no doubt; and I have not had the opportunity of seeing the ocean of which you seem to have such unbounded admiration, in the same way, and as often as you have."

"May I add, sir, that there is no object in nature which gives one so perfect an idea of power as the sea in a storm. The force of the waves seems to be irresistible. Nor do I think any other object gives one such an idea of vastness and immensity—not even the skies above us, for all the heavenly bodies *seem* near to us, and this feeling is only corrected by thinking of the facts which astronomy makes known. And don't you think, sir, that the ocean, which appears to be without limit or bound, helps us to comprehend the truth and grandeur of the language of the inspired writer when he speaks of the Almighty as holding *the waters in the hollow of His hand*"?

"I give in, sir, I give in. I spoke without thought. Thank you for your remarks, and I hope I may one day see the great deep under circumstances which will enable me to judge how far you are correct. But the moral reflections which are suggested by it are interesting and important."

When speaking of beautiful scenery in general, his language was not only exquisite in style, but glowed with fervour and animation. How much he enjoyed the view from Proster Hill, which I have but imperfectly described, may be gathered from a few expressions which dropped from his lips one evening when we had been talking of the Gloucestershire valleys, and the country around Stroud, Nailsworth, and Shortwood.

"Were you ever at Proster Hill, sir? If you have ever been there, how did you feel, sir, when the landscape burst, as it were, upon you?"

"I have looked on many beautiful scenes, Mr. Hall; but I do not remember to have beheld one which so entranced and moved me."

"Why, sir, when it burst upon me I sat down perfectly lost in astonishment. I was dumb, sir, and opened not my mouth. Why, sir, if the angel Gabriel were flying through the heavens on the most urgent errand, he would pause, and stop, and gaze upon it. Its beauty is almost unearthly. I cannot imagine any scene more striking and beautiful—not even the GARDEN OF EDEN!"

Newport, Isle of Wight. F. T.

JAMES HINTON.*

MR. FROUDE remarks, in one of his "Short Studies," that the spiritual disintegration into which our age has fallen is clearly proved by the scarcity of good biographies. Biographies of a kind we do possess in abundance; but they are not, he considers, such as to give an accurate expression to the ideal tendencies of the age, nor to merit our unreserved confidence. The men whom they seek to commemorate cannot, except in a few instances, be proposed as examples; and it would, consequently, be impossible to say to those into whose hands we place them, "Mark this man until you know him thoroughly, and then try to become yourself like him."

We fully agree with the estimate thus expressed as to the importance of good biographies as a means of intellectual and moral education; but we are not sure that there is so great a dearth of them as the words of this eminent historian imply. Even in recent years a number of "Lives" have been published, which, though not in all respects perfect yet, give to young men the guidance and stimulus they need. It is surely in every way helpful to be brought into contact with men like the Stephensons; or, to take the biography of a later engineer, with Sir William Fairbairn. We do not need to be absolutely devoted to scientific investigations to receive a powerful incentive from the "Life and Letters of Michael Faraday;" nor to be accomplished metaphysicians in order to appreciate the severe grandeur of the mental history of Sir William Hamilton. The "Life of Dr. Arnold" will, for many generations, retain its place as a classic in English literature; and there are not many young men who would not be braced to a manly and heroic struggle by a perusal of the life of one whose name is familiar to every reader of these pages—"The Life of William Brock." These men, with others, also, of our own days, may not fill so large a space in our mind, or loom so grandly before us, as "the mighty sires" of earlier days; but they were men of heroic mould, whom it would be well for us to keep continually before our eyes. Example, as the familiar proverb tells us, is better than precept. It is more intelligible in its nature, more persuasive and powerful in its effects. It takes us out of the region of abstractions, and clothes our ideals with flesh and blood. Our hearts are thrilled by its touch, and there are awakened within us currents of sympathy which turn our life into new channels and impart to it new energy. It is, therefore, of great moment to let the mind be familiarised with all that is gracious among the living and great among the dead. Words are fruitless; "but place before a boy

* "Life and Letters of James Hinton." Edited by Ellice Hopkins. With an Introduction by Sir W.W. Gull. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

the figure of a noble man," as Mr. Froude wisely suggests; "let the circumstances in which he earned his claim to be called noble be such as the boy himself sees round himself; let him see this man rising over his temptation, and following life victoriously and beautifully forward, and, depend on it, you will kindle his heart as no threat of punishment here or elsewhere will kindle it."

In perusing the volume which has suggested this article, we see "the figure of a noble man." James Hinton's was, indeed, a noteworthy life, and one which it will be for our good to know. We see in him a man of keen and subtle intellect, of fervid and impassioned feeling, and of indomitable will. He was an assiduous worker generous and self-denying, living—as he conceived himself bound to live—for "others' needs." There was in him a nobility which rebukes our sordidness and selfishness of aim; and, in a thousand ways, he shows this materialistic, money-making age that there are things of infinitely greater worth than "hard cash;" and that even an unparalleled accumulation of silver and gold will not, in itself save us from a miserable and guilty failure.

We are none the less hearty in our appreciation of Hinton's life because on many points we find ourselves in antagonism with him. We cannot assent to his main positions either in metaphysics or in ethics, in science or in theology. He held opinions—and that, too on matters of no secondary importance—which seem to us directly to contradict the appearance of things in the world around, and to be no less opposed to the voice of our consciousness within. But we cannot, therefore, refuse to honour his transparent sincerity and integrity, and his genuine disinterestedness in the service of his fellow-men. There is an undefinable something which lies deeper than all intellectual and speculative differences, in which good men of every school of thought are agreed, and which acts as a solvent to these differences. And that something was conspicuous in James Hinton. Sir William Gull, in his finely-discriminative sketch of his friend's character, says: "Our profession is proud of his name. The work he did in it was well done, and by it he laid stepping-stones for others to advance upon." And that, as we take it, is one of the highest testimonies that can be borne to a man: "His work was well done."

And if James Hinton is a good subject for a biography, Miss Hopkins is an equally good biographer. The work could not have fallen into better hands, and the manner in which it has been executed can scarcely fail to give universal satisfaction. Readers of "Rose Turquand" do not need to be told that Miss Hopkins is a brilliant and effective writer; and that, under the guise of fiction, she has discussed some of the gravest problems of human life and duty with an originality of thought, an intensity of feeling, and an opulence of imagination rarely surpassed. She has displayed a depth of philosophical insight, a refined æstheticism, and a generous "enthu-

siasm of humanity," which give her no mean place among the writers of our day; while her "Mission Work" at Brighton and at Cambridge show that she is something more than an eloquent theorist. Miss Hopkins had, moreover, the advantage of a close and intimate friendship with Mr. Hinton. She knew him well; and, through the force of kindred sympathies, understood him better than most of his critics have done. His influence over her mental development must have been considerable; and, in "Rose Turquand," she presents, in her own chaste and poetic form, beliefs and principles of which the germs may be found in his letters. In Mr. Hinton's philosophy Miss Hopkins is apparently a firm believer. She has the power of seeing it with his eyes. Her explanations of it are admirably clear and effective; and we can scarcely be wrong in asserting that it forms the basis of her active philanthropy, and acts as the mainspring of her self-denying and successful labours among the fallen and degraded whom she has aimed to restore.

Sir William Gull rightly says that "Hinton's life was not so full of incident as it was full of thought. Reminiscences of such a life are, therefore, everywhere embodied in, and to be collected from, his writings." This fact gives to the biography a peculiar character. The greater part of it consists of letters written by Mr. Hinton to various friends. A more eager, apt, and interested correspondent there could not have been. His letters, even when they abound, as they occasionally do, in subtle metaphysical reasonings, are delightful, and exhibit him at his best. It is not often that we can meet with such close and accurate observation, such strength and soundness of judgment, or such deep affectionateness of nature. They are revelations of the inner man; and, after reading them, it is impossible to feel that we do not know the writer. Mr. Hinton's extensive correspondence has been of immense service to his biographer, and simplified her task. She has done well to let him speak largely for himself, and to aim at little more than supplying connecting links in the narrative, and acting as his interpreter. She never "inflicts herself" on her readers; and, in fact, if any of them feel any regret, it will be that she has not occasionally spoken somewhat more freely, and given us here and there details which she could well and fittingly have supplied. But Miss Hopkins has executed her task in a manner which constrains our admiration, and is sure to sustain her high reputation.

James Hinton, as most of our readers are aware, was the son of John Howard Hinton, for many years one of the most distinguished preachers and theologians of our denomination. He was born at Reading in 1822, and was the third of a family of eleven children. Miss Hopkins speaks of his father as a man of sound scholarship and strong scientific tastes, an excellent geologist and naturalist:—

> Those who knew him knew that under some apparent harshness of demeanour lay hidden a nature full of tenderness, with sympathies at once delicate and

prompt, noble in forgiveness, and humble as a child in acknowledging the faults of temper into which the vehemence of his nature occasionally betrayed him. Under the influence of the strong religious feeling which made it his habit for thirty years regularly to retire three times a day for prayer and communion with God, his character gradually mellowed and softened, a growth of years best embodied in his own touching words, "We are near home, may we be homelike."

And in 1850 his son bears the following just and emphatic testimony to his worth:—

As regards my father, I myself see one or two things in him (chiefly his manner) which are repugnant to me; but if any one dislikes his nature, it can only be because they don't know him. I speak deliberately, and I think impartially, when I say that I have never been intimately acquainted with any man whose soul could bear as searching and thorough an examination. I don't know any character for which I have so high a veneration. I don't speak of certain aspects only, but of the whole of it. It is alike great and good, with no more defects in it than are necessary to make it human. There are many great qualities in him which are obvious to all, but I am not referring to those. I am thinking of his private virtues, which only those who live constantly with him can appreciate or even know of. I refer to his kindness, his humility, his self-control, his willingness to acknowledge himself in the wrong, and to make amends for any transient harshness of temper, his forbearance towards those who are weaker than himself, his active and generous benevolence, and the exemplary way in which he fulfils his duties as husband and father. These qualities, I know, do not appear, they are obscure to the public view, but they are not the less real and genuine, and they exist to an extent of which very few people have any conception.

It is the rarest thing in the world, and you must not expect it, to have opposite qualities combined in the same individual. Gentleness and charmingness are excellent things; and gentle and charming people could not be dispensed with; but neither could those men be who are by no means charming, and possess but little gentleness, but who, nevertheless, have large hearts as well as heads, and accomplish a great deal of very necessary work which gentle people would never undertake.

Deep as was the reverence in which James Hinton held his father, he always spoke of himself (we are told) as his mother's child, and it was certainly her impress that he chiefly took:—

She, too, was every way a woman of strong individuality of character; a fervent, lofty-souled woman, with a spring of sacred enthusiasm in her that seemed to remove her in a measure from the common concerns of life; beautiful to look upon in her early years, till she grew worn with much anxiety and ill-health, but always retaining the gracious dignity of manner which made her rule everyone who belonged to her with a woman's mild but irresistible sway,—a sway tempered by deep womanly compassion that was ever ready to excuse an offender on her favourite plea of "poor human nature." . . . .
If the stern, upright, yet kindly father was the granite pillar on which that large family rested, the mother was pre-eminently its shaping influence, more especially as Mr. Hinton's studious character and professional duties led him to spend much of his time in his study. Consecration to God and to the higher interests of life was made the very life and breath of that home; and the children grew up under a religious pressure difficult to realise in these easy-going days.

The "religious pressure" of those early days was not without its advantages. But for it, Hinton's profoundly speculative mind and the

fascination which certain aspects of Positivism had for him, would, in all probability, have issued in widely different results from those which ultimately made his life so profoundly beneficent and Christlike. When he was about twelve years old, the death of a brother to whom he was enthusiastically attached, made a deep impression upon him, and he was shortly after baptized, on a profession of his faith in Christ. He received his education at his grandfather's school near Oxford, and at a Nonconformist's school at Harpenden. In 1838, his father removed from Reading to Devonshire Square Chapel, London, and about the same time James was removed from school, and placed as cashier in a wholesale woollendraper's shop in Whitechapel. This was not at all the kind of work for which he was fitted, but it was well that he entered upon it, as its surroundings exercised a powerful influence on his moral development, and determined the main currents of his subsequent thoughts, both in speculative and practical life.

> Whitechapel was the rough cradle in which his mind and spirit awoke to energetic life; and to the last he bore its impress on him. Brought up as he had been in a pure home in a quiet country town, and drinking in from his mother a reverence for women which in him was always akin to worship, he was suddenly thrust into rudest contact with our worst social evils.
>
> "The weary and the heavy weight of all this unintelligible world" came crushing down on his young heart with a most cruel force, and the degradation of women possessed him with a divine despair. Indeed, on that point, he was always, if I may use the expression, divinely mad, the true μάνις, according to Plato's derivation, with a prophetic insight on some points which the world's history may yet justify. On Saturday nights, in the back streets and crowded courts of Whitechapel, he used to hear women screaming under the blows of their drunken husbands; and come across others, wearing the same sacred womanhood as his own mother and sisters, with the same gracious dependence on man's strength and care, yet the victims of his passions, flushed with gin and trolling out obscenities. He got a sense of the cruelty of the world, and it got into him, and possessed him, and never left him. It became the "unconscious constant" in all his thinking; he could think of nothing apart from this; and at last, as he once said, it crushed and crushed me till it crushed "The Mystery of Pain" out of me.

He afterwards became a clerk in an insurance office in the city, and it was while thus engaged that the great intellectual ambition of his life was aroused. His passion to know, often kept him up half the night studying. His reading was curiously desultory—"History, metaphysics, Russian, German, Italian, arithmetic, Euclid, were each devoured in turn"; and now, too, awoke another passion, to which his biographer thus alludes:—

> At the age of nineteen he first became attached to the lady whom he afterwards married, after waiting for her many years. It was his first and only attachment. For some time his love met with no return; indeed he must have appeared rather a formidable suitor at this time to any young girl, having much the air of an abstract idea untidily expressed, very different from the singular charm he afterwards possessed in ripened manhood. Wholly indifferent to appearances, his clothes could never be made to fit him; while his mental absorption at this period made him guilty of frequent lapses of politeness, which are the source of endless expressions of contrition in his

letters to his eldest sister, who evidently did her best to get him into shape. To the girl he loved he rarely spoke, only turning a little white in her presence. With all others he was intensely argumentative. It mattered not whether you were parted from him a week or a month, on meeting he would begin again exactly where the argument was broken off, giving the result of his further meditations on the subject in question, with a mental resoluteness that was never to be shaken off till he got to the bottom of it.

The strain upon him at this time was, however, too severe. His health gave way, his spirits were depressed, and he resolved to run away to sea, but his intention was discovered and, consequently, abandoned. The family doctor was consulted, and affirmed that he needed more mental occupation to keep his mind from feeding on itself. He accordingly advised his entering the medical profession, and in his twentieth year Hinton became a student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. His course was completed in a much shorter time than that assigned, and in order to gain some practical knowledge of the world he performed a voyage to China and back as surgeon in the passenger ship "The City of Derry." On his return to England, he took his diploma with honours, practised for a short time as assistant surgeon at Newport, Essex, and afterwards obtained an appointment as medical officer in a Government vessel, which was to transport free labourers from Sierra Leone to the West Indies. He undertook this work that he might have "an opportunity of studying savage life, and of forming some idea of man apart from civilisation and Christianity." He conducted 248 men, women, and children to Jamaica, laboured diligently to secure them eligible situations, remained a year or so on the island conducting the practice of a medical man who was out of health, paid a short visit to New Orleans, and then returned again to London to enter into partnership with a surgeon of the name of Fisher.

This was a critical time in Hinton's experience. His early religious beliefs failed him. He had doubts as to the authority of the Bible, and was perplexed by some of its teachings. He submitted his opinions to a rigorous and searching examination, passed through a time of agony, and described himself as "an honest soul striving to believe the Bible and yet unable; and feeling as if he were clinging to a plank amid a waste of waters and that was being plucked away from him." Of Hinton's thorough honesty at this time, of his determination "to keep the heart right and the affections pure," there can be no doubt. There was in him no flippancy or indifferentism. He acted as the very soul of honour, and although he never again adopted all the doctrines in which he had been trained his darkness was dispelled, and in 1851 he could write:—"I am becoming more and more at rest in the great doctrines of the Gospel, and am gaining a more firm conviction of their reality. I was thinking this afternoon how miserable it would make me now to give up the Bible; how I clung to its assurances of pardon and free acceptance and undeserved love and favour as my chief and only hope."

The partnership with Mr. Fisher lasted little more than a year, and Mr. Hinton commenced practice on his own account. His attention was especially directed to the study of aural surgery, in which he attained the first rank—this bent being given to his thoughts by the "accidental" cure of his mother's deafness, and by his introduction to Mr. Toynbee, whose successor he ultimately became.

In 1852 he was married to Miss Margaret Haddon. "It was," writes Miss Hopkins, "a marriage of singularly deep affection: and from thenceforward his wife became the sharer in his every thought—his love for her being all through his life, from the early age of nineteen, the one

> "Ever fixed mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken."

In 1856 Mr. Hinton began to publish, contributing papers on physiological and ethical subjects to the *Christian Spectator*. "Man and his Dwelling-place" appeared in 1858, and its success induced him to give up practice and devote his whole time to writing. He therefore settled "in a tiny house in Tottenham, the dimensions of the sitting-room being such that he used to boast that he could open the door with one hand, poke the fire with the other, and had nature given him a third, could have opened the window, all without the trouble of rising from his seat." The picture of his life there is exquisitely charming. Here he wrote the "Physiological Riddles" for the *Cornhill*—afterwards published, with a few additions, under the title of "Life in Nature." The "Thoughts on Health," the "Mystery of Pain," and other works were likewise the product of his days at Tottenham. As none of Hinton's thoughts were perfect in his eyes until they had received his wife's intelligent approval,

> He would often plunge after her into the kitchen, where she was patiently endeavouring to master some culinary mystery, and keep up such a distracting blaze of metaphysics and physics, epicycles and parabolas, noumena and phenomena, as threatened to make the light pudding or pastry at dinner-time one of the heaviest problems to solve of even "this unintelligible world," and a painful proof of the reality of matter to the uninstructed digestive organs, its ingredients having undergone much transcendental confusion. Under these distracting influences, Mrs. Hinton was, on one occasion, when about to entertain some of the poor mothers of the neighbourhood, "betrayed into the untoward mistake of putting peppercorns, instead of currants, into a large cake she was making for their especial delectation, only discovering her mistake when her guests were assembling."

The difficulties connected with this delightful mode of life were, however, too great to be borne by one who had the responsibilities of a family, and, in 1863, Mr. Hinton accepted an appointment as aural-surgeon to Guy's Hospital—the office being created for the purpose of securing him on the medical staff. At the same time he commenced practice as an aural-surgeon in the West End—resolving, from his strong sense of professional responsibility, to abandon philosophy and literature, and give his whole soul to his work. In 1866 Mr. Toyn-

bee died, and Mr. Hinton succeeded to his practice, "removing to his house in Savile Row, and henceforth taking the first rank in the profession which he had adopted." The handsome income he now realized enabled him, in 1874, to retire from practice, but this was unfortunately a necessity from his increasing mental excitement. He had, for the last year or two, thrown into his profession the strength of ten men, besides having, under an irresistible mental constraint, passed six or seven works simultaneously through the press, and produced piles of MSS. His brain received an injury from which it never recovered. He had, in 1870, bought a small property in the Azores, and, after his retirement, he resolved to spend some time there with his family. It seemed for a time that the hopes of himself and his friends would be realized. He grew better, but the improvement was temporary, and the end came with awful suddenness. "Acute inflammation of the brain declared itself, and after a few days' intense suffering, in which he knew no one, he entered into his rest on the 16th December, 1875.

"He sleeps among the unfamiliar orange-trees, alone with his God, in the churchyard of the little English church at Ponta Delgada, in that far island of the West—far, far away from all who loved him on earth, whose hearts can but cry, 'He is not there; he is risen.'"

Of James Hinton's philosophy we have left ourselves no space to speak. We cannot agree with him in his views of the deceptiveness of the senses, and, consequently, of "the phenomenal." "It was," says Sir William Gull, "his favourite conception that the 'phenomenal' was essentially antithetic to the 'actual.' The brain he regarded as the organ of the spirit, "the instrument by which the spirit carries out all its purposes, whether of thinking or acting. The spirit acts upon the brain, and thought results, just as the brain acts upon the muscles, and motion results." He discriminated sharply between thought and volition, two things which he declared to be as different as spirit is from matter. With Coleridge, he regards the will as the spiritual in man, and does not seem to admit a personality behind it.

"Sin (he writes) is not a fact or reality, but a refusal to share in life." Evil is not really evil, but only an effect produced on us by good.

His ethical creed was "altruistic." Altruism is, at the best, a foreign and ungainly term, and all that is of worth in it is included in the old and familiar words of Scripture—love, charity, brotherly kindness, &c. Besides altruism is one-sided and imperfect, and there is a deeper and more practical wisdom in the command, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Humanity, strong as are its claims upon us, is not God, but altruism has a tendency to substitute it for God. The Positivist "service of humanity" will not supply men with a motive power such as will impel them to all virtue and goodness. The author of "Ecce Homo," defective as his work is on some

grounds, has pointed out "a more excellent way," and shown us that it is to Christ we are indebted for our sense of the claims of humanity; that He invests our nature with a new sacredness, and, *by binding men unto Himself*, supplies them with the one adequate incentive to service—the moral inspiration which can from no other source be gained.

Mr. Hinton, as interpreted by Miss Hopkins, held his altruistic beliefs under such modifications as obviated the objections urged against them in their naked (Comtist) form; and it is evident to us that, more largely than he knew, he was adopting "the method of Jesus." His early training made it impossible for him to become a thorough-going altruist. His views on "the dynamic relations of evil" have in them germs of truth, but he stated them in too broad a form.

But to go carefully into these matters would require a lengthened treatise, and we must desist. The "Life and Letters of James Hinton" is a book which will be highly prized by all thoughtful men; and it cannot fail to have, even on the minds of those who are unable to acquiesce in his conclusions, a healthy and bracing effect, while it abounds in those great seed-thoughts which are of more value than many elaborate volumes. And we can well understand the closing words of his biographer:—

> There are some on this earth to whom to have known and loved James Hinton has given to all life a diviner meaning, and who now live to carry on his work for the world, for that human good which he loved with a passion that found no equal even in the sum of all other desires.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTER IN HIS SICK-CHAMBER.

ANGELS are never poorly. As heralds of the Throne, they are exempt from all "the ills to which flesh is heir." Christian ministers, heralds at once of the Throne and the Cross, are not thus privileged. The grandeur of their message does not secure, far less guarantee on their behalf, a physical energy that shall never know sickness "marking them for its own." On the contrary, precious though the treasure is with which they are entrusted, they are ever and anon reminded that this "treasure is in earthen vessels." "This allusion," says Dean Stanley, "is possibly to the practice of Persian kings placing gold and silver in earthenware jars. Hence the Rabbinical story given by Wetstein of the reply of Rabbi Joshua to a daughter of the emperor, who, on taunting him with his mean

appearance, was referred by him to the earthen vessels in which her father kept his wines, and, when at her request the wines had been shifted to silver vessels and there turned sour, was taunted by the rabbi with the observation that the humblest vessels best contained the highest wisdom."

Be this as it may, the fact of "this treasure"—"the unsearchable riches of Christ"—being deposited in vessels so brittle and frail, answers a sublime end. The bearers of the "treasure," while fully alive at once to the honour conferred upon them and to their native helplessness in sustaining it, become media through which the Divine glory shines. Neither physical power nor mental vigour, neither varied learning, glowing zeal, nor burning eloquence, can ever originate the wondrous change which is wrought in a man when he is "born again." Hence the inspired declaration, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels *that the excellency of the power may be of* GOD *and not of us.*" *

The first preachers of the Gospel never forgot their own feebleness. Thus, when the inhabitants of Lystra, beholding a cripple whom Paul had miraculously cured, proceeded to do sacrifice to him and his brother Barnabas, as "gods come down to them in the likeness of men," both these servants of Christ rent their clothes and ran in among the people crying, "Sirs, why do ye these things? We also are men of like passions with you," or, as the Vulgate renders it, "we are mortals like yourselves." †

Of such personal mortality, the preacher of even undying truth is frequently conscious. Ailments, in themselves trivial and temporary, act as reminders. We doubt not that Paul's "thorn in the flesh," though it permitted him wondrous activity for his Master, was to himself every day vocal with the entreaty "remember thou must die," and his declaration "I die daily"—taken literally—is felt by the Christian minister to be clothed with thrilling emphasis, when physical indisposition takes him captive and immures him in a sick-chamber. That chamber, at least for a time, is transmuted into his study. The very walls become strangely eloquent.

The season is one of more than usual pensiveness. The illness of a Christian minister, we all know, may be variously induced. Disaster may overtake him while travelling; or, with appalling suddenness, in the precincts of his own dwelling. Sometimes, suffering results from simple want of care in nursing the body for Christ; at other times, it is more directly the logical sequence of refusing obedience to physical laws. Occasionally, it springs from exposure to atmospheric influences, which, though weathered by some robust frames, proves dangerous to the sufferer, in whose case escape is almost impossible. It is not unfrequently the noble tax which a self-denying pastor has to pay for visiting a member of his flock

* 2 Cor. iv. 7. † Acts xiv. 15.

labouring under infectious disease. Often its foundation is laid in the experience of anxiety—amounting sometimes to feverish worry—under numerous and nameless difficulties, as well as prostrating discouragements, in the prosecution of the most glorious employ in which man can engage. Alas! too often is it—in these days of multifarious and incessant demands on a minister's time and strength—the inevitable fruit of over-work. Now and then, sickness is, as with other men, the minister's lot, when both himself and his medical attendant are puzzled to divine the cause.

But, discovered or undiscovered, be the secondary cause what it may, the sufferer's gratitude may well be great. He has reason to be thankful that, when indisposition seized him, it found him not—where once he was—in the service of Satan, but in that of the best of Masters. Let him be thankful, too, for the assurance which the whole tenor of Revelation supplies, that the sickness has been either *permitted* or *appointed* by Him whose wisdom never errs and whose love never changes.

That love and that wisdom have conducted him into his present seclusion. Solitude it is not. The Master is with him: he knows, he *feels*, He is. The suspension of his ordinary course of systematic reading; the pause in his usual routine of pulpit study; his voice reduced in tone and volume; his retirement from the activities of the pastorate; his inability to share, as hitherto, in the work of philanthropic associations; and many other minutiæ of plaintive experience; all generate a silence and a hush which realise to him the fact, more impressive now than ever, that he is "face to face" with Him whom his soul loveth." In a sense, he *sees* the Invisible, and hears the voice which says, "I have brought thee into the wilderness, as I said Israel, that I may speak comfortably to thee"—literally "to thy *heart*."*

For the amount of health he has enjoyed in days that are gone he is grateful to Him "Whose he is and Whom he serves." Its suspension *now* thrills his soul with the truth; "our blessings brighten as they take their flight." He cannot help reviewing the past. It lays him low. Poor have been the services, he feels, that he has rendered to Him who "counted him faithful, putting him into the ministry." How little he has done! and, of that little, how much the result of habit! how perfunctorily performed! how stained with mingled motive! how marred by questionable temper! how imperfect! how full of shortcoming! "His soul is humbled within him." "He waters his couch with tears."

Afresh he feels the preciousness of the truths he has been privileged to make known to others. The Deity of Jesus, His mysterious incarnation, His all-atoning sacrifice, His attesting resurrection, His exquisite sympathy, His prevailing intercession, and the "exceeding

* Hos. ii. 14.

great and precious promises" sealed on the Cross, and radiant with the glory of the Throne, are themes that seem now richer than ever. He was partially alive to their grandeur when permitted to proclaim them; but now, in the shaded chamber, they permeate his soul with redoubled blessing, when, simply as a believer, he gratefully reposes on their eternal verity. "I had perished in mine affliction unless Thy law had been my delight:" *

> "Where can such sweetness be
> As I have tasted in Thy love,
> As I have found in Thee?"

He enters on a momentous enquiry, one calling for rigid scrutiny and impartial, solemn decision: "This affliction, is it *punitive* or *preventive?*" Touching the former, memory and conscience go jointly to work. Confronted by these, he acknowledges there is a "need-be" for the "chastening." Deny it, he cannot. Passage after passage in his spiritual history recurs to his mind, solving the present use of the Divine rod. "If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us."† But rich is the comfort which the next verse supplies: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Albeit, the affliction may have come as a preventive. Who more humble than the man who acknowledged himself "less than the least of all saints?" Yet the Master saw even in *him* a germ which, if not crushed, would develop itself in sad, if not fatal, results: "Lest I should be exalted above measure, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh."‡ The present sorrow, for aught the invalid knows, may be commissioned to prove to him how easily, notwithstanding his labours, the Master can carry on His glorious cause, independently of him altogether; or it may become a guardian angel, to "keep him" from yielding to temptation, that would cover him with shame, and elicit the cry from the Saviour's lips, "These are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the house of my friend."§

Very solicitous is the ministerial invalid to act as did Jonathan Edwards when he wrote, "resolved to *improve* affliction to the utmost." Hence his fervent desire that, however "grievous" and discomposing "for the present," it may conduct him through that mental and spiritual "exercise" which shall "afterwards" enrich him with "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." ‖ When the chastening "of the Lord is not despised"—this being presumption—and when there is no "fainting under" the Divine "rebuke"—this being despondency,—these "precious fruits" are assuredly reaped. Who does not envy Robert Hall as he writes to a friend: "I presume the Lord sees that I require more hammering and hewing than almost

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* Ps. cxix. 92. † 1 John i. 8, 9. ‡ 2 Cor. xii. 7.
§ Zech. xiii. 6. ‖ Heb. xii. 11.

any other stone that was ever selected for His spiritual building. Let me be broken into a thousand pieces, if I may be but made up again, and formed by His hand for purposes of His mercy." Does not this remind us of Paul "most gladly glorying in his infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon him"? and does not the sufferer become more impressively than ever "a vessel meet for the Master's use"? Such increased "meetness" evinces itself—among other ways—in a fuller, deeper, tenderer sympathy with all in the school of suffering, as well as in a richer and more grateful appreciation of that healing balm when poured upon himself, eliciting his devout acknowledgment, "Sympathy is sweet, passing sweet is sympathy."

Musing on the experience of other ministerial invalids, interests the sufferer not a little. He thinks of Trophimus "left at Miletum sick" by Paul, who would readily, if permitted, have imparted to him a "healing apron"*; of Timothy with his "often infirmities"; of Epaphroditus, once "sick nigh unto death"; of the Great Apostle, with His "thorn" festering into "weakness"; and of some in more modern times—specially of Richard Baxter, who, for the last thirty years of his life, did not know what it was to spend a single day without pain. Such was the man who, during an illness, wrote the "Saints' Everlasting Rest"—a book, says Dr. Bates, "for which multitudes will have to bless God for ever." Perusal, in the sick-chamber, of well-written biography is eminently profitable. So, too, is musing on the memories of ministerial brethren, of his own and other denominations, known and loved by the invalid, but who—many of them younger than himself—have exchanged labour for rest, and pulpits for thrones—suggesting the thought of the ecstatic moment when the Master shall say to *him*, "Come up hither."

Solemn and tranquillizing to his spirit though such meditations be, ever and anon they are mingled with solicitude—solicitude respecting the flock he is now unable to tend. He feels that his very indisposition renders his people increasingly dear to him, and in intervals of relief from suffering he sends them heart-epistles. These are succeeded by fervent prayer, that, in the absence of the servant, the presence of the Master may be doubly realised in their midst. Anxiously he thinks of the supply of his pulpit; of the fidelity and affection of the officers of the church; the discharge of their several duties in their respective spheres; the budding and blossoming of the Sabbath School, that nursery of the Church; the visitation of the sick, with whom he can have intercourse now only by letter; the Bible-classes he has loved to conduct; the punctual oiling of the wheels of the different organizations so auxiliary to general prosperity; the impatient desire of some that he should resume his active labours without delay, contrasted with the affectionate solicitude felt

* Acts xix. 12.

by others lest a relapse should follow a premature return to work; amid these and kindred sources of anxiety, what can he do, but seek to realise the rich consolation of John Foster's remark, "I can pray, and *that* is a glorious thing"?

Some ministerial brethren, compared with others, are signally blest with wonderful immunity from physical suffering. A church whose pastor was not among the favoured ones, felt they were by no means without compensation. At a ministerial and diaconal meeting, the absence of this pastor was noted. One of his deacons said he was unwell, but had preached with remarkable impressiveness on the preceding Sabbath. "I have noticed," he continued, "that ministers often preach best when they are poorly; have any of you ever observed this?" "Yes," replied another deacon, "I have frequently made the same remark." "What is that?" asked a stalwart ministerial brother, and an excellent preacher, but whose pulpit was seldom vacated because of illness; "what is that you are saying?" "Oh," responded a deacon, "we are just saying that ministers often preach best when they are poorly." "Oh," he rejoined, "if that's it, all *my* best sermons are yet to come."

A question which a minister, during a protracted illness, is often constrained to put to himself is the following: "Am I ever to preach *again?*" While thus soliloquising, a passage of Holy Writ seasonably occurs to him: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." He seeks to obey: he leaves himself, both as to his present and his future, in His hands Who is "Light" and "Love," desirous—should he be spared—that the spiritual atmosphere he has breathed, and the solemn thoughts he has cherished in sickness, may be preserved in their purity and power, that he may alway—even in the full bound of returned health and activity—have reason gratefully to repeat: "It was good for me that I was afflicted." Should he, on the other hand, have reason, from physical premonitions and medical testimony, to believe that "the sickness *is* unto death"—that the day is not far off when he shall "give an account of his stewardship," and enter the temple and the service of the skies—"long as he is in this tabernacle," it is his daily and devout solicitude that he may be *ready to go at an hour's notice.*

Miletum. TROPHIMUS.

THE SCRIPTURAL MEANING OF THE WORD "ANGEL."

III.

IN our first paper we spoke of the word in its application to human and other earthly beings. In the second paper we spoke concerning the "Fallen Angels"—those unhappy beings who "kept not their first estate," and by their wrong-doing transformed themselves into "devils." In the present paper we will try to present to our readers a summary of what the Scriptures teach us concerning "Unfallen Angels;"—those happy and honoured beings, who, after the lapse of ages, retain the condition in which they were created, and when the approving voice of God pronounced them very good.

First, let us speak respecting some of the *attributes* or qualities of unfallen angels. They are *unembodied* or spiritual beings. Mankind is composed of body and spirit, the angels are spirit only. "God is a Spirit;" and in the spirituality of their nature the angels resemble their Divine Creator. This fact is clearly taught in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews—"He maketh His angels spirits;" "Are they not all ministering spirits?" The angels are very *pure*. Our first parents were created "in righteousness and true holiness." Of course the angels were created with a sinless nature, and they have "kept their first estate." The quotation of two passages of Scripture will be sufficient upon this point. In Matthew xxv. 31, we read the well-known words, "When the Son of man shall come in His glory, and all the *holy* angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory;" and in Mark viii. 38, we read, "When He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." These unfallen spirits are also very *wise*. The woman of Tekoah said to David—2 Samuel xiv. 17—"For as an angel of God, so is my lord the king to discern good and bad." The words were false as addressed to the king, but are true in reference to the angels of heaven. Very strong upon the point are also the words contained in Matthew xxiv. 36, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but My Father only." This divine declaration certainly teaches us that the angels are possessed of vast wisdom, and yet that the time of the second coming of Christ is a fact unknown even to them.

The angelic hosts are possessed of *vast power*. How strong, for example, must have been that angel who, with sublime ease, delivered Peter from his prison-house; and that angel who slew in one night the firstborn of the Egyptians—both of man and beast; and that angel "who smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore

and five thousand!" Well might the Psalmist say, "Bless the Lord ye His angels, that excel in strength, that do His commandments hearkening unto the voice of His word." These grand beings are endowed with other excellent qualities of which we have not time particularly to speak. As far as we know, the angels are the greatest of created beings, the climax and crown of the rational universe—very far indeed removed from equality with their Creator, yet as superior to man, in his best estate, as the blazing sun is brighter than the dimmest star.

We will now speak for a little while concerning the *degrees of dignity* which are believed to exist among the unfallen angels. The ancient Jews held the opinion that in the world of spirits there are "seven heavens," and that over these are placed "seven archangels" as the representatives and viceroys of the Infinite King. Some Rabbins say that there are but four archangels, and give their names as Uriel Raphael, Gabriel, and Michael. In the inspired Scriptures the word archangel occurs but twice, and in both passages the reference is probably to the same angelic being. St. Paul uses the word—1 Thess. iv. 16—"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." The two words "the archangel" seem to point to the fact that there exists but one archangel. But as the word "the" is not in the Greek text, the phrase must be translated "a voice of an archangel." In the Epistle of Jude, verse 9, we read of "Michael the archangel." As the word occurs only twice in the inspired Scriptures we have no certain evidence that there is more than one archangel—Michael being his name. We may remark, in passing, that the name Michael is a Hebrew word, compounded of three words, and signifies, "Who is like to God?" The only other angel mentioned in Scripture by name is Gabriel, which word is also from the Hebrew, and means "a mighty man of God."

Our readers are familiar with the two words Cherubim and Seraphim; and as these are supposed by some writers to be names of two superior classes of angels, we offer a few explanatory remarks respecting them. In the English translation of the Scriptures these two words end with an "s," to signify the plural number; but this is a grammatical mistake, as the ending *im* is the sign, in the Hebrew language, of the plural number. The cherubs or cherubim are first spoken of in Genesis iii. 24:—"And God placed at the east of the Garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." Later on they are spoken of as the supporters of the throne of Jehovah, or rather as the bearers of His moving throne. Thus, in Psalm xviii. 10, we read:—"He rode upon a cherub, and did fly." So also in Psalm lxxx. 1, we find this prayer—"Thou who art enthroned on the cherubim, shine forth." Our readers are also familiar with the fact that over the cover of the ark of the covenant in the holy of holies, two cherubim

were placed with outstretched wings as a symbol of the Divine presence.

In 1 Peter i. 12 we have the following words:—"Which things the angels desire to look into." The three words "to look into" are the translation of the Greek term παρακύψαι, which means literally "*to bend by the side of*," and is supposed by some commentators to contain a reference to the position of the cherubim over the mercy-seat. Just as the cherubim had their faces bent down, as if looking into the ark of the covenant, so the Apostle represents the angelic beings as bending over the mysteries of the Gospel, to survey and study the wonders of Divine power, wisdom, and mercy contained therein. Scholars have not settled the literal meaning of the word cherub, some making it to signify a carving or image, and others deriving it from a Syrian word, which means strong or mighty. This latter explanation seems the more probable one, when we bear in mind the remarkable descriptions of the cherubim contained in Ezek. i. 10, and Rev. iv. 6—7: "As for the likeness of their faces, they four had the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side; and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle." "And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal; and in the midst of the throne, and round about the throne, were four living creatures full of eyes before and behind. And the first living creature was like a lion, and the second like a calf, and the third had a face as a man, and the fourth was like a flying eagle."

The well-known name of the Seraphim occurs only twice—Isaiah vi. 2, 6—and the reference is as follows: "Above (the throne) stood the seraphims: each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly." According to the ancient Rabbins, the word Seraphim signifies bright or fiery angels, these learned men deriving it from a Hebrew word, which means to burn brightly. According to that interpretation, the Cherubim are those angels who excel in intellectual strength, and the Seraphim those angelic beings who are filled with the flame of a most pure and intense affection. It is right, however, to add that Gesenius derives the word Seraphim from an Arabic word, which means to be excellent or noble; and, therefore, according to him, the Seraphim are nobles or princes among the angelic hosts. We may remark in passing that the word Shereef, so well known in Arabian history, has the same root as the name Seraphim, and signifies a noble or prince. We have said enough to show that there are gradations of rank and glory among the angels in heaven. There are some of inferior rank, who dwell, so to speak, near the portals of the Divine palace; and there are those who dwell near to the shining throne—each of whom can say, as Gabriel did, "I stand in the presence of God."

As the subject of "*The Ministry of Angels*" is an interesting theme

we will try to offer a few explanatory remarks upon it. Theologians o the Roman Catholic Church, and the so-called Puseyites of the Churc of England, teach us that every infant is placed under the kindly car of an angelic being at the time of its baptism; which angel remain with the child, guarding it in the time of danger, guiding it in season of perplexity, and leading it successfully onward toward the realms c victory and joy above. One of the chief texts adduced in support c this teaching is found in Matthew xviii. 10: "Take heed that y despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that i heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which i in heaven." But this passage is not so strong upon the point as s first sight it seems to be. For, first, as the angels are not able to be i two places at once, they cannot be guardian-spirits on earth to th "little ones," and at the same time "behold" the face of God i heaven. But, apart from this objection, there is reason to believe—a we tried to prove in our first paper upon this subject—that the wor angel sometimes means a human soul; and, according to this interpr tation of the term, the words of our Lord may mean: "The disem bodied souls of pious children behold the glory of God in heaven therefore, do not on earth despise the little ones, who may be destine hereafter to share in that sublime privilege."

Although we cannot assent to what we consider the extreme view of Catholic theologians upon the subject, yet there can be no doul that angelic beings take a kindly and practical interest in the welfa of the disciples of Christ. Scriptural evidence is clear and copiou upon the point. In the famous vision at Bethel the patriarch Jacc beheld companies of bright angels "ascending and descending" upc the ladder, the bottom of which touched the sand upon which he la and the summit of which was higher than the stars. Surely, tho angels were there not only as an indication of the Divine Presence, bu also as a symbol of the pleasant fact that they were "ministerin spirits," employed by God's Providence for the promotion of the wel being of his children.

Our readers are familiar with the fact—therefore, we need n refer to it in detail—that angelic beings often appeared to the ancie saints, to help them in their troubles, and to give them signal victo over their foes.

The "classical" passage upon the subject is that in the Epistle the Hebrews i. 14:—"Are they not all ministering spirits, se forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Critic candour compels us to say that the above words are not an exact tran lation of the original,—Dean Alford rendering it thus: "Are they n all ministering spirits, sent forth for ministry on account of them wl shall be heirs of salvation?" Although the Dean's rendering of th famous passage seems to show that the ministry of angels is somewh less direct and personal than tradition assigns to it, it is not out keeping with many passages of Scripture, the meaning of which ma

be summed up in the inspired words of David—Psalm xxxiv. 7—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

There is, therefore, good theology, as well as good poetry, in the oft-quoted words with which we close our present Paper :—

> "How oft do they their silvery bowers leave,
> To come to succour us that succour want;
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant;
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant,
> They for us fight, and watch, and duly ward;
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
> And all for love, and nothing for reward."

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

The Murder of Lord Leitrim.

THE murder of Lord Leitrim, attended as it was with such circumstances of unwonted atrocity, has called forth deep, widespread, and well-merited indignation. There is just a little danger, indeed, that the indignation in its vehemence may pass into injustice: and it may not be out of season to remind some, who are clearly in peril of allowing their anger to run away with their judgment, that all Ireland is not under the sway of Ribbonism, and all Irishmen are not assassins. It bodes no good for the times that are coming to denounce "the Irish"—as some English prints are doing—as restless, factious, irreconcilable, and bloodthirsty. It is sheer madness to intensify and animate the jealousies of race. It is the grossest injustice to brand a whole nation for the crimes of the few. It is not in this way that Ireland is to be conciliated. Even the best and most loyal of Irishmen must be wounded by it, and almost forced to feel that it is impossible to obtain open-handed justice from England.

The fact is that we Englishmen are far too prone to make our own attainments the standard by which to measure all other people, while complacently ignoring all difference in circumstances. It is within our recollection that armed mobs passed from town to town in the North, destroying the machinery of the factories: we have something more than a fancy that at one time of our life we heard of rick-burning and agrarian outrages; yet, to read some of the diatribes on the Irish character, one might naturally conclude that English peasants and working men had always been the most law-abiding

and tractable people on the earth. When we are called to pass judgment on the conduct of other nations, there is no question we so much need to remember, or so systematically forget, as the question, "Who hath made thee to differ?"

It is undeniable that Ireland has made immense progress during the last twenty-five years, both material and moral. She is steadily advancing in intelligence, social comfort, and civilization. We have been told, again and again, by those who can speak with authority, that the old fierce feuds between landlords and tenants are fast losing their asperity, or wholly dying out; while, among the latter, contentment and prosperity are, if slowly, still surely extending. But the evil effects of centuries of political oppression and religious superstition cannot be undone in a lifetime. The regeneration of Ireland will exercise the forbearance and generosity of England for years to come. This debt England owes, and ought to pay without grudging.

Assassination is a base and dastardly crime which nothing can extenuate. Let its perpetrators be hunted down and brought to justice. It may be, there are peasants in Ireland who believe themselves to be suffering from wrongs for which there is no legal redress. Even so. Still must they be sharply taught that they cannot be permitted to make and execute their own law. But let our censures be reserved for the guilty, and not hurled indiscriminately at the innocent too.

It is only too apparent that the late earl has fallen a victim not merely to the angry rage of the semi-savages of Donegal, but to his own most unfortunate temper. He had the liveliest sense of the rights of his position as a landowner, without a due corresponding sense of its obligations. He held the theory that the land was his own—absolute and unconditioned; a doctrine which if true would make nineteen-twentieths of the human race abject dependents on the remaining fraction. We suppose he would have claimed the right to turn his whole estates into a desert had he so pleased. He hated the Irish Land Act because it contravened his theory and imposed what he regarded as unrighteous limits on his personal rights. He does not appear to have acted illegally. Even the obnoxious Land Act he carried out with scrupulous literality. Still the gratitude and esteem of his tenants he neither desired nor sought. What they could legally claim he conceded, what the law gave him he took. There was no grace in his concessions, and there might be the grossest wrong in his exactions, for no wrong is so cruel or goading as that which keeps within the letter of the law—there is no redress for it.

The case deserves to be carefully pondered not only by the owners of Irish estates, but by all who are called to exercise power over their fellowmen. Human society cannot be made to rest on Acts of Parliament. Be laws never so wise and just and never so impartially administered, they must fail to bring peace or prosperity to a nation

if generosity and charity, neighbourly kindness and mutual service be excluded from the relationships of life.

Loss of the "Eurydice."

The foundering of the *Eurydice* off the Isle of Wight on Sunday, the 24th of March, must, we believe, take its place among the unavoidable accidents to which all life is liable. There was no fault to find with the ship or her appointments; there was no neglect of Admiralty instructions, or gross miscarriage of seamanship by those in command. The three hundred and odd men on board were probably a favourable specimen of the best class of our seamen, for they were mostly young men and youths, and the commander was a God-fearing man, who made it his endeavour to lead those under him into the way of holiness. No doubt there will be dispute as to whether she did not carry too much canvas and whether she was sufficiently ballasted. The questions do not greatly concern us, as we do not understand them, and all the less do we lay stress on them as there is a general consensus of nautical opinion that she was all right for any ordinary weather. We are assured that had she carried less sail she would not have heeled over when the squall struck her, and again, that when she did actually heel over she would have righted again had her lee-ports been closed. All this is but saying that had the squall been foreseen and everything been done to render the calamity impossible, it would never have occurred.

What we cannot dismiss from our thoughts is the agony—of moments only it may have been—but still the agony unspeakable of men who were filled with the joy of nearing home, who were already excitedly preparing for the end of their voyage, and eagerly anticipating the warm welcome of companions and friends, and who, without a minute's warning or a chance of escape, suddenly saw themselves doomed to a watery grave. Then our thoughts go off to the many darkened homes—the wives made widows, widows made childless, children made orphans—to the homes made sad for years to come, by troubled thoughts of the bright boy who would be a sailor, but whose body is now the sport of Atlantic currents, or perhaps bleaches on some unvisited rock; and our prayer goes up with a new fervour, "God help and keep our seamen."

The Late Dr. Selwyn.

By the death of the Bishop of Lichfield the Establishment has sustained a real loss. It will not be easy to fill his place with one who can take up his work and carry it through with the same vigour which he threw into all his engagements. Dr. Selwyn was better known to his countrymen as the Bishop of New Zealand than as the

Bishop of Lichfield, although he has sustained the latter dignity nearly eleven years. The tradition of his first see clung to him to the end. He made it peculiarly his own, and no one who knew of his career at the Antipodes ever supposed he could fill another so well. He was not a profound thinker, nor an able preacher, nor an accomplished theologian; but he was full of religious enthusiasm, and in devotion to his work was chivalrous to the last degree. He belonged to the school of muscular Christians. He could swim, and build, and track a forest, and manage a ship. We cannot imagine him the rector of a country village. He could not vegetate. When, in 1841, he accepted the appointment of first Bishop of New Zealand, many of his friends felt disappointed at his choice, and probably more than one, like Sidney Smith, chaffed him on the possibility of being cooked and eaten by his congregation. No appointment could have been better. He brought to his work all his energy, powers of command, and concentration of purpose. He believed in organization, but even more in personal influence and supervision—hence, he was here, there, and everywhere, day and night, winter and summer, ever leaving behind him a quickened zeal; for he possessed the rare faculty of inspiring others with enthusiasm for his own pursuits.

The late Bishop was a most decided High Churchman. Our readers will remember him as the prelate who, two or three years ago, rebuked a number of his clergy for being present at the opening of a Wesleyan chapel, where Dr. Punshon was the preacher. He brought down upon himself many indignant reproaches, and much passionate denunciation for his narrowness. The narrowness we admit, but the reproaches we cannot endorse. The Bishop was simply true to his doctrinal theory and ordination vows. He never had a doubt of the divinity of tha authority which made him a Bishop of the only authorised Christia Church in England. To him Dissenters were schismatics, guilty fearful sin; and Dissenting ministers teachers of schism, worthy more abundant stripes. His faith in the divinity of Anglican orde was as complete as ever was that of James I. or Louis XIV. in t divine right of kings.

His appointment by Lord Derby to the very sleepiest of Engl sees was not a happy one. It may have been thought perhaps t its very dulness and lack of enterprise made it desirable to pu man of unwonted energy where there was real need for the infu of new life. But Dr. Selwyn was both doctrinally and ecclesiastic out of sympathy with the general feeling in his new diocese; be which he never quite got over the paternal and autocratic tende which life among the Maories had fostered. He was more than employed in controversy in which he did not appear to advantage his sacerdotalism was offensive to most both of the clergy and l

On the whole, Dr. Selwyn was a favourable specimen of a Church bishop; but we are very doubtful how many such b the Establishment would be able to carry. Not even the d

zeal of Dr. Selwyn has been able to prevent his sacerdotalism from stimulating Liberation principles in his diocese.

We used to hear a great deal about the godly earnestness of the departed prelate; of how he preached to railway navvies, canal boatmen, and prisoners; but as hundreds of Dissenters had been doing the same thing for years before, without beat of drum or flourish of trumpet, we did not feel called upon to go into hysterics over it. We did not suppose that the millennium had come.

Dr. Selwyn was born at Hampstead in 1809; consequently was in his sixty-ninth year at the time of his death.

The living of Lichfield is £4,500 a year, so that the bishop's death throws another handsome piece of Church preferment into the hands of our pious and evangelical Premier, who no doubt will avail himself of the opportunity of appointing a prelate warranted to "stamp out Ritualism."

The Eastern Question.

Shall we go to War? is at the moment of our writing still a question of the future; nor does anyone, from the Premier downward, seem to be prepared with an answer. Roughly, but not inaccurately stated, "the situation" appears to be this—the British Government, by vacillation and obstinacy, bullying and blundering, have got themselves into a scrape, from which there seems to be no issue but a war (for which at present they can discover no plausible excuse), or a retreat which will cover them with ridicule. Meantime, every day's delay is a day gained in the interests of peace, inasmuch as it enables the more sober-minded among our countrymen, to form a clearer and juster conception of the position. Of course the tension continues, and may snap at any time; but is, we hope and believe, more likely to wear itself out.

What are we to fight for? The most reckless of fire-eaters must, in his lucid moments, ask himself this question. A war is not such a holiday pastime that a nation can afford to rush into it without a thought of why it goes, and how it is coming out again. Why are we to cripple our trade, add enormously to the taxation of the country, swell our national debt, and ensure a prolonged period of commercial distress? Why are thousands of our brave countrymen to be slaughtered like wild beasts, thousands of English homes turned into abodes of mourning over butchered husbands, sons, and brothers? Why are we to roll back the tide of civilization which it has been our care for years past to advance? Why are we to risk our free institutions, our influence among the nations, and the safety of our empire? Why are we to plunge into a war which may wrap all Europe in flames, and involve a quarter of the globe in irreparable disaster? Surely the most insane advocate of war at any price must have moments when these questions force themselves on him. We,

at all events, have a right to demand a categorical answer to them—an answer equally free from rant, cant, and ambiguity.

No one denies that England has interests in the East which it is important to protect; but be it remembered that not one of those interests is affected or even menaced by the successes which have attended the Russian arms, or by the Treaty of Stefano. What, then, are we to fight for?

THE PROPOSED CONGRESS offered a fitting opportunity, and the only possible method, of establishing peace on an honourable and safe basis. Why has it failed? The more Englishmen examine this question in the light of facts, the more deeply must they feel that the failure is utterly discreditable to British statesmanship. The Cabinet has played the part of a pettifogging lawyer, quibbling about words. It is certainly not easy for ordinary minds to see the difference between the proposals of Russia and the demands of the late Secretary of War. There is probably not a man who has given attention to the matter, but believes the difference would have been found of no practical effect; and in Congress would have totally disappeared. Virtually and actually the whole of the Treaty of St. Stefano would have been before the Congress, and subject to discussion, if the proposals of Russia, acceptable to all the other Cabinets, had been accepted by the English. But Lord Derby chose to stand on a technicality; to make the assembling of the Congress depend on the turn of a sentence; in short, to suspend the peace of Europe on the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee. If it were not that his honour and his hatred of war are beyond all doubt we should regard his conduct as a political crime. Perhaps it is; but not Lord Derby's. Every day brings to light some new proof of a foregone determination on the part of the Government to engage in war, and, therefore, to frustrate any attempt to promote peace. Lord Derby has been a useful ally, and facile tool, of Lord Beaconsfield. His presence in the Cabinet tranquillized the peace party, while his objection to action of any kind rendered pacific arrangements impossible. He can be spared now, at least, Lord Beaconsfield thinks so; but the Congress may yet be forced on the Premier by influences which not even he can resist.

The CIRCULAR DISPATCH of Lord Salisbury marks a new departure, and we fear emphasises the bellicose determination of the Government. Though it is noteworthy that both at home and on the continent the opinion gains ground that Lord Beaconsfield has not made up his mind whether he wants war or not, providing he can gain a triumph of some kind. The new dispatch assails the Treaty of St. Stefano as a whole. It does not, indeed, entirely pass over Lord Derby's previous position, but this is no longer a matter of first importance. Russia must be driven to bay. She is told, therefore, that the creation of a new and powerful Bulgaria, under Russian influences, is offensive and dangerous to the peace of Europe. Although Russia has carefully explained that the limits of the new

principality are subject to the approval of the powers in Congress; that the period of Russian occupation may be indefinitely shortened, and that the new prince is to be freely chosen by the Bulgarians, subject to the veto of the Powers. The dispatch further states that Russian possession of the strongholds of Armenia will be a standing peril to the overland trade between East and West, and full of danger to the interest and peace of Europe. Worst feature of all, it deprecates the weakening of Turkey as the power which must still hold Constantinople. If Lord Salisbury means anything but a piece of empty bluster to gratify the comedian whose fugleman he has stooped to become, then he means that Russia is to be required to relinquish all the advantages of the war, and to restore the *status quo ante bellum*.

A NATIONAL WEAKNESS.

THOUGH we are naturally prone to admire the English character, it must be confessed that it does not appear to the greatest advantage at a grave crisis in foreign affairs. The average Englishman is, in the ordinary relations of life, a sober man of business, accustomed to take practical and—in the main—correct views of things, and tolerably acute in discriminating between fact and fiction; but when his horizon is suddenly enlarged, and he is called upon to apply his mind to questions which affect the attitude of England towards other nations, he is like a navigator who is expert enough upon a lake, but who, when transferred to the open sea, is fearful of every object that looms vaguely in the distance, and is quite ready to believe that there is a conspiracy amongst all the icebergs in the world to pass themselves off as islands with a view to his destruction. As long as foreign countries continue friendly, the average Briton is disposed to regard them with good-natured tolerance as very useful for purposes of trade, and as much to be pitied on account of their manners and customs. This assumption of superiority may be traced to that sentiment which was once general in this country, and which is still a canon of belief amongst our schoolboys—that one Englishman is a match for three foreigners. The patriotic Frenchman will tell you that John Bull is a dull fellow, that he has no *esprit*, and that he keeps a universal shop. In the opinion of the patriotic Englishman, all the faults of the French, their flightiness, frivolity, and love of change are due to the fact that they persist in eating incomprehensible "messes" instead of roast beef, which would give them solidity of mind by improving their physique. Even

amongst highly-educated people it is not uncommon to find a prejudice against foreigners which is really based on merely physical distinctions. You meet a man who has travelled much and observed a great deal, and who confesses that he has no love for the Germans. He may say some hard things about German philosophy, German military despotism, and German social life, but it will not be surprising if, after all, you discover that at bottom he dislikes the Germans because many whom he met were not very clean in their persons, and used their knives at dinner as if they were sword swallowers. Insensibly his mind magnifies these unpleasant habits until they become the standard by which he, unconsciously it may be, judges a whole nation. If people who have had some scope of observation are thus liable to caricature the foreigner unwittingly, it is not singular that the average Englishman who has not travelled should be largely influenced in his estimate of his Continental neighbours by fantastic ideas of their personal defects. When Richard Doyle drew those delightfully humorous sketches of the travels of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, he did more than a dozen historians to strengthen the popular belief in the superiority of Englishmen to all other created beings. The evidence of the artist that the Austrian soldiery were not more than four feet high, was more to the purpose than any number of historical and philosophical disquisitions on the comparative merits of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples.

This system of physical appraisement is seen in its strongest colours when the passions of the country are inflamed by war, or by a dispute with a foreign power which threatens to lead to a conflict. Their goodnatured prejudice passes into angry contempt, and every third man you meet, though he may know nothing whatever about the political issue, will declaim against the enemy, or possible enemy, as an impudent pigmy who must have a whipping to teach him manners, or, it may be, as a huge unwieldy bully who, despite his size, has not got the English stamina, and must be knocked off his legs in true scientific style by way of warning to similar brutes. At such a time foreign politics are, to a large proportion of the public, a sort of prize ring, in which England, for the sake of her credit, must show her pluck and training at the expense of some less muscular Power. When the individuality of Napoleon was beginning to make itself disagreeably apparent to the Powers which had coalesced to suppress the France of the Revolution, Gilray's cartoon of George III. holding Bonaparte in the palm of his hand, and looking at him through a magnifying glass, was more effectual in irritating the popular mind against France than all the eloquence of Burke. History has since decided that the lieutenant of artillery was the giant, and the poor old king the dwarf, but in those days the public was exasperated to think that an adventurer who was no bigger than a drummer should defy the power of Great Britain. To minds which measured a man's and a nation's capabilities by their "fighting

weight" this anomaly was of course unintelligible. The popular faculties being wholly unequal to the problem, the potent aid of lies was invoked to restore the public equanimity. "The English are too ready to give ear to charges against their enemies," wrote Hazlitt, when treating of this period; "and from this weakness in their character every adventurer who can bring an idle tale against a formidable opponent, or with the aid of half-a-dozen venal scribblers stigmatise him with an opprobrious nickname, can inflame the national hostility and prejudices to a state bordering on madness, and wield the power of ten or twelve millions of people to any purpose, either of right or wrong, that the Government pleases." For a while the people readily believed that Napoleon's victories were fables, that he was personally a poltroon, and that all his schemes must shortly end in disaster and ridicule. Then the note was gradually changed, and Bonaparte became, in spite of his small stature, a monster who habitually imbued his hands in blood out of pure savagery, and delighted to drive his carriage over the bodies of the dying. It was affirmed that when in Egypt he ordered two thousand Turkish prisoners to be shot after the capture of Jaffa, and that, rather than burden himself with the wounded when the French evacuated that town, he had them poisoned in the hospitals. For years it was unknown that the prisoners who were executed at Jaffa were men who, having previously given a pledge not to bear arms against the French, had broken it, and were therefore condemned by the laws of war, and that the story about the poisoning had its origin in the circumstance that eight soldiers who were suffering from the plague, and who, according to the testimony of the doctors, could not live twenty-four hours, were left behind by Napoleon under the protection of a rearguard who had orders to remain until the men were dead. The calumnies thus reported, and others equally vile, were accepted as historical facts by a people so little capable of exercising ordinary judgment that it never occurred to them that, had Napoleon been the fiend incarnate their imagination painted him, his own troops, instead of regarding him with enthusiastic affection, would have torn him limb from limb.

It cannot be said that since that time Englishmen have learned to judge foreign nations, whether as friends or foes, in a rational manner. Hazlitt's indictment is as true to-day as it was when he wrote it. Within the past twelve months we have seen the public almost completely at the mercy of "scribblers"—whether "venal" or not, we need not inquire—whose sole object has been, and still is, to embroil the country in war. Russia is declared to be our natural enemy, incapable of truth, and steeped in every wickedness. A Cossack, with an impossible mouth adorned with impossible teeth—with a knout in one hand and a pistol in the other—is presented to us pictorially as the symbol of Russian civilization. The Czar is daily denounced with more or less circumlocution as a liar and a hypocrite. During the

late war between Russia and Turkey, stories of Russian "atrocities" were invented wholesale for the purpose of exciting popular feeling. As soon as the war was over a fresh series of lies was begun. Telegram after telegram announced that the Russians had broken the armistice, and entered Constantinople; and such is the power of persistent mendacity even in these days when communication is so rapid, and the means of obtaining correct information so great, that a resolute policy was abandoned by a great political party, and an important debate in Parliament brought to a hasty and undignified close, simply on account of rumours which a few hours later turned out to be wholly fictitious. Falsehoods about the Russian terms of peace followed thick and fast. The authors were not daunted by exposure, because they shrewdly guessed that the effect of these incessant misrepresentations upon the public mind would be cumulative. And they were right. No tale of Russian iniquity is now too improbable for belief. The journal which was recently declared in the House of Commons to be "a public scandal," and which, from day to day, practises fraud of the worst kind upon its readers, commands a circulation unprecedented in the history of the English Press. The Premier has profited by this condition of public opinion to get rid of the Minister who was the chief guarantee of a policy of peace, and to effect a complete change of front. The temper of the majority, both in and out of Parliament, is accurately represented by this Christian sentiment, publicly expressed by a well-known member of the House of Commons—"Whenever Russia asserts anything, it is sure to be a lie."

We will not enter here into any critical examination of the issue between England and Russia at the present moment. The simple fact that nine months ago our Government was in possession of the principal conditions of peace, and made no protest against them, is a commentary upon Lord Salisbury's Circular and the public frenzy to which nothing need be added. Our object is to show that whenever there is a quarrel, or a probability of a quarrel, between England and any other Power, the invincible prejudices of the public, based on the most trivial assumptions, immediately invest that Power with every attribute of infamy; the machinery of the Press is set in motion to propagate false and inflammatory ideas; and leaders of the people, who ought to know better, for their own purposes fan the flame. The Prime Minister has his lucid intervals, and in one of them he used this remarkable language (5th May, 1876):—"I am not one of those who view the advances of Russia in Asia with that misgiving that some do. I think Asia is large enough both for the destinies of Russia and of England. . . . . Far from looking forward with alarm to the development of the power of Russia, I see no reason why she should not conquer Tartary any more than England should not have conquered India." This is sound sense; but when this speech was made there was no war fever, and Russia had not smitten Lord Beaconsfield's beloved Turk. To use his own significant phrase,

"A good many things have happened since then." Nelson once declared that the cry of every voice in the world should be, "Down with the French!" The Premier is content now to let his supporters suppose that in his opinion the motto of every Englishman ought to be, "Down with the Russians!" No reasons are necessary to sustain this sentiment. Nobody who calmly studies the rhetoric which the *Daily Telegraph* serves out like a morning dram to invigorate the war party can doubt that if that journal asserted that the Czar habitually dined off tallow candles, its disciples would see in this an ample justification for a war with Russia. We have no respect for the virtuous fury against Russian diplomacy which is now raging, because we know perfectly well that if it were the Austrian or German Foreign Office which had injured the susceptibilities of the public, there would have been exactly the same outcry. The simple-minded reader of flaming articles against Prince Gortschakoff might imagine that the Russian Chancellor was the "Heathen Chinee" of diplomacy, bent upon swindling everybody—

"With a smile that was childlike and bland."

But we know that Prince Bismarck declared the other day, with characteristic bluntness, that in 1866 he did not believe anything an Austrian diplomatist told him. And if our quarrel were with Austria instead of Russia, this remark would be quoted by the war party in every article and every speech, and we should hear how Austria maltreated Hungary, assisted in the partition of Poland, and helped to crush Denmark; what fearful outrages the Austrian soldiery committed in Italy, and how nobly Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' draymen acquitted themselves when they mobbed General Haynau, and thus made it clear to posterity that all Austrian Generals were in the habit of flogging women. But now Austria is our dear ally; these ugly passages in her past history are never mentioned. It is not the concern of the war party just now to show that she is a monster, so they have given her a special coat of whitewash, and made her fit to join in our protests against the conduct of iniquitous Russia. Is there anything wanting to show how utterly farcical is the whole proceeding?

Yes,—one thing. Englishmen who denounce Russia with such virulence assume that their own Government is pure and spotless. Prince Gortchakoff, we are told, is an arch dissembler; but since when, we wonder, has the Prime Minister been a model of truth and openness? Lord Beaconsfield has obtained his exalted position because he is the greatest Parliamentary trickster this country has ever seen. His life is like a Chinese puzzle, and no one but himself can make a harmonious whole of it, because no one but himself can see how every inconsistency was dictated by a profound calculation of self-interest. He has always shown a contempt for facts when they would not serve his purpose. When Lord Carnarvon's differences

with his colleagues brought him to the point of resignatio Premier blandly assured the House of Lords that the Cabin united. But, it is said, Russia is a notorious treaty breaker. the Cabinet is evidently anxious for similar notoriety, for the de of the fleet into the Dardanelles against the protest of the Sult as distinct a breach of the Treaty of Paris as any of the nur violations of that obsolete instrument which has now as much pr value as old china. But Russia is big and aggressive. We some recollection that England has rather large possessions an she did not acquire them by her meekness. But it is need continue the parallel. The absurdities of the war party are cr by their Pharisaical insolence. It may be said that other n exhibit the same prejudices and the same arrogance in similar c stances. But the English are the leaders of civilization; no people have such facilities for acquiring sound political knov and, therefore, their incapacity to weigh evidence, their irr contempt for everybody who is unlike themselves, their unw ness to judge as they would themselves be judged, and thei abandonment to childish passion and the demon of lies in of national emergency, impose upon them a far heavier r sibility than any other nation has to bear.

REVIEWS.

PHILOCHRISTUS: Memoirs of a Disciple of the Lord. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

No principle has been more firmly established than that which is expressed in the words "Christ Himself is Christianity." He is the centre of all theological inquiry and of all religious life. It is impossible, even on philosophical grounds, to ignore Him; and equally so to assume an attitude of neutrality in regard to His claims. At every stage of our investigations into the great problems of our age, we are confronted by the question, "What think ye of Christ?" and they who reject the creed of the Church are compelled to frame a theory c own, and find that they have no easy task.

The present work is an att account for the life of Ou apart from a belief in His s Godhead, and a consequent sion of the supernatural. The has brought to his task the re of a cultured and scholarly He is ingenious, subtle, and native. He reproduces scenes with a vividness ar which are really surprising; we acquainted with any worl can rival this in quaint sir and beauty of style. Its p not diminished, but rather in by the fact that it is cast

narrative and not in the argumentative mould. The writer's position is, in many respects, identical with Dr. Abbott's, in his "Through Nature to Christ." The resemblances are, in fact, too striking to be accidental. Of several of the most notable of Our Lord's miracles, of His Resurrection and His prediction of it, precisely the same explanation is offered; and we have found ourselves continually comparing the two books. But what Dr. Abbott tries to establish by subtle and elaborate reasoning, "Philochristus" asserts in the form of a flowing and graceful narrative, lighted up by the glow of a brilliant imagination and flashes of poetic fire. A more beautiful book could not be written; and yet we are bitterly disappointed in it, and are compelled to pronounce it a failure.

Philochristus—the supposed writer of these Memoirs—was a Jew of Sepphoris, in Galilee, of about the same age as Jesus of Nazereth, to whom he was gradually drawn as the Redeemer of Israel. His description of the political and religious condition of Israel—hackneyed as the subject is—reads with a freshness and power which are simply delightful; and we know not where to look for a more accurate and vivid representation of the prevalent Messianic hopes, the political and religious intrigues to which they led, and their essential antagonism to the doctrines of Our Lord. No other work shows so clearly the insuperable difficulties which He had on this score to encounter, and the growth of determined hostility to Him. The Scribes and Pharisees, the Essenes and the Jews of Alexandria, are all graphically sketched; as also is John the Baptist, of whom for a time our author was a disciple. Philochristus was trained carefully in the Jewish law, and had the prospect of becoming a learned and influential Rabbi; but Judaism could not suffice him, and he was perforce attracted to Christ. He traces with a masterly hand the course of His teaching, and the effect it produced on the different classes of men. To some of his representations we demur as forced and unnatural; suggested, not by the Evangelical narratives, but by the exigencies of modern controversy. In fact, throughout, the author's standpoint is rationalistic and humanitarian. Like his friend, the author of "Ecce Homo," he ignores the earlier chapters of the third Gospel and the greater part of the fourth; and the impression left on the mind of the reader is, that Our Lord was a man of transcendent beauty of character, wise and benevolent, who sought to awaken in others a sense of the grandeur and worth of the spiritual life. His plan at first does not seem to have been clearly defined, but was altered or modified according to the teaching of events. His foresight—as, for example, of His death—is explained on purely naturalistic principles. He knew that His disciples would find an ass at a certain place, because, on the previous day, they had seen one there, and taken note of it. He knew of a guest-chamber in which He could eat the Passover, and also of the determination of the Pharisees to put Him to death, because of a letter sent to Him by Joseph of Arimathea. Demoniacal possession was a disease which Our Lord cured by the irresistible force of His moral influence. The miracle in connection with the herd of swine is so related as to convey the impression that it was the diseased man who *imagined* that he was possessed with three thousand swine. And the feeding of the four thousand and five thousand is represented as a spiritual feeding with the Bread of Life. We

have the same difficulty in understanding our author's position in regard to the Resurrection of Christ that we have in comprehending Dr. Abbott's. But he appears to us to regard it as a kind of hallucination—a phantasmal appearance due to the contemplation of excessive grief at the loss of a revered teacher. Christ rose from the dead in that His Spirit entered into the hearts of His disciples; and "He lived again" in them in the same sense as men are said to do so in George Eliot's "Choir Invisible." It is rather significant that "Philochristus" always contrives to be absent from the circle of the disciples on the critical occasions, and that he gives a vague "So it was reported unto me." He takes liberties with the gospels which are perfectly unwarranted. His account frequently diverges seriously from the Evangelists; his "subjectivity" misleads him; and it is absurd to suppose that "illusions"—even if we allow it to be possible that the disciples were under their spell—can account for the apostolic conception of Christ, for the revolution of their beliefs, and for the unexampled "power of Christ's Resurrection." We are fully alive to the poetic charms and the exquisite tenderness of this book, to the valuable side lights it throws on the Gospel history, and to its wonderful insight into some aspects of Our Lord's mission; but in view of its principal aim it is a decided failure. The faith of the Church harmonizes with the voice of reason; and we are constrained, in view of all the facts of the case, and after candidly weighing all the theories, to repeat the old confession, "THOU ART THE CHRIST, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD."

THE ORIGIN OF NATIONS. By George Rawlinson, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

A MOST valuable as well as a most interesting work. The time has now come when the revelations of the earlier chapters of Genesis should be compared not with the barren speculations of misapplied physical science, but with the far more reliable discoveries of ethnology and philology. Few men could be found fitted to undertake such a task, requiring, as it does, a profound acquaintance with the most obscure of ancient histories, and an unusual knowledge of the recent investigations of philology. And although these essays were already published in a periodical, it was essential that they should be given to the world and the church in a collected form. If this book, as it deserves, becomes popular, we may soon hope to see Bible readers no longer looking upon the Mosaic genealogies as useless enumerations, but finding in Gomer and Ashkenaz, Cush and Dedan, new evidences of the eternal truth, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." The fault will be in our readers if this volume does not please them as much as it has pleased us.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, Hebden Bridge, Yorkshire. With Addresses given at the Centenary Services, November 20th, 1877. London: Yates & Alexander, 21, Castle Street, Holborn.

To a far wider circle than the members of the church at Hebden Bridge this "Centenary" volume will possess a deep interest. Records of this nature are among the most pleasant and instructive forms of our denominational literature, and to the student of "Ecclesiology" will prove invaluable. The historical sketch has been furnished by the facile pen of our friend, Charles Williams, of Accrington. Its main interest naturally centres around Dr.

Fawcett, the founder of the church, a man who was equally distinguished as a preacher, a scholar, and an author. Dr. Stock discourses on "Nonconformity a Hundred Years Ago"; the Rev. William Medley supplies a masterly study of "John Foster," the great essayist, who was born near Hebden Bridge, and a member of the church there; Mr. J. S. Wright, a great-grandson of Dr. Fawcett, gives "Family Reminiscences;" the Rev. James Dann, of Bradford, speaks on "Privilege and Responsibility; and the Rev. E. Parker on "The Future of Baptists." All these papers, as well as Mr. Ibberson's opening address, are good, and the volume ought to be widely circulated. Mr. Williams' historical sketch was, perhaps, the most germane to the purpose of the Centenary, and it is admirable; while Mr. Medley's thoughtful and philosophical critique on Foster renders us thankful to think of the influence he must have on the students at Rawdon College. Prefixed to the volume there is a striking portrait of Dr. Fawcett.

THE VICTOR'S SEVENFOLD REWARD: Being Discourses on the Promises of Our Lord to the Seven Churches. By William Landels, D.D. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners-street. 1878.

THE subject of Dr. Landels' latest volume is by no means new or unfamiliar, but he has treated it in a thoroughly independent manner, and invested it with considerable freshness. It is a subject which affords ample scope for his peculiar powers, both of exposition and appeal, and the work will therefore take an honourable place in a series of books which have long occupied the first rank in our religious literature. Dr. Landels is a well-read, Biblical scholar, and a careful thinker, resolved on penetrating to the very heart of his theme, and on exhibiting it in a clear, bold light. His style is not more graceful than impressive. His illustrations are always apt, and in every discourse there are passages of great beauty and eloquence. We know of no work on these promises to the victors, of equal worth with this. With most of the interpretations we heartily agree, and have derived from them a deeper and broader insight into this wondrous section of Scripture, and a firmer conviction of its special adaptability to the needs of our own days. It is to us a source of gratitude that this volume is the work of one so profoundly honoured and so deeply beloved in our own denomination.

LIGHT IN THE JUNGLES: or, The True Gospel, and what came of it! By an Indian Missionary. With an introduction by General Sir Arthur Cotton. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

THIS is a very interesting account of the spread of the Gospel, and the conversion of some who have rendered eminent service in the mission work by means of portions of the Word of God which had been distributed in the Orissa district. Numbers of converts, unknown to the agents of the different societies, have been made so by the stray leaves from the Tree of Life. We hope that this little book will have an extensive sale; it is enhanced in value by the hearty recommendation of the distinguished officer who has written the preface.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPEL OPENED.

Griffith's Town, Pontypool, March 10th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Hackney, Rev. W. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Oxford.
Huxham, Rev. R. (Borough Green, Kent), Monksthorpe, Leicestershire.
James, Rev. H. (Minchinhampton), Stratford-on-Avon.
Lapham, Rev. H. (Regent's Park College), Liverpool.
Urquhart, Rev. T. (Bombay), Kirkcaldy.
Wilshere, Rev. D. (Fakenham), Nassau, Bahamas.
Woolley, Rev. W. R. (Bristol College), Bideford.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Highgate Road, Rev. J. Stephens, March 26th.
Middlesborough, Rev. W. Whale, March 12th.
Mill End, Rickmansworth, Rev. A. Powell, March 20th.
Shirley, Hants, Rev. P. Griffiths, March 19th.
Willenhall, Rev. E. Hilton, March 18th.
Weston-super-Mare, Rev. D. Davies, February 27th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Burton, Rev. W. H., Kingsgate Chapel, Holborn.
Gee, Rev. D., Desborough, Northamptonshire.
Overbury, Rev. H. L., West Gorton, Manchester.
Wills, Rev. F., Llandudno.

DEATH.

Breeze, Rev. R. (formerly of Swindon), at Eastbourne, March 22nd, aged 81.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1878.

LIFE BEHIND AND LIFE BEFORE CHRIST.

She came in the press behind and touched His garment." . . . . "The man came and fell down before Him."—MARK v. 27, 33.

: is a story of thrilling interest with which these words stand connected. But with the story as a whole we are not for the present to intermeddle. A few side glances at it as we proceed we shall 're occasion to take; but our purpose is to use the earlier and later ıtions of the woman to Christ as an illustration of two distinct ges in the Christian pilgrim's progress: namely—Life behind and e before Christ.

We believe in the progressive character of the Christian life. It ike the increasing light, which comes to us first as the dim dawn, n as the grey morning, and afterwards as the noon-day brightness. is like the maturing grain, which shows in succession the green de, the firm stalk, the soft ear, and finally the full ear ripening in summer sun. It is like the growing person with the weakness of ancy passing into the gracefulness of childhood, the gracefulness of ldhood rising into the beauty of youth, the beauty of youth prossing towards the perfection of manhood or the glory of womanod. It is like the ascent of a hill where one peak becomes the rting-point of another effort, and where the crowning effort brings traveller to the lofty summit to enjoy the magnificent prospect, l for a time to rest and be thankful.

This progress is connected with, indeed is essential to, our highest ll-being. It is a progress from good to better, and from better to t. It is not so with natural life. An eminent author—now the t Minister of the Crown—puts these remarkable words into the s of one of his characters: "Youth is a blunder; manhood a ıggle; old age a regret." A sad and cheerless view of life's pros that! It may be true, in measure, of a life separated from

godliness ; it certainly is not true of a life allied with godliness. Let there be "life and godliness," and then youth is not a blunder but a wise purpose and a glowing hope ; manhood is not a struggle only, but a conquest and a joy ; old age is not a regret, but a rich memory and a glorious prospect. Under this impression, let us rejoice and give thanks for our life in Christ, and let us devoutly think of our life in its relation to Christ.

THE FIRST STAGE IS LIFE BEHIND CHRIST. And what a picture this woman presents, as she quietly presses her way through the thronging crowd, as if by stealth, to take away the needed boon. She had tried life away from Christ ; and that had proved a failure. Now she tries life in contact with Christ ; this proves an immediate success. Confused might be her notion of Christ, and trembling her touch ; but the Great Healer owned her mute appeal, and from the fountain of His life the tide of a new health flowed through her veins, and strangely refreshed her weary, wasted frame.

When it is asked, What brought her to Christ at all ? we can only answer, She was driven by her sense of need, and drawn by her faith in Christ. Driven and drawn. This, more or less, is the experience of all who come to Christ. A sense of their need drives them ; a knowledge of His character draws them. And when Christ welcomes them, with the glad-hearted welcome of His own great love, they feel that though they came from necessity they can stay from choice. Needlessly, therefore, do some dear souls trouble themselves with the thought that they were selfish in their first seeking of the Saviour. For, what matters it now what drove them, if, all unknown to them, Christ was drawing them, even as the summer sun draws the hidden seeds into life, and clothes that new life with beauty and sweetness ?

Life away from Christ : that is life lost. Life in contact with Christ : this is life saved. The contact may be feeble, and in every way imperfect : but if there be any real contact at all, though only as a trembling finger touching the garment of His salvation, that hangs within the reach of every seeking soul, there is benefit, healing, saving benefit, the worth of which no words can speak. Even while she was only "behind" Christ, there came into this woman's life a boon which all the money she possessed could not purchase, and all the learned men she had consulted could not impart. And those who are only in the first stage of their Christian experience, and who have never come to look fully into the face of Jesus, find, their confused knowledge and their feeble faith notwithstanding, the elements of a new life—a life to whose progress there is no limit, and to whose existence there will come no end. I have seen a poor paralyzed arm stretched out to take the gift of charity, and taking it as effectually as if it had been sound and strong ; and if it be but a poor paralyzed faith one can exercise, it will make God's gift his own, and enrich him for ever. A very little child is sometimes awkward in his attempts to carry food to his mouth ; and yet the food thus carried is

as nourishing as if it had been lifted by the hand of a giant. Like a new-born babe, the strength of your faith may be weakness itself; but it feeds on Christ, and so will nourish you, and make you increase with all the increase of God. Remember that if you have but a little faith, you have a great Saviour, and He will give His greatness to your faith.

Yet there are defects in life "behind" Christ which are very marked and very mournful. It is legal rather than evangelical. And how many fail to see, and seeing to rejoice, that they "are not under the law but under grace." It is uncertain rather than assured. And how often we meet with those who, forgetting that the ground of assurance is not their experience but God's promise, say they think, or they hope, or they trust, instead of saying we know, we believe, we are sure. It is servile rather than friendly. And how sad it is that many, perhaps the majority in the professing world, never rise to that joyous sense of acceptance in Christ which acts not so much from a sense of duty as from the impelling power of love. God is to them a Sovereign rather than a Father; Christ is to them a Master rather than a Friend; and so life is to them a duty rather than a joy. What a change takes place when their secret hearts have learned that truth that makes His children free!

There is an illustrative incident in the life of Absalom. He was a king's son; and yet, for a time, he was shut out from the king's presence. He was allowed to return from exile; he was permitted to live in Jerusalem; he was provided with royal fare; but, for two whole years, he was not admitted into the king's presence, or allowed to see the king's face. He felt this. Gradually he grew to feel this so bitterly that he could bear it no longer; and, appealing to the mediator between him and his father, he cried, "Now, therefore, let me see the king's face!" An appropriate prayer this for those who live in Christ, but live without the light of His countenance. They were enemies, and have been reconciled to God by the death of His Son; they were far off and have been brought nigh through the blood of the cross: but they are, like that royal, erring son, near the King's person but not seeing the King's face. And the sad thing is this—they are content to remain thus. They live as if there were no higher life to which they might rise. The King is willing to see them, waiting to see them; but, measuring His mercy by their demerits, they shrink from offering and urging the prayer, "Now, therefore, let me see the King's face." And so they have only life behind Christ, when in the sweet unveiling of His face they might have life as rich as His grace, as pure as His righteousness, and as bright and cheering as His smile.

THE SECOND STAGE IS LIFE BEFORE CHRIST. Had this woman gone away as stealthily as she came, she would have gone away but half-blessed; she would have touched His garment and been healed; she would not have tasted His love and been made happy. And it

was because He would not let her shrink away, like a thief, with a stolen blessing, but would send her away, like a daughter of God, with the music of His own voice sounding in her ears, the sunshine of His own smile brightening and warming her soul, that He asked the question that drew her to kneel in His presence, and to tell Him the story of her life. And all His dealings with us have the like gracious purpose: to bring us from the attitude of fear to that of confidence; from the position of strangers to that of sons and daughters; from life behind Him, with its doubts and fears, to life before Him, with its trust and love.

Life before Christ is Life Revealing itself to Him. And what a wonderful saying that is: "She told Him all the truth"! "All the truth" about what she had suffered; and that was a mournful tale. "All the truth" about what she had hoped; how, like a bruised insect, she had crept into the sunshine seeking for healing in the beams of His power and His pity. "All the truth" about what she had received; how, with a new health in her body, and a new joy in her heart, there was a new song in her mouth.

And we have not risen to the glory of life before Christ if we are not accustomed to go and tell Him every phase of our experience, all the truth about our sins and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears. There may be phases of experience which we have never breathed into any human ear; but we can whisper all in His ear, confident that He will neither betray our trust nor withhold His sympathy. It takes a great many keys to unlock all the rooms of a great house; but the owner carries a master key that unlocks them every one. There are rooms in the house of the heart into which few, if any, of our friends are admitted; but the master-key is in the hands of Christ, and He can come and bring all heaven in His train. Happy they who have life revealing itself to Jesus, day by day and hour by hour telling Him all the truth! They are better acquainted with Him than with their dearest earthly friend. They know what it is to think *of* Him; but, better still, they know what it is to think *to* Him. Their circumstances may be unfavourable and frowning; but, as a quaint writer expressed it, "though they may be *walled* in they cannot be *roofed* in"; the upward, heavenward way is ever open; and they can lift up their souls to Him who is their life, revealing to Him every thought of their minds, every feeling of their hearts, every shade of their experience. And so they have "the help of His countenance." Their minds are in fellowship with His mind, that they may not err in judgment; their hearts are in fellowship with His heart, that they may not fail in charity. The secret of the Lord is to them an open secret.

Life before Christ is life working beneath His eye. The saintly Payson speaks of three classes of Christian workers, and represents them as occupying three circles around Christ. In the outer circle there are those who take rare side glances at Christ; in the inner

circle there are those who occasionally look up to catch His smile; and in the innermost circle there are those who bring all their work and do it beneath His eye. These last, in the truest, fullest, gladdest sense, stand in the presence of Christ, and have life before Christ. And how animating to serve as those who know that He is not indifferent to them, not absent from them, but present with them, and looking at them, to see them do their duty! "The servants that drew the water knew" is the significant remark of the sacred writer in connection with the supply of wine at the feast in Cana. The bride and bridegroom were there, but they did not know whence the wine came; the ruler of the feast was there, but he did not know. But "the servants that drew the water knew," for they had put in water and drawn it out wine. Some people stand aloof questioning and criticising, when Christ, through His servants, imparts new life to dead souls, and provides the wine of an unspeakable joy for those who live in Him; and they do not know—the secret of the Lord is not with them. But the servants are in sympathy with Christ, and work under His direction and inspiration; and they know, to their greater certainty and fuller joy, they know His grace and saving power. What a reality this gives to Christian experience! What a strength this gives to Christian faith! What a fulness this gives to Christian enjoyment!

How easy work becomes when it is done beneath Christ's eye! You have, let us suppose, a child at school. On a great day in school life she has to repeat certain exercises. They are thoroughly impressed on her mind, and she begins very bravely. But the presence of strangers alarms her. Her lips quiver; her tongue falters; she almost breaks down. Suddenly, however, you change your position so that she can see you; and when you stand where she can look right into your face, her fear is gone, her confidence is restored, and she repeats her part with ease and accuracy. We are all like children at school, and some of us are dull disciples. But why is it that we so often falter and give way to fear in the exercises to which we are called? Is it not because we stand where we cannot see our Father's face? Is it not because something comes between us and the light of His countenance? Let us change our position, and put away whatever hinders us from seeing Him and doing our work as in His very presence. So shall we trust and not be afraid; so shall we become strong and glad through the help of His countenance; so shall we set our mill upon the rock, and the river of God will turn the wheels!

Life before Christ is Life blessed with His Friendship. He is my physician, and I am grateful to Him; but He is my friend, and I am happy in Him. He is mighty to save, and I can commit to Him the keeping of my soul; but He is tender to love, and to love Him, and to be loved by Him, is the sweetest part of His great salvation. He lays His hand upon me, and I am devoted to Him for life; but He makes

His face to shine upon me, and I am glad with exceeding joy. Some faces never shine. They are like transparencies without any light behind to illumine them. We see no beauty in them; we get no joy from them. What a calamity it would be to have such faces looking at us always! But a shining face, a face shining with the light of undying love, of holy beauty, and of perfect joy! What an idea this gives us of the Spirit and personal happiness of the blessed God! And what a privilege it is to see such a face, and to have such a face always beaming upon us! The hiding of His face; that is hell. The shining of His face; this is heaven. And this is not something peculiar to those who are remarkably saintly. They, no doubt, enjoy it most, as the most carefully prepared plate in the photographer's studio receives the best impression of the likeness to be taken. But, see how the shining face is connected with the free grace: "The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee"! See how the shining face is connected with the abundant mercy: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us"! As He is rich in grace and infinite in mercy, we, even we who deem ourselves less than the least of all saints, may come before His presence, and walk in the conscious enjoyment of His friendship.

Oh! what a glory comes into the experience of him whose life is blessed with the friendship of Christ! Others may doubt; he has the witness in himself. Tell him that Christ is only a mythical character. You might as well tell him that the flowers that are breathing their sweetness in his presence are only painted flowers, that the sun which is pouring brightness into his chamber is only an imaginary sun. He perceives the sweetness, he enjoys the brightness that come from Christ into his very soul; and with a confidence that no sophistry can shake, with a love that no power can quench, he tells every assailant, You may as soon reason me out of the consciousness that I am alive, as out of the better and more blessed consciousness that I have the very life of God in my soul.

Bradford. R. P. MACMASTER.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

THE Chinese are not only the most numerous but the most isolated and exclusive people on the face of the earth. Until quite recently, the interior of their land was practically inaccessible to "barbarians," as they politely denominate all who are not

* "China: A History of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of the People." By John Henry Gray, M.A., LL.D., Archdeacon of Hong-Kong. Edited by William Gore Gregon. In two volumes, with one hundred and forty illustrations. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

of their own race; and Europeans found it impossible to acquire a full and accurate knowledge of their "laws, manners, and customs." The Great Wall, which forms the northern boundary of the empire, and was intended to prevent the incursions of the Tartar tribes, is a fitting symbol of their national spirit. They were determined to pursue their own course and to resist the intrusion of foreigners. No people has ever been more completely enslaved by the iron despotism of custom, and, as a natural consequence, remained so stationary. Thousands of years ago, they occupied a vantage ground such as few nations have enjoyed, and yet, so far as we can see, they have made no progress; their movements have been in a circle, and they have been left behind by races in many respects inferior to themselves, and without the advantages with which they started.

But this exclusiveness has at last been broken down, and the material barrier of the Great Wall of China has not been more powerless to hinder the incursions of the Tartars, than have the legal barriers which prohibited the entrance of foreigners. China is, at length, not only on its coast, but throughout the whole extent of its vast dominions, open to Europeans. The change has been effected by various causes. We attach the first importance to the labours of Christian missionaries, who have preached to the people the Gospel of universal love, gained their confidence, and secured the attachment of many of them to the truth which maketh free. Much also is due to commercial enterprise which missionary labours rendered possible, and for which a way was gradually but surely prepared. And we are finally indebted to the action of the French and British Governments, which, however mistaken and even injurious in some respects, has at least helped to remove the barriers which at one time seemed impassable, and, concurrently with other influences, has opened up vast fields of action in this mighty empire.

There are at present many signs that China will, in an increasing degree, engage the attention of Englishmen of various classes. Travellers and men of science will be attracted to it in the pursuit of knowledge. In geography, geology, and anthropology, it will yield results of the highest moment. Merchants will find in its markets an outlet for the fruits of their industry, while philanthropists and Christians will not be slow to admit that it is Christ who has set before them "an open door," and they will see much in the religious and social condition of the Chinese which imperatively calls for the proclamation of that Gospel which they have been commissioned to preach throughout the world.

We gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the appearance of Archdeacon Gray's invaluable volumes to direct attention to the subject. A great deal has been written on China, and it would be ungenerous to ignore such works as Meadows's "Chinese and their rebellions," Sir J. F. Davis's "China," Huc's "Chinese Empire," Edkin's "Religion in China," Dr. Williams' "Middle King-

dom," and others of great interest. But we may safely affirm that Archdeacon Gray has given us the most thorough and satisfactory contribution to the study of this subject that we have yet received. He has written a book which could not even have been planned apart from a long and intimate acquaintance with the people of whom it treats. It is the outgrowth of his life, the fruit of close observation and mature thought extending over many years. There is in it nothing of the patchwork of the book maker, and its merits are very different from the formal and mechanical cleverness of the literary annalist. Dr. Gray has indeed written clearly, impressively, and gracefully. Some of his paragraphs are masterpieces of word painting; and even the dullest reader may without difficulty transport himself to the scenes he describes, and "see them with his mind's eye." His materials have been thoroughly digested, and are arranged with much skill. But the main characteristic of the work arises from the fact that the author possesses that rare and delicate sympathy which enables him to throw off all prepossessions and prejudices, and to occupy the standpoint of the people among whom he dwells. He does not contemplate their character and habits from "the cold outside," but places himself as far as possible within the current of their life, and for the time, at least, "changes eyes" with them. Although he writes distinctly as a Christian minister, he has not travelled in "gown and bands." He is a generous, large-hearted man, ready wherever he can to acknowledge "a soul of goodness in things evil," and yet free from that sublime indifferentism which is the bane of our modern thought. The amount of Dr. Gray's knowledge is simply wonderful. How one man can be so many-sided, see so much and so clearly, and let his mind react on all that he sees, it is not easy to imagine. He will, however, have the satisfaction of finding his work appreciated, for there can be no doubt that these volumes will for many years be the standard authority upon all subjects connected with the social and political life of the Chinese, and that they will enable Englishmen to understand—as no other work has done—both the weakness and the strength of "the Celestial Empire." And on this ground, by the way, we ought to say that the one hundred and forty illustrations are invaluable. They are not ordinary woodcuts, but full-page outlines, marvellously graphic and effective, as characteristically Chinese as anything we have seen, forming, in every way, an admirable supplement to, and commentary on, the text.

"China proper," Dr. Gray writes, "lies between 18° and 41° North latitude. It has its eastern extremity, where it borders on the Corea, marked by the 124° East longitude; while its western boundary, where it borders on the Burmese empire and Western Thibet, is cut by 98° East longitude. Thus it may be regarded as the greatest compact country in the world, as it encloses an area of upwards of one million three hundred thousand square miles. Of this vast extent of surface, one side only is entirely washed by the ocean. The sea-board, however, extends over two thousand five hundred English miles. It

includes many bays and estuaries, so studded with islands that one of the most favourite and appropriate titles of the Emperor is 'The Sovereign of the Ten Thousand Isles.'"

It is well for us to note this fact; for few of us have anything like an adequate idea of the enormous extent of China, and the multitudinousness of its population. "At a census which was taken during the reign of Kien-lung-Wong, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, the population, according to the returns which were forwarded by each province to the Central Government at Pekin, amounted to 307,467,000 souls. According to a census taken by the Chinese in 1813, the population was 360,279,897, and in 1842, according to Sacharoff, it had reached the stupendous figure of 414,686,994. This seems almost incredible. There is no doubt, however, that this vast empire is densely populated in perhaps the majority of its districts."

In a paragraph of considerable length—which is, however, too important to be omitted, inasmuch as it contains the gist of the chapters on the religious and social life of the people—we have a fine specimen of the Archdeacon's insight and candour.

Of the moral character of the people, who have multiplied until they are "as the sand which is upon the sea-shore," it is very difficult to speak justly. The moral character of the Chinese is a book written in strange letters, which are more complex and difficult for one of another race, religion, and language to decipher, than their own singularly-compounded word-syllables. In the same individuals, virtues and vices, apparently incompatible, are placed side by side. Meekness, gentleness, docility, industry, contentment, cheerfulness, obedience to superiors, dutifulness to parents, and reverence for the aged are in one and the same persons the companions of insincerity, lying, flattery, treachery, cruelty, jealousy, ingratitude, avarice, and distrust of others. The Chinese are a weak and timid people, and, in consequence, like all similarly-constituted races, they seek a natural refuge in deceit and fraud. But examples of moral inconsistency are by no means confined to the Chinese, and I fear that sometimes too much emphasis is laid on the dark side of their character—to which St. Paul's well-known description of the heathen in his own day is applicable—as if it had no parallel among more enlightened nations. Were a native of the empire, with a view of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the English people, to make himself familiar with the records of our police and other law courts, the transactions that take place in what we call "the commercial world" and the scandals of what we term "society," he would probably give his countrymen at home a very one-sided and depreciatory account of this nation. Moreover, we must remember that we are in possession of the innumerable blessings of Christianity. Where they do not take refuge in the indifference of atheism, the Chinese are the slaves of grossly superstitious religions; and designing priests, geomancers, fortune-tellers, and others endeavour by cunning lies and artifices to keep them in a state of darkness worse than Egyptian. Under the political and social conditions of their existence, it is extraordinary what an amount of good is to be found in their national character. Their religion is a mass of superstitions. Their government is, in form, that which of all others is perhaps most liable to abuse—an irresponsible despotism. Their judges are venal; their judicial procedure is radically defective, and has recourse in its weakness to the infliction of torture; their punishments are, many of them, barbarous and revolting; their police are dishonest, and their prisons are dens of cruelty. A considerable mass of

the population does not know how to read, and nearly everywhere there is a prejudiced ignorance of all that relates to modern progress. Their social life suffers from the baleful effects of polygamy and to a certain extent of slavery, and their marriage laws and customs hold woman in a state of degrading bondage. This is a grave bill of indictment against the religious, political, civil, and social institutions of any nation, and yet, notwithstanding conditions so little favourable to the development of civil and social virtues, the Chinese may be fairly characterized as a courteous, orderly, industrious, peace-loving, sober, and patriotic people.

The estimate thus expressed is, we believe, entirely valid, and no one with the smallest pretensions to knowledge will deny that it is far nearer the truth than that which placed the Chinese far down in the scale of nations, and attributed to them a dwarfed intellect and a lack of vital energy. The exclusiveness for which more than for anything else they have been censured, is not altogether unaccountable. Their jealousy of Europeans could lay hold of much in the past and not a little in the present to justify it, and even Englishmen have not invariably displayed in their relations with the inhabitants of "the flowery land," the honesty, the straightforwardness, and the manliness of which they are wont to boast; and an impartial judge might perhaps detect a beam in our eye, where we have been thinking only of the mote in their eye. Let us hope that under the altered conditions, which have been effected so slowly and at so great a cost, and which even yet are viewed by many of the Chinese with a vague apprehension and dread, we in the West may be as much alive to our increased responsibilities, as we undoubtedly are to the opportunities of commercial enterprise and scientific investigation, which have been brought within easy reach. Land should be knit to land, not more by the ties of self-interest and the profitable interchange of goods than by the bonds of truth, justice, and love. The ties created by a sense of brotherhood, through the participation of a common humanity, should not be ignored. Commerce should not be divorced from religion, nor should merchants be indirectly the greatest obstacles to missionary success. The two powers should be allies not antagonists, and, if we so regard them, Englishmen have now a grand opportunity of hastening the time when

> **"All men's good**
> **Shall be each man's rule, and universal peace**
> **Lie like a shaft of light across the land,**
> **And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."**

The range of subjects over which Dr. Gray conducts his readers is so extensive, and he discusses them so comprehensively, that it is quite beyond our power to attempt a *resumé* of his book. After the introductory chapter, from which we have already quoted, he proceeds to describe in the first volume the forms of government, prisons and punishments, religion, popular gods and goddesses, education and the press, marriages, divorce, parents and children, servants and slaves festivals, funerals, titles of honour and visits of ceremony, amusements

and sports. In the second volume, he gives an account of various institutions and industries—hotels, restaurants, pawnshops, pagodas, highways and bridges, agriculture, gardens, tea, silk, potteries, ships, fishing boats, and fishery. The two concluding chapters on "Aboriginal Tribes" and "Physical Features" have a special interest, and embody a large amount of information, which, to the bulk even of educated readers, will be entirely new, and which must prove of singular value in the researches of science.

It will therefore be seen at a glance that Dr. Gray has traversed the whole ground of Chinese life, and he is everywhere an eager, interested observer. There is scarcely a shipbuilder on the Thames or the Clyde, a farmer in Kent, a fisherman on the coast of Norfolk, or a manufacturer in the Potteries, that knows more of their respective callings than does Archdeacon Gray, and he has in fact produced a work which will be universally appreciated for its mass of information and its sound discriminating judgments.

The chapters on religion, and on the popular gods and goddesses, have naturally attracted our attention; for the subject with which they deal is intrinsically the most important in the sphere of human thought, and furnishes us with our best and truest index of character. Religious beliefs and practices are too intimately connected with the intellectual and moral development of a nation, to be overlooked even by a philosophic inquirer or an historian. And in China their power is evident on every hand. There is every reason to believe that the ancient Chinese were not without a knowledge of the living and true God, whom they worshipped as Wang-Teen, and of whom they speak as Shang-Te, their worship being in many respects similar to that of the Patriarchs. There was, however, associated with this primitive religion an idolatrous worship of the spirits of departed ancestors, and of spirits supposed to preside over the various operations of nature; and in course of time these false accretions gained such power that God was lost sight of.

There are three principal forms of religion existing in China—Confucianism, Taouism, and Buddhism; and these three systems, which once struggled vigorously for the ascendancy, are often all professed by one and the same person, and are regarded not as antagonistic but supplementary one to another.

Confucianism is the oldest of the three systems, the great sage from whom its name is derived having lived in the latter half of the sixth century B.C. He was not, however, the founder of the system, but only a compiler and editor, whose aim it was to reduce into a perfect form the traditions and rough records of antiquity. Nor was he, strictly speaking, a religious teacher. He was silent on the subject of man's creation and of the future which awaits him beyond the grave. He was ethical rather than theological. Of the questions which are connected with the immaterial elements in man's nature, of his relation to the spiritual world, and of the means by which he can rise above

the dominion of the senses and the passions, Confucius took no cognizance.

Identifying himself with all that belonged to the intellectual condition of his age, Confucius virtually constituted himself the interpreter of the national religion, but his work lay essentially in the social and political world. His mind was intensely practical. His attitude towards religion was that of one who held it folly to waste, in vain attempts to light up the obscurity in which the future of man is veiled, those energies which ought to be strenuously devoted to discharging the duties of life. The saint of Confucius is neither the absorbed ascetic of Buddha nor the contemplative recluse of Laoutsze. He is the dignified head of the well-ordered family; the dutiful and patriotic citizen who seeks after righteousness in his doings and propriety in his conduct, distinguished by reverence towards his parents and towards the Emperor, both of whom virtually stand between him and God.

His most prominent doctrine was that of filial piety. The family he regarded as the prototype of the State, and only through the relation which exists between a father and his son can the Chinese Government be understood. The Chinese owe to their reverence for their parents many of their noblest characteristics; and upon this reverence also is founded the superstition of ancestral worship, of which Dr. Gray gives an interesting account. Every house contains a shrine, before which, morning and evening, adoration is paid to departed ancestors, and at stated seasons of the year the people make pilgrimages to the tops of high hills and to secluded vales to prostrate themselves before the tombs of their fathers, whose happiness is believed to depend on the homage and offerings of posterity. Temples are erected to Confucius in every city, some of which are grand and imposing. Stately services are held in his honour twice a month, and he is universally reverenced as "the most perfect sage."

Taouism is the system originated and developed by Laoutsze, who was born about the beginning of the sixth century B.C. It is a subtle metaphysical creed, which fully recognises the profounder needs and the higher capacities of man's nature. According to it, it is by stillness and contemplation, and by union with Taou (the ἀρχή, or Supreme Principle of the Universe), that perfection is to be gained. Self must be lost in the universe. Man should go through life as if nothing were his own, and love even his enemies. On some points, Laoutsze anticipated the doctrines of the Stoics, and inculcated a like indifference to circumstances. But his followers soon lost sight of his principles and degenerated into alchemists, astrologers, and geomancers, and Taouism is to-day a mass of puerile superstitions, wretched fables, and deceitful charms.

Buddhism, unlike Confucianism and Taouism, is of foreign origin, having been imported into China from India in the first century of our era. Its founder was Gautama, Sakya-Muni, or Buddha, who also lived in the sixth century before Christ. We need not here attempt an exposition of its dreary creed. It was essentially the religion of despair. Matter is necessarily evil. Life is necessarily a burden. To escape from misery, man must escape from existence and find his

rest in Nirvâna. To attain Nirvâna there must be a complete extinction, not only of sinful desires, but of the desire for life. Those who do not attain Nirvâna must pass through numberless forms of existence. Their life will reproduce itself in successive births—the painfulness of their condition being determined by their merit or demerit. Anything more terrible than the kingdoms of the Buddhist Hell, the imagination cannot conceive.

Under the sanction of these systems idolatry in its grossest forms is practised. The gods and goddesses are innumerable. "If the Chinese do not trouble themselves much about religious doctrines," says Dr. Gray, "they are very much interested in the canonized mortals and the imaginary beings whom they suppose to dispense the blessings and the ills of life. Their religion is essentially a *cultus*. The worshipper who kneels at the shrine of Confucius will also worship the Taouistical Pak-te; and on special occasions Taouist and Buddhist priests may be seen praying in the same national temple."

Among the gods are Kwan-te, the god of war; and Man-chang, the god of learning; Lung Wong, the dragon king, in whose keeping are "the fountains of the deep;" Yuh Hwangte, or the pearly emperor; Shing Wong, the protector of walled cities; Hung Sing Wong, the god of the southern ocean. The goddesses are principally Tien-Hon, the queen of heaven; Koon Yam, the goddess of mercy; Kum Fa, the tutelary goddess of women and children, &c. The origin of some of these mythical divinities is admirably given. We transcribe the following:—

> Among the goddesses whom the Chinese worship, Tien-Hon, the Queen of Heaven, occupies a very conspicuous place. This canonised saint was a native of the province of Fokein, and a member of the clan Lum. Her future greatness was indicated by supernatural events, and before she was a year old she displayed remarkable precocity. When eleven years old, she expressed a wish to enter a Taouist nunnery; but the opposition of her parents induced her to continue under their roof. Her brothers, four in number, were merchants. On one occasion, when they were absent on a trading voyage, she fell into a deep trance, from which she was roused by the loud lamentations of her parents, who supposed her dead. On recovering she informed them that she had seen her brothers at sea in the midst of a violent storm. Shortly after the youngest son returned home, and reported that his eldest brother had been lost at sea. He stated that during the storm a lady appeared in mid-heaven, and by means of a rope dragged the ship into a safe position. While he was relating this his sister entered the room, and at once congratulated him on his escape. She said that she had hastened to the rescue of her elder brother, but while in the very act of saving him she was awakened from her vision by the cries of her sorrowing parents. After her death, which took place when she was twenty, her relatives declared that her spirit returned to the house once a month. They concluded, therefore, that she had become a goddess, and erected a temple to her. Her fame soon spread, and native annals contain various instances of her saving tempest-tossed crews.
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> So recently as the eighteenth century she interposed to save an ambassador of the empire, and she is also credited with having done so during the Sung dynasty some seven hundred years before. Her temples, therefore, are now to be found in all the provinces, and the more honourable designation of Tien-te-Hon was bestowed upon her by Taou-Kwang. This goddess is worshipped at

all times by numerous votaries, and especially by fishermen and sailors. The twenty-third day of the third month is honoured as her natal anniversary, and State worship is paid to her at the celebration of the New Year's festivities and at the equinoxes.

There are in China so-called courts of justice, but the manner in which the law is administered is capricious, arbitrary, and cruel. The officials are venal and corrupt, and if the suspected or alleged criminal is poor and uninfluential his condemnation is in nine cases out of ten a foregone conclusion. Trials are conducted by torture. "This is carried to such an extent that people at home can scarcely be expected to give credence to an account of the atrocities of the mandarins in their endeavours to punish vice and maintain virtue." The cruelties practised are so aggravated that the courts are now deserted by visitors and the doors are practically closed. It was formerly the custom on the day of the trial to affix on the outer gates of the *yamun* a calendar or list of the cases to be tried and of the prisoners' names. But

This custom has long been disused, and the calendar is now placed on a pillar in one of the inner courts of the yamun, where of course there is no chance of its attracting public attention. The judge when conducting a trial sits behind a large table, which is covered with a red cloth. The prisoner is made to kneel in the front of the table as a mark of respect to the court, by whom he is regarded as guilty until he is proved to be innocent. The secretaries, interpreters, and turnkeys stand at each end of the table, no one being allowed to sit but the judge. At the commencement of the trial the charge is, as in an English court of justice, read aloud in the hearing of the prisoner, who is called upon to plead either guilty or not guilty. As it is a rare thing for Chinese prisoners—mercy being conspicuously absent in the character of their judges—to plead guilty, trials are very numerous. During the course of a trial the prisoner is asked a great many leading questions which have a tendency to criminate him. Should his answers be evasive, torture is at once resorted to as the only remaining expedient.

Some of these modes of torture are too atrocious to be here described. We will, however, quote Dr. Gray's description of two of the simplest of them, in the hope that if they serve no other purpose they will at least show how urgent is the need of a reformation in the moral sentiment which renders such atrocities possible. By one method

The upper portion of the body of the culprit having been uncovered, each of his arms—he being in a kneeling posture—is held tightly by a turnkey, while a third beats him most unmercifully between the shoulders with a double cane. Should he continue to give evasive answers, his jaws are beaten with an instrument made of two thick pieces of leather, sewn together at one end, and in shape not unlike the sole of a slipper. Between these pieces of leather is placed a small tongue of the same material, to give the weapon elasticity. The force with which this implement of torture is applied to the jaws of the accused is in some instances so great as to loosen his teeth, and cause his mouth to swell to such a degree as to deprive him for some time of the powers of mastication. Should he continue to maintain his innocence, a turnkey beats his ankles by means of a piece of hard wood, which resembles a schoolboy's ruler, and is more than a foot long. Torture of this nature not unfrequently results in the ankle bones being broken. Should the prisoner still persist in declaring his innocence, a severer mode of torture is practised. This may be regarded as a

species of rack. A large, heavy tressel is placed in a perpendicular position, and the prisoner, who is in a kneeling posture, is made to lean against the board of it. His arms are then pushed backwards and stretched under the upper legs of the tressel, from the ends of which they are suspended by cords passing round the thumb of each hand. His legs are also pushed backwards and are drawn, his knees still resting on the ground, towards the upper legs of the tressel by cords passing round the large toe of each foot. When the prisoner has been thus bound the questions are again put to him, and should his answers be deemed unsatisfactory, the double cane is applied with great severity to his thighs, which have been previously uncovered. I have known prisoners remain in this position for a considerable time, and the quivering motion of the whole frame, the piteous moans, and the saliva oozing freely out of the mouth afforded the most incontestable evidence of the extremity of the torture.

And if this torture fails another more diabolical still is enforced. The gaols are dens of filth and infamy. The prisoners are abject and miserable, worn and emaciated, with "the appearance rather of demons than of men." The governor of a prison purchases his appointment from the local government, receives no salary, but recoups himself by exacting money from the friends of the prisoners. The abuse of which this is capable is evident, and as we might expect it leads to the vilest injustice. A Chinese John Howard would "indeed be an unspeakable mercy to Chinese prisoners," and this is a direction in which the Gospel is sure to make its power felt.

The Chinese are great believers in astrology, soothsaying, necromancy, enchantments, witchcraft, &c., and the practices to which the belief has given rise are in many cases exceedingly grotesque. The pawnbrokers and money-lenders drive a brisk and profitable trade, their gains being such as we should consider exorbitant.

The cultivated lands in China are said to be little short of six millions of English acres. Agriculturists are therefore an important part of the population, and as a class are strongly devoted to their calling. Their implements are of a simple order, and by the discoveries of modern science have been left far behind. There are still enormous tracts of fertile land uncultivated, and the Government holds out strong inducements to all landed proprietors to reclaim them, exempting them from taxes for two or three generations, and sometimes handing them over to those who reclaim them. Dr. Gray gives a good many details with reference to the rice and cotton crops, sheep and pig farming, the culture of tea, the rearing of silkworms, the weaving of silk, the art of the potter and several other employments. There is a specially instructive chapter on ships; and we are assured that the assertion that there are more vessels in China than in all the rest of the world together, is not so very extravagant as it seems. Ta Yu, the founder of the Hiaki dynasty, who flourished B.C., 2,205, was the first—according to the Chinese—to introduce the art of shipbuilding. There are numerous dockyards on the coast and at the river ports. The old war junks are, of course, antiquated, and war vessels similar to our own are being introduced into the Chinese navy,

with first-class crews, whose sailors and marines have been trained by foreign instructors, and armed with the most approved weapons. Now that the necessity for a change has been recognized the Chinese will, probably, prove themselves to be no inapt and sluggish scholars in the schools of Neptune and of Mars. And all the more will it be incumbent on Englishmen to show them another and more excellent way to national greatness and prosperity. There are arts of peace to which we should win their attachment, and principles of righteousness without which they cannot be permanently exalted.

The character of the Chinese sailors is, if we make allowance for their different surroundings, not unlike that of our own "Jack Tars." There is a similar simplicity and honesty, a similar bluntness of manner concealing often a deep kindliness of heart, and the same strange blending of recklessness and superstition. Want of space alone prevents us from detailing some of their religious ceremonies, as narrated in these charming pages. We are thankful, however, that our own brave seamen do not share the superstitious fear of the Chinese to rescue a person from drowning. We cannot imagine *them* allowing a boatful of lightermen, to the number of twenty-five, to perish without any attempt to save them. And yet Dr. Gray witnessed such a scene. Their reluctance arises from a foolish terror.

Pisciculture—in the open sea, in the rivers and artificial ponds—is carried on extensively, and the fishing boats, licensed by the Government, are very numerous. The methods of catching fish are as amusing as they are apparently effective, though they would not all gain the approval of old Izaac Walton and his devoted followers in England. We cannot follow our author through this delightful section of his book, but one paragragh we must give.

> The most singular method, however, of capturing fish is by employing cormorants. In the river on which stands the city of T'sung-fa, the capital of an extensive district of Kwang-tung, I saw fishermen capturing large quantities of fish by means of these birds, and again, in 1862, two years later, in a mountain river in the same district, I had another opportunity of witnessing this singular method. The fisherman, standing on a raft or catamaran, took up his position in the middle of the stream. On the catamaran there were stationed four or five cormorants, which at a signal dived into the waters to search for fish. To prevent the birds swallowing the fish each had a band, or ring made of bamboo round its neck. They swam with their prey to the catamaran, and the fisherman at once extricated the fishes from their throats and deposited them in a creel. When fatigued the cormorants rested for a little on the raft, resuming their task whenever the fisherman gave the signal.

Here our article must end. Had it been in our power we should have made a somewhat extended reference to the iniquitous opium traffic, the baleful results of which are brought forcibly to mind by every trustworthy work on China. Our missionaries find in it a serious hindrance to the success of their labours. It creates a prejudice against us and our religion, which no professions of good-will can remove. It has led to the formation of a habit which utterly

destroys the moral character, renders men indolent, sensual, and imbecile, plunges them into the depths of misery and despair, and hurries them into an untimely grave. And for this traffic Englishmen are ultimately responsible. Is it not time that we protested against it with such emphasis and decision that our rulers will be compelled to listen, and to remove this foul blot from our national fame?

Apart from this, the progress which Christianity has made in China is profoundly encouraging, and we have every right to cherish the most sanguine expectations for its future. The religious and social condition of the people affords a most favourable opportunity for the prosecution of our work. Influences innumerable co-operate with the herald of the glad tidings and prepare the hearts of the people to receive his word with gladness. The attitude of the Government is no longer hostile. The future of China is in the hands of Christ, and it will be our sin and our disgrace if we refuse to go forward and possess the land to which He so plainly points us.

Dr. Gray's "China" will serve many other purposes. The statesman, the merchant, and the naturalist will find in it a mine of precious wealth, and on all these grounds we value it. But we shall miss its noblest lesson if it does not quicken our missionary zeal and induce us to inscribe on our banner the words CHINA FOR CHRIST.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

XI.

THERE was one other journey to which I may refer, partly because it was so pleasant, and partly because I was made acquainted with an incident relating to Mr. Foster of peculiar interest and significance.

On the death of his wife, Mr. Hoby, then pastor of the Church at Weymouth, requested Mr. Crisp to send me down to supply the pulpit for two Lord's days. I had on no previous occasion an appointment so far from Bristol, and a fortnight's release from academic work was an agreeable change. Moreover, the country through which the journey lay was quite new to me. I anticipated much pleasure from the trip, and I was not disappointed.

No one whose knowledge of Somerset is confined to the road lying east and west through its centre, can have the least idea of the varied beauty of its scenery. The neighbourhood of Bath is too well known to need any description; as well as the country round Portishead, Clevedon, and Weston-super-Mare. The ride by coach from Bridgewater to Minehead, by Dunster Castle with grand views of the

Severn, and the hills beyond it, has no superior of its kind; while the country round Frome, Crewkerne, and Yeovil is rich and beautiful in a remarkable degree. Cheddar Cliffs, especially if the gorge be entered from the upper end, with the beautiful stalactite caves at the bottom, surpass in grandeur the far-famed Dovedale in Derbyshire WELLS, like most small cathedral towns is quiet and dull, but the Cathedral itself is a perfect gem. I saw it first by moonlight. The massive centre tower rising up between the two smaller ones of the west front, and the exquisite beauty of the whole structure, which the eye could take in at a glance, gave one a vivid idea of the power of fine architecture to interest and impress the mind. These grand old edifices always strike one most when seen in a clear night. The silence of the evening hour, and the softer radiance of moonlight greatly add to the effect produced by the buildings themselves. Then comes GLASTONBURY, the view of which, when first seen from the hill overlooking it, with the far-famed Tor, and the fine ruins of its abbey is most exciting. Dorsetshire, unlike Somerset, is mostly rugged and bare, with good scenery along the coast, and bold picturesque views from the tops of its high hills. The ride, for example, from Lyme Regis to Dorchester, which town is approached on every side through an avenue of fine old trees, is very beautiful, especially on a fine breezy, sunny day. It was on such a day that I first went over this ground. After reaching the top of a very long and steep hill, the coachman cried out, "Genilmen, take care of your hats, for if the blow off you will never get 'em again."

"Does it ever blow much harder than this?"

"Blow harder, sir? Why, sir, in winter it blows hard enough to blow your boots off."

WEYMOUTH is finely situated at the head of a wide, deep bay, very open and exposed, especially to south-easterly gales. It was a favourite watering-place of George III., who frequently visited it. The esplanade is handsome, and forms a beautiful promenade. A river divides Weymouth from Melcomb Regis; and prior to the Reform Act both these towns sent two members to Parliament. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who took up the cause of negro emancipation, and carried it to final success after the death of Mr. Wilberforce represented one of these boroughs for many years. Though separate in regard to Parliamentary representation, they were united municipally, under the government of a mayor and corporation.

During Mr. Hoby's pastorate, the church and congregation became both numerous and prosperous. The principal friends were exceedingly kind, and did everything in their power to make my visit a pleasant one, in which they succeeded perfectly.

I had for a travelling companion the Rev. Jacob Stanley, a prominent preacher among the Wesleyans. He had been superintendent of a Bristol circuit, and a passage of arms had occurred between him and Bishop Gray, in which the bishop was generally considered to

have had the worst of it. I very soon found Mr. Stanley to be a highly-intelligent and well-read man, exceedingly frank and candid, and withal most kind. He struck me, too, as possessing a strong sympathy with young men; and there was a fine dash of playful humour running through his talk. Conversation was kept up between us all the way; it was often brisk and animated, sometimes very earnest. His opinions on the leading questions of the day were far more liberal than those which were then prevalent among Wesleyan preachers. I discovered nothing narrow or exclusive about him. There was as little sectarianism as possible in a man who was decided in his attachment to the religious body in which he was qualified to take a leading position. He was well acquainted with the most distinguished ministers of Bristol and its neighbourhood, and was, if possible, a more enthusiastic admirer of John Foster than of Robert Hall. I enjoyed several excursions with him and some of his friends during my stay, and spent an unusually pleasant day with him in the Isle of Portland, visiting the immense quarries, where I saw solid masses of stone, of vast dimensions; not divided into strata as stone commonly is, in this respect resembling the granite formation of Cornwall. Huge blocks, separated from the mass by boring and blasting, were sent down to the shore on steep inclines, the loaded trucks drawing up, by their weight alone, long lines of empty carriages. The island is connected with the mainland by a very narrow isthmus, more than ten miles long, the outer side of which, facing the sea, is composed of pebbles, called the Chesil Bank, and separated from the mainland by a narrow arm of the sea, named the Fleet. At the Portland end they are about the size of small cannon-balls, diminishing gradually and almost imperceptibly, until, at the other end, as I was informed, they are no bigger than marbles. The "Pebble Beach," near Appledore, North Devon, is very remarkable; but there the stones are large, and almost uniform in size, while the beach itself is neither so extensive nor so curious as the one at Portland. How these singular collections of pebbles were first formed, and by what causes their existence is continued, are subjects of which I have not met with any satisfactory explanation.

In the evening we attended a large tea meeting, and the missionary meeting, held afterwards, was crowded to excess; and a very lively affair it was. Our party from Weymouth was large, and a yacht had taken us over with a fine breeze and under a glowing sky. On our return it was quite calm, and our progress was, of course, very slow. But we whiled away the time in conversation and singing, the moon shining brightly, and the company in high spirits. We did not reach our homes until the small hours of morning; but the day was one of unalloyed delight.

Portland must be greatly changed since then. The huge convict establishment has grown up. The fine breakwater extending some

three miles so as to shut in St. Alban's Head, with a large opening in the centre, to admit of vessels entering without going round its extreme point, has made Portland Roads one of the safest and most capacious harbours of refuge that we have on the South Coast.

On our journey down, Mr. Stanley said to me, "Of course, as a Bristol student you must know John Foster very well, and, though he has retired from the pastoral office, you have often heard him preach?"

"I know but little of Mr. Foster, and have only been in his company a few times. I have never heard him preach, as he declines taking any service at Stapleton when the students are in session."

"I am sorry for that, since you have lost a great privilege. But be sure to go and hear him, if ever you have the chance."

"Then I presume, sir, that you have heard him often, notwithstanding the numerous engagements which Wesleyan ministers usually have to fulfil."

"Yes, if ever I had part of a day to spare while he was pastor at Downend, and my appointments would permit, I used invariably to attend his chapel. I remember one occasion particularly, when walking quietly along on a fine Sabbath morning, I overtook a large uncouth-looking man, and, having said good morning, I asked him 'Are you going to some place of worship?'"

"Of course I be. I am going to Downend, where I do hear John Voster, for I am a member of his church."

"Indeed, my friend, I am glad to hear you say that. You enjoy very great privilege in hearing so remarkable and instructive preacher."

"Do ee think so? Everybody, almost, says he is a wonderful man; but, somehow, it doant seem so to me, for sometimes I can make un out at all. Why, now, there's the last Sunday that ever wor. He came late—though that doant often happen, for he keeps well to time. But as he wor a-comin' along a storm of wind and rain stopt un, and he tould us he took shelter under a big tree. And while he was a waiting for the storm to blow off, he fell to a *musing*, he said. I didn't understan' un at first, but I soon made un out. For he told us that he began to think how long that tree had been a growing; whether it got there by accident, or was planted by somebody; and, if so planted, what sort of a man that planted un wor whether he wor a good or a bad man; where he was now, and what he wor a-doing. And, sir, them last words *did* strike me amazin. And then he said he wondered how many people had lived and died—how many battles had been fought—how many kings set up and pulled down, since that tree had been a-growing, and what it would all come to. Why, sir, he could have gone on till now in that way if he had a mind to. But now, sir, what is there in all that to show a poor sinner the way to heaven?"

"Well, my friend, whatever answer may be given to your questio

one thing is quite certain—that sermon made a very deep impression on you. If I were to go among my people, and ask them about the services of last Sunday, very few, I fear, could even remember the texts, still fewer the subjects of the sermons. But see how this sermon has fastened itself on you, and how it has interested you and made you think. It did *you* good anyhow."

"That's a fact, and ain't it curious? Why, I have hardly thought of anything else. I can't get it out of my head if I try. I suppose, sir, it *was* zummut extraordinar'."

The reader will be, perhaps, as much interested in reading this account as I was in hearing it from Mr. Stanley's lips. I have often thought that we have here the *germ*—so to speak—of that essay which many of Mr. Foster's ardent and discriminating admirers maintain to be the best and most characteristic production of his pen —THE INTRODUCTION TO DODDRIDGE'S RISE AND PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN THE SOUL.

Of the many distinguished ministers who visited Bristol during my residence in College, none excited more interest than Dr. McAll, of Manchester, and Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow. The former was engaged to preach to the members of the Juvenile Missionary Societies in the city, at Broadmead. He was tall and thin, but of a highly intellectual aspect, and had the air and manner of a cultivated gentleman. Whether he had been misinformed as to the nature of the service, or supposed, from the meeting being held in Broadmead, that his audience would be composed chiefly of intelligent, cultivated persons, I do not know; but it was evident, from the character of the discourse, that he expected such an audience. He must have been greatly surprised when he saw the place filled, for the most part, with young persons. I do not remember the text; but the subject was, as well as I can now recollect, something like this—that the Divine Being, when exercising His perfections, was under no moral obligation to do so according to their infinitude—that in His dealings with man, Omnipotence did not extinguish human freedom, and therefore the Divine will might be effectually resisted—that the one was so adjusted to the other, as to make the invitations, promises, and threatenings of Scripture harmonious with the supremacy of God's government, and man's responsibility. The sermon was elaborate beyond anything I had previously heard. It was delivered with great energy; in some parts was highly eloquent and impressive, and indicated throughout a master mind; but it could hardly be said to be satisfactory. A sort of mental mist was over much of it, and it was wholly unsuited, as the preacher must have felt, to the audience. Mr. Foster was present, and when asked by a friend what he thought of it, replied, "Too deep for me, sir; too deep."

By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Gosse, we were invited to meet Dr. McAll to breakfast, and we spent the whole morning in his company. He gathered us around him, and talked to us in the

kindest manner possible, elicited our opinions on some important topics, and conversed with us in a manner so genial and free, without the slightest sign of conscious superiority, mingling advice as to reading, composition, and preaching, with the utmost affability and grace, so as to win our admiration and gratitude. We were all sorry when our interview came to an end, and very often it was subsequently referred to as "a red letter day."

Dr. Chalmers came to Bristol to preach at the opening of a Congregational church, which had been recently built on the south side of the city. Robust, stout, homely, and somewhat brusque, with no very striking evidence of superior mental power, except a broad expansive forehead, his countenance rather heavy and dull, and with a broad Scotch accent, he was, in appearance and manner, a perfect contrast to Dr. McAll. After praise, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, he went into the pulpit, placed his MSS., which evidently had been often used, on the Bible, and in a full decided tone of voice announced his text—*Christ is the end of the law for righteousness.* He read with as much animation and energy as most preachers preach, and ere long waxed so warm that one forgot he was reading his discourse. By-and-by, his emotion and earnestness became deep and impetuous, and he fairly swept his audience along with him. His whole aspect then changed. He was full of life and fire. His sonorous sentences rang out nobly, and he made one feel how vital and momentous was the doctrine of the text. That doctrine was presented in a great variety of aspects and with abundant illustration. His power of adhesion to the topic was wonderful; there was a constant iteration of a few thoughts, in a constantly varying expression, but the same thoughts still. The impression produced was strong and deep. Mr. Hall compared it to the shifting pictures of "a kaleidoscope; like a door, sir, swinging to and fro, but no progress."

Having spent a morning with our classical tutor, Mr. Anderson, he requested to be introduced to us. We were prepared to receive him, certainly, but still with some feelings of apprehension. How soon they were dissipated when he spoke to us. He asked for our names, inquired where we came from, spoke of our studies, and besought us to aim to become good ministers of the Gospel of the grace of God. He spoke to us of the dignity of the ministerial character and office, of its solemn responsibilities, that it surpassed all other callings in life, and was the grand instrument of extending the kingdom of Christ, and saving souls. He became animated and eloquent, but there was a tenderness pervading his remarks which sensibly affected us. Our hearts warmed to him, he was so genial and so kind.

"What a privilege you enjoy, Mr. Anderson, in having to teach young brethren of whose conversion you have no doubt, whose call to the ministry you believe to be real, and with whom you have such perfect sympathy. It it a privilege to be envied; we should be thankful indeed if we enjoyed it so fully in our colleges in Scotland."

He shook hands with us, uttered a few kind words of encouragement, and bade us an affectionate farewell. It is by no means common to see great intellectual power united to great tenderness of heart. One has often heard of the contrast in this respect between Pitt and Fox. Both were men of exalted genius, and ranked among the great orators. The former was affectionate and even playful in his domestic life, while outside of that narrow circle he was stately, proud, and haughty, inspiring awe and fear rather than affection. Fox, on the other hand, drew all hearts to him. Their oratory was like themselves: the one imposing, grand, and impressive, appealing chiefly to the judgment of his hearers, the other moving them by argument full of fire, and by appeals full of pathos and passion. I have met somewhere with a remark, the precise words I do not remember, which explains this difference—the intellect of Pitt chilled his heart, the heart of Fox inflamed his intellect.

So, when the manly form and beaming face of Dr. Chalmers vanished, we felt that we had seen in him a beautiful combination of great mental power and great tenderness of feeling, and that while his capacious mind was full of force his heart was large and loving. I neither saw nor heard him again; yet years after, when reading his works and his life, I seemed to have that peculiar interest in them and in him which, in most cases, is only kindled by long and intimate intercourse. It would be difficult to find a brighter or a nobler example of this lofty intellectual greatness and force, combined with the utmost tenderness, a sense of perfect equality with the great and the learned, and deep sympathy with the godly poor, with whom it was a perfect delight to him to hold the freest intercourse, than that of Robert Hall. F. T.

Newport, Isle of Wight.

THE BAPTIST DENOMINATION: ITS PRESENT STATE AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

NOT long since it was open to question whether Baptists could lay full claim to being designated a Denomination. The word implies that the churches comprehended are of like faith and order. There was similarity—but there was also isolation, and no small amount of positive disunion in our ranks. The divisions and subdivisions were not always occasioned by doctrinal differences on cardinal points. They were generally the result of vague theories too frequently founded on theological technicalities, and attended with ecclesiastical eccentricities whose only effect was to maintain the separation of the churches, create offences among brethren, and induce

many almost to despair of ever seeing inaugurated that Christian union which is now ripening so quickly amongst us.

The churches of our own body will never attain that fossilized uniformity which is found in the Anglican and some other communions; nor do we desire it, although we should be glad to see more order in their management. The want of a regular uniform system by which they may be governed has hindered their growth to an extent which it would not be easy to estimate.

In a recent survey of the statistics in the "Handbook," we noticed a few items which we have thought might prove of general interest as affording matter for encouragement and also indicating the weaknesses which still cling to us, and which we rejoice to think are within our power to remove.

Since 1870 the membership of our churches has grown from 233,675 to 269,836, being an increase of 36,161, or an average of 4,520 per year for Great Britain and Ireland. This number is great and proves that there is a growing vitality among us. In view of our many difficulties this fact is fraught with encouragement. Had we but possessed the organizatien of some of the other religious bodies around us our progress would have doubtless, been vastly greater. Let us, however, remember that we are held together by the recognition of the great principle that the commands of the Saviour are to be honoured and obeyed before arbitrary institutions of purely ecclesiastical origin.

While, however, there is a regular increase in the membership there are very remarkable fluctuations in the ministerial column in the Comparative Table given at p. 270 of the "Handbook," *e.g.*:—

In 1872 there were	1,779	Pastors in charge.						
„ 1873	„	„	1,856	„	„	—an increase of	77	Pastors.
„ 1874	„	„	1,916	„	„	„	60	„
„ 1875	„	„	1,867	„	„	—a decrease of	49	„
„ 1876	„	„	1,913	„	„	—an increase of	46	„
„ 1877	„	„	1,825	„	„	—a decrease of	88	„

Of course the Union Secretary vouches only for the approximate correctness of his figures, but the oscillation which we have exhibited may prove of some value as indicating the want of permanency at a part of our system where such permanency is almost indispensable. It is not a matter for congratulation to find the ministerial column so remarkably changeable. Let us, for the sake of precision, confine our attention to the facts of 1877.

Assuming the correctness of the figures already referred to, we have this year a decline in the pastorate of 88. Of these we find, by reference elsewhere, that 37 have died, reducing the number of retirements to 51.

If we look a little closer we shall find, by a scrutiny of what has been aptly termed "the starry host," that there are no fewer than 370 ministers without pastorates. By a careful deduction we have

adjudged 200 of this large number as consisting of two classes, viz., those who have retired through age or infirmity, and those who have addicted themselves to education and literature. Of the latter there are more than is generally supposed. The presidents and professors in our denominational and other colleges are included in this category, but a larger number are occupied in writing for the press. After making this deduction we still have 170 ministers unattached. This is to be regretted. So many worthy men not regularly engaged in the ministry represents a serious loss in denominational energy. The sections of the Church of Christ more thoroughly organized, do not exhibit this weakness. The Methodist bodies, in particular, evince very great tact in this branch of ecclesiastical economy. No regularly ordained minister among them is allowed to be any length of time unattached. A church in some circuit is prepared for him by the Conference. Some such plan, if adopted by our Union, would at once raise the denomination to its proper position all over the land, and mitigate much unnecessary sorrow at present experienced by churches and ministers alike. It is no reply to assert that some of these men are more or less inefficient, and hence the reason for their being unattached. It is a well-accepted fact that the severance of the pastoral tie is seldom if ever occasioned through mere inefficiency. There are causes which are often the parents of many evils besides this, and for which the latitudinarian polity of some of our smaller churches is responsible. But suppose that inefficiency is the grand cause, we can safely say that the inefficient in our body will bear favourable comparison with those in other denominations. No denomination can escape the presence of inefficients. The great question is —How can *even these* be utilized for the good of the churches and the glory of God?—for, after all, it is He who maketh one to differ from another, whether in mental power or spiritual excellence. The denominations to which we have referred have the genius to see a use for the weakest agency, whether ministerial or otherwise; and where, with a reverent desire to further the kingdom of Jesus, they have used such agency, the effort has been attended with some measure of fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. Is it not a moral wrong, when the harvest is so plenteous, to ignore the many labourers who may be standing outside the vineyard through no fault of theirs, with a consuming zeal to serve the Master preying upon their vitals?

But it may be further urged that there is really no need for those brethren to whom attention is here drawn. In order to test the weight of this objection, let us deduct the number of ministers in charge, from the present number of churches and meeting-houses, and we have the following results:—795 churches without pastors, and 583 chapels or meeting-houses without a *regular* minister to preach in them. Making all allowance for explanations which might considerably reduce this array of figures, there is no room for doubt that there is a great preponderance of churches in want of pastors. Taking

however, the statistics as they are, we find that if the 370 ministers could possibly assume the pastorate at this moment there would still be 425 churches without ministers, with 1,213 chapels. But on the hypothesis already laid down the actual number of pastors unattached is 170, and this, by the table at the foot of page 269 of the "Handbook," makes the figures stand thus:—

Total number of Churches	2,620	—of Chapels ..	3,408
Ministers in charge	1,825	.. ..	1,825
Remainder	795	.. ..	1,583
Ministers able for but without pastorates	170	.. ..	170
Remaining Churches ..	625	Chapels ..	1,413

Hence it appears that if the ministers who are at present unattached were at once re-installed in the vacant pastorates, there would still be 625 churches with 1,413 chapels in want of ministers! It is not, therefore, in consequence of the fewness of churches, nor that the denomination is inundated with ministers, but because there is no proper system by which our ministers may be introduced to suitable spheres of labour. This matter is efficiently regulated in other communions, and we think the time has arrived for our enterprising Union to regard this also as a branch of its labour. Every accredited Baptist minister should be under its protection. The man who, from love to the Saviour and the work of soul gathering, has consecrated his life and powers to the ministry, turning his back for ever on the lucrative pursuits of the world, should (unless he prove himself unworthy) be under the kindest consideration of the denomination to which he belongs. Cases are continually occurring in which a minister, from a sense of duty thrust upon him by some exigency or unconstitutional procedure in a church, retires from the pastorate. His conduct may have been noble. He did not jeopardise the interests of truth by continuing in a false position until another sphere of labour had offered itself. Had such an event occurred, it had been well; but events do not always take place so conveniently. What is the issue? He may have recourse to the good offices of friends whose influence to aid him may be more limited than he imagines. Hence this method, as in many instances, may prove unsatisfactory, and where there is *no result* the consequences to the minister will be humiliating and hurtful. Our commiseration is called forth very properly towards the various and usual phases of human suffering, but we may seldom have thought of the amount of real distress inflicted on men of God from this cause alone. The uncertainty that overhangs the future of every Baptist minister is enough to have retarded our progress to even a vaster extent than has actually been the fact.

Moreover, this serious imperfection in our present arrangements has had a deteriorating influence on the supply of thoroughly

efficient young men for our theological colleges. On expressing our surprise that a friend of ours had not followed in the steps of his father by entering the ministry, he gave the following reply, which was significant:—"I did once think of devoting my life to the ministry; but the sorrow and annoyance inflicted upon my father, and which contributed to send him early to the grave, so thoroughly disappointed me that I gave up all thoughts of it." This case is typical. Where there exists so much promise of professional discomfort and even disaster, it will not be easy to persuade some men to enter our ministry. Every denomination is calling for men; and we regret, though it is not altogether surprising, that some who were once in our ministry, have been induced to unite with other bodies. Some we know of have done so in an agony of despair. We cannot, of course, justify the step, but the fact remains. A true estimate of the obedience which Christ demands has deterred others. Questions about Church government and procedure may be matters of opinion, and so also may be many of the doctrines which have perplexed the schoolmen of Christendom from age to age; but the principle involved in the ordinance of believers' baptism is a matter of fact, and cannot, therefore, be surrendered in the interests of mere professional comfort and success. Let us, then, bear on the bosom of our sympathy those men who choose rather to suffer with us, maintaining a conscience void of offence, than forswear their fealty to their Lord and Master; and, in humble dependence on Divine aid, let us seek the removal of known impediments to the progress of the truth as believed among us.

Although such considerations are not suggestive of happiness, it is cheering to recollect the many tokens for good which are unfolded from time to time. Every year reveals a growth in our unity and organization. The minor differences to which we have already alluded—differences which have kept our smaller churches apart—give promise of being eliminated. The fraternal spirit is also greatly increased. The Union has roused itself to practical work, and every accession to its strength and consolidation augurs well for the great future before the Baptists of this country. As already stated, our ministeral staff is large—much larger, indeed, than that of most of the denominations around us. Perhaps the following analysis may prove interesting:—

We have 1,825 ministers in pastorates.
370 ,, without charges.

Giving a total of 2,195 ministers.

Of these, 1,087 have been educated either privately or at various colleges and universities.* The rest may be thus apportioned:—

* Those educated at Scottish Universities and the several other colleges for the sake of brevity, not included in the list of Baptist institutions immediately following, together with those ministers who have been received into our communion from other denominations, are included in this large number.

Metropolitan Tabernacle	307
Rawdon College	146
Regent's Park College	139
Pontypool College	135
Haverfordwest College	123
Bristol College	111
Chilwell General Baptist College	62
Llangollen Welsh College	52
Manchester Institute	33
	1,108

Among these are also included the sixty-nine new ministers who have been added during the year, and it may be equally interesting to note to what extent our different colleges have contributed to that result. The following list will show:—

25	from the	Metropolitan College.
6	,,	Regent's Park ,,
5	,,	Bristol ,,
5	,,	Rawdon ,,
5	,,	Pontypool ,,
4	,,	Chilwell ,,
4	,,	Manchester ,,
15	from all other Colleges and Universities.	

Total 69 for the year 1877.

All accounts state our colleges to be in a high state of efficiency, and recent legislation in the matter of elementary education is already affording a higher class of mentality for our theological academies to work upon. From the above table it will be seen that Mr. Spurgeon sends forth by far the greater number. It is but fair to the other colleges to say that they could send out many more annually than they do, but are most anxious that ministers should be as fully equipped for their great work as may be possible in a three or five years' course. As a teacher of the Christian religion, as well as preacher (for the true minister should seek to be a combination of both) it is absolutely necessary that he should, by a well-trained and well-furnished mind, have the elements of durability in himself. This cannot be attained in one year's course in *any college*, however improving that short space may be to most men. Hitherto Mr. Spurgeon has done well, and he might do even better if he retained for a much longer period most of the brethren he sends forth from year to year.

All things considered, the outlook for our denomination is most hopeful.

A slight re-adjustment of our religious machinery, so as to bring our usages into completer harmony with those of apostolic times, would prove a further gain to us. There was the council of Jerusalem, where spiritual legislation was enacted. Our General Assembly could surely be made in some measure conformable to this. The eldership was an office of great esteem in early days. In the

matter we are surely open to some improvement. Some of those who are called deacons among us are really elders, and ought to be so termed. The office of elder is spiritual. It does not *necessarily* involve the duty of preaching. The function is more precisely that of government and visiting the sick. Paul says: "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in word and doctrine." James also says: "Is any sick among you? let him send for the elders of the church and let them pray over him." The minister, as is generally known, is also an elder (*ex-officio*, as we might say), with the special qualification of teacher of Divine truth. The office of deacon pertains to matters of general management, especially the details connected with finance. Serious misunderstandings have arisen through the lack of clearness here. Were the Rev. Drs. Maclaren and Landels, and our president, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown—men who are universally known and esteemed—to prepare for general use a small manual of Church government, and issue it under the auspices of the Union, many awkward disputes would never arise. The churches *require government and clear lines by which they may be guided.* Such reforms once introduced among us, the most beneficial results would follow. As a denomination our influence would be increased—religiously, politically, and socially. The emphasis of our protests on Ritualism, Baptism, or on any question whatever, would be intensified in a corresponding degree. And such a prospect is not distant. It is in the immediate future. Let us pray for one another; in all ways we can think of, hold up each other's hands, and the organic unity we long for will be speedily accomplished. Our Missionary Societies, both Home and Foreign, will be better and more regularly supported with the needful funds, the average stipend of our ministers will be augmented to an extent more proportioned to their necessities, while the intellectual standard of the average pastor will be found to have risen very considerably. Should such expectations be realized, what can hinder our soon becoming equal to the strongest body of Christians in the land?

We devoutly pray that the considerations here submitted may find a lodgment in the minds of members of our churches generally, and that from the altar of every heart fervent prayer shall ascend that the churches and disciples of the Lord may soon come to realise their oneness with Him and with each other. H. D. B.

THE ORIGIN AND AUTHORSHIP OF THE BOO OF GENESIS.

By the Rev. R. Cameron.

(Inserted at the request of the Leeds Baptist Ministers' Association.)

THE question that gave rise to this paper is: "Who wrote the bo of Genesis?" It may narrow our field of inquiry if we be by endeavouring to answer two preliminary questions—Fi Have we sufficient evidence of the Divine origin of the book, ir spective of the question of authorship? Second, Is the variation its style so great, or otherwise so unaccountable, as to compel us attribute its production to more than one main writer?

In answer to the first question, we would adduce, as evidence the Divine origin of the book, the three following particulars.

I.—The promise contained in the book, of a great Deliverer. V do not refer to the prophecies *seriatim*; for of some of these it will said that they were written after the events took place. Bish Colenso seems to think that Samuel was the first Hebrew writer, a Dr. Giles believes that "the whole of the Old Testament, as it n appears, both style of language and order of events, is due, not to t first establishment of the Hebrews in Canaan 1500 years bef Christ, but to the re-establishment of the nation 400 years before c era." But the wildest theorist will not pretend that Genesis w written after the advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. then, it contains a promise, clear and distinct, of the appearance such a Saviour in our world; if this promise repeatedly appears the text; if it is bound up in organic connection with long observ rites that derive from it all their significance; if it is woven into t texture of the composition; and if we find this promise amply fulfill in a subsequent age, then may we with certainty conclude the Divi origin of the book.

We believe that these conditions are fulfilled in Genesis. To ma original enemy God said in Paradise, in reference to the seed of t woman, "He shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise His hee To bruise the head of man's first and great adversary must, surely, it has any meaning at all, refer to a purpose to deliver him from t power of that adversary. Such is the meaning the Scriptures ascri to it. The "seed of the woman," whose heel is bruised, is the "Son man," who was "bruised for our iniquities." The "Old Serpent" the Wicked one, whose works the Son of man came to destroy, a whom "He bruises under His feet." The prophecy, when read i itself, may seem obscure, but, if read in the light of all subseque history, it will show itself to be an undeveloped germ gradually u folding itself till it culminates in Him who appears, even to the

who look *over* the prospect glass of revelation, as the "efflorescence of humanity," but to those who look *through* it as "God with us." The whole history of redemption is wrapt up in that pregnant saying, "He shall bruise thy head."

In confirmation of the Christian interpretation of this prophecy may be mentioned the practice of an extraordinary rite—a rite which, like a shadow, shows itself simultaneously with the promise, and disappears simultaneously with, and in consequence of, its fulfilment—the rite of bloody sacrifice.

But though the rise, prevalence, and decay of this rite is clearly connected with the original promise, the manner in which it grew out of the promise seems involved in mystery. Theologians are not agreed as to whether it is a Divine or a merely human institution. Chrysostom, taking a human view, attributed it to the operation of conscience. Eusebius says that "pious persons whose minds were enlightened by the Divine Spirit, saw that they needed a remedy for deadly sins, and having nothing more valuable to offer than their own lives they offered the beasts in their stead." Bishop Warburton supposes that the principle of conversing by action in aid of words will lead us to the true *rationale* of this "widely-extended rite." On all hands the manner of its origin is acknowledged to be involved in much obscurity. One thing is certain, that soon after the promise is given we find such sacrifices offered by man and accepted by God.* They formed a meeting-point where the human blended with th Divine. Of course, this implies Divine initiation. But where in the narrative is such initiation alluded to? There is no plain record of it. Is there, then, any fact recorded which implies it? When our first parents were shut out of Eden, they were not left without a symbol of the Divine presence in the "Cherubim and flaming sword"—a symbol substantially identical with that before which the high priests afterwards were accustomed to worship in the Holy of Holies. It was a symbol of the Divine presence to the Jews, and, doubtless, served the same purpose to our first parents. It "kept the way to the tree of life," and, therefore, confronted them as they looked with longing eyes towards that tree. It was a Divine initiation of "converse by symbolic action"—a symbolic action of which bloody sacrifice was the appropriate counterpart. The sword was a symbolic declaration that death lay directly in the way to life, and bloody sacrifice was a symbolic expression of man's penitent "Amen" to God's righteous decree.

More than this. God's spontaneous promise of Redemption becomes a new centre of spiritual attraction to draw forth from man a hearty obedience to the Divine will; and as part of the scheme of Redemption was to employ the fruit of sin to take away sin, "obedience unto

* We have heard it said that Abel's sacrifice (the firstlings of the flocks and the *fat* thereof) "does not suggest the shedding of blood"; but why not, if the "pound of flesh" does?

death" became henceforth for man the way to life, and bloody sacrifice, when resorted to, was doubtless resorted to as a practical acknowledgment of this truth. Originally, when the saints "made a covenant with God by sacrifice," this truth was therein reflected as in a mirror. As an embodiment of this truth, sacrifice was accepted; detached from this truth, it was worthless, and, attached to a perversion of the truth, an abomination. All this, we think, tends to substantiate the existence of a connection between the flaming sword and the first offering of bloody sacrifice; and, if so, this connection supplies the missing hint of Divine initiation, explains the Divine acceptance of bloody sacrifice, and furnishes a rational explanation of its origin. "This is the show and seal of truth." At any rate, we may safely assert that nowhere else than in the Bible do we find anything that suggests a rational explanation of this "widely-extended rite." But if we take the Bible account of the matter, the explanation is very simple. "The wages of sin is death;" and though eternal life is "the gift of God," the way to that life is by the "flaming sword." It is the right way. It is adopted not to avenge the Deity, but to reveal His glory; not to humiliate man, but to humble him and prove what is in his heart; to excite, to test, to strengthen his confidence in God, till he is brought spontaneously to say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." The fact that a loving "obedience unto death" was due from man to God was *taught by the institution* and *acknowledged in the offering* of bloody sacrifice, till the promise connected with the institution was fulfilled, and the truth embodied in an infinitely nobler form. And this more noble embodiment of truth casts a flood of light both on the institution and the promise. It consummates the one, and fulfils the other. It exhibits a perfect obedience on the part of man, and infinite reasons for such obedience in the unspeakable philanthropy of God. The ray of hope that peers forth in the original promise, is the first dawn of a light that shines more and more unto the perfect day. To see this light is to know that it is from God.

The whole current of thought in Genesis bears out the Christian interpretation of the promise. The grieving of the Divine heart over human wickedness—the promise not again to destroy the earth, though man's imaginations continued to be evil—the promise of a seed to Abraham that should bless the whole earth—the intimation of a coming Shiloh that should gather the people when the rod of government departed from them—the ladder that reached from man's pathway on earth to the throne of the Eternal—the course of events that brought sin to remembrance in order that it might be repented of and forgiven: all seem to belong to a system, the centre of which is the redemptive purpose of a God of mercy and love.

II.—We have not only in Genesis the announcement, but we have also the initial carrying out of this purpose. As we have in promise and symbol a foreshadowing of the Great Deliverer, so we have in the life of particular individuals a foreshadowing of the great deliver-

ance intended for the whole race. From the beginning to the end of this book, the Spirit of God is perceptibly at work, guiding humanity, and raising it to a higher platform of spiritual life. In the first chapter the works of God in creation are set forth in the way most fitted to be an example for human imitation. The destruction by flood and fire of those who had attained the full height of violence and impurity, was not only a beacon to warn future generations, but a mercy to the world in grafting posterity on a sounder stem. The calling and discipline of the patriarchs was in order to the development of a higher life. To Abraham, God said: "I am God all-sufficient; walk in My presence, and thou shalt be perfect;" and from the time of His first appearing to that patriarch, He raises him step by step to the most sublime self-consecration. First, Abraham leaves his country at the Divine suggestion; then, he trusts the Divine promise of an heir and a numerous posterity against all-seeming probability; and, lastly, he holds himself in readiness to offer that heir as a sacrifice before the promise is half fulfilled, assuredly believing that no word of the promise would fail.

And similarly with Jacob. Jacob was a supplanter—naturally suspicious, selfish, guileful. But by Divine revelation and discipline Jacob becomes another man. The vision of the ladder awed him with a sense of the Divine presence, and cheered him with the promise of Divine help. The struggle with the angel left him possessed of a new name as indicative of a new nature; and though always in trouble, yet he was always obtaining deliverance; and, at the end of all, in expectation of a greater deliverance than any he had yet experienced, and desiring a better country, he exclaims, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O God." We see in the lives of the patriarchs the initial carrying out of the Divine purpose, which, like the water of the sanctuary, widens and deepens as it flows. By thus overshadowing and guiding humanity, the Divine Being effects His purpose of winning the confidence and trust of men, and leading them to imitate Himself as the sum of all that is holy and true, mingling in all their affairs with the purpose of elevating them to a higher spiritual life.

It is true that the ancient pagan deities are represented also as mingling in the affairs of mortals, but for what purpose? Not to elevate their characters or purify their hearts. Each protects and stimulates his favourite, sometimes by deceitful arts, and often in a way which leads gods as well as men to quarrel among themselves. Thus the wounded Mars complains to Jupiter—

> "For mortal men celestial powers engage,
> And gods on gods exert eternal rage."

On the contrary, Jehovah condescends to dwell with men, that He may bring their minds into harmony with His own, and thus make them "partakers of a Divine nature."

But is it not possible to construct from imagination a narrative

with such incidents and characters as we find in Genesis? Perhaps so, with Genesis before us. But where did the writer of Genesis get his lofty ideas of the Divine? Look at the sublime opening of the book. What a manifestation of power, narrated with equal simplicity and sublimity! Remember Eden, planted by a Divine hand for the gratification of every sinless desire of sense. Think of the gracious promise to man, sinful and self-condemned; of God's righteous displeasure against violence and wrong; of the guidance afforded the patriarchs, and the patient training of them from a state of low morality up to the perfection of moral character. These conceptions may now be the common property of humanity, but how did they originate? By what means did the writer of Genesis obtain them? Did they spring up of themselves in the soil of humanity, or are they not rather "Divinely-breathed"? Truly, in this book there is "a stream of tendency making for righteousness." But there is more: there is the fountain-head of that stream; for "God is there."

III.—We have in Genesis a striking illustration of the link which connects man's moral nature with the fountain head of all righteousness. Man's highest life consists in his moral nature being in harmony with the Divine. Abraham is an illustrious example of *that* in man which brings him into fellowship with the righteousness of God. In the record of Abraham's acceptance as the result of his faith, we have the principle laid down that *the root of all rightness of spirit is the spirit's trust in God.* The pagan deities were not even by their worshippers considered worthy of trust; and though among pagans there might be a submission to blind fate, there could be no "synthesis of the individual will with the universal reason," no loving confidence in a loving Father. But in Genesis we have the manifestation of a God, who is worthy of unlimited confidence and supreme love, implicit trust in whom raises man to a Divine friendship. It is by this trust that we enter into the secret place of the Most High. It is the perfection of this trust that transfigures humanity. It was this that animated the Captain of our Salvation, sustaining Him to the last, and enabling Him to say: "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?"

We have thus endeavoured to show that in Genesis there is the exhibition of a Divine purpose of mercy and love—a far-reaching promise to man founded on that purpose—the initial carrying out of that purpose in the meantime by bringing individual men into fellowship with God, and a striking illustration of the means by which that fellowship is effected: all giving a manifestation of that love which raises man to goodness, and to God—a manifestation of love which gathers fulness as the ages roll on, till in due time the perfect union of the Divine and the human appears in the person of Immanuel.

Now, whatever the instrumentality by which these thoughts are conveyed to us, the thoughts themselves as surely bear the stamp of

Divinity, as current coin bears the impress of the Sovereign of the realm. We conclude, then, that irrespective of the question of authorship, we have sufficient evidence of the Divine origin of Genesis, and *that*, even if the difficulties which are often too exclusively dwelt upon were much greater than they are.

If, then, we have sufficient evidence of the Divine origin of Genesis, independently of the question of authorship, the importance of that question is reduced to modest dimensions. But, whilst this reduces the importance of our inquiry, it also narrows its limits. For it can not be supposed that those whom God selected as mediums for the communication of Divine ideas, who, in the words of the Apostle, "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," were other than "holy men of God." Not that Jehovah might not on occasions employ a Balaam to make known His will; but for such cases to be the rule and not the exception would be an unutterable incongruity. We feel, therefore, that every avenue that would lead us to the imputation of dishonesty is closed against us. Even Balaam when delivering the Divine counsel was honest, at least for the moment, whatever his general character may have been. There needs no apology for any of the sacred writers, grounded on the supposition that the distinction between right and wrong is a peculiarity of "modern thought": yet it is on this assumption that the Mosaic authorship of Genesis is sometimes impugned.

We now come to consider the question whether the variation in the style in Genesis is so great, or otherwise so unaccountable, as to compel us to attribute its production to more than one main writer. In other words, does it indicate to any considerable extent plurality of authorship?

From the manner of using the various names of the Divine Being, an argument has been deduced in favour of plurality of authorship. Thus, in the first eleven chapters we find the Divine Being designated by the name Elohim alone, upwards of sixty times; by the word Jehovah alone, about thirty times; and by the combination Jehovah Elohim, about twenty times. In attempting to separate the different portions of these eleven chapters, according as the word Jehovah is or is not used, certain critics have detected, as they think, a marked difference of style between the different portions, noticeable to some extent in the English version, but much more so in the original; and they have named the portions in which the word Jehovah occurs, with or without the addition of Elohim, *Jehovistic*, and the portions in which Elohim only appears, *Elohistic*. It is somewhat curious that in this separation of portions, the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and eleventh chapters (that is, a majority of the whole) are broken into fragments, part of each chapter being *Elohistic* and part *Jehovistic*. The most striking argument that we have seen in favour of this divided authorship is the following, taken from Bishop Colenso. Speaking of the style, he says: "The Elohist constantly (fifty-six

times) expresses the word 'beget' by הוֹלִיד (holíd), whereas the Jehovist always (ten times) by יָלַד (yâlad)." Now, this, at first sight, seems to settle the question. But is it really so? Is it so that all the passages in which הוֹלִיד is used can be shown to be Elohistic? Let us take one or two passages as tests. In the eleventh chapter, from the tenth to the twenty-sixth verse, we have a genealogy in which הוֹלִיד occurs nineteen times, all of which the Bishop gives to the Elohist. But what proof is there that any part of this passage is Elohistic? The name Elohim does not once occur, either in the text or in the context, and the style is perfectly featureless. There is absolutely no proof that it is Elohistic, unless we take as proof the fact that the word הוֹלִיד occurs in it. But to say that the passage is Elohistic because הוֹלִיד is there, although the foregoing and following contexts are allowed to be Jehovistic, is to shape the argument so as to meet the exigences of a foregone conclusion.

Again, the whole of the fifth chapter, except the twenty-ninth verse, is given to the Elohist, but the twenty-ninth verse to the Jehovist, doubtless because the form Jehovah appears in that verse of the chapter, and in no other. But this verse is so dependent on the context, that it could not have been inserted without altering the context to suit it. We must either, then, suppose that the same writer is both Elohist and Jehovist, or that the Jehovist came after the Elohist, revising his work and altering the text to suit a purpose. We prefer the former alternative, for the reason already given.

In choosing this alternative, we do not forget the variation of style exhibited in the use of the Divine names. Doubtless, there is a reason for this variation. Perhaps the following observations may help to elucidate the subject:—

1. The name Jehovah is explained in Exodus to mean self-existence, and refers to the Divine Being *as He is in Himself*. As the only self-existent One, "His name alone is Jehovah." The name Elohim refers to Him as *what He is to His creatures*, which name may also be applied to creatures who bear a similar relationship to other creatures. "I have made thee a *god* unto Pharaoh"—not a *Jehovah*. "*They* were called *gods* unto whom the Word of God came," not Jehovahs. And so man is nowhere said to be made in the image of *Jehovah*, but only in the image of *God*. No doubt the names are frequently interchangeable, but the exclusive use of one is often peculiarly appropriate. Thus, in expressing the idea of appropriation, we always have "my *God*," "our *God*," never my *Jehovah*, or our *Jehovah*. And so "I will be a *God* to thee," not a Jehovah. If we were to transpose the Divine names in the following passage—"The sons of God came to present themselves before Jehovah," and read the passage thus, "The sons of Jehovah came to present themselves before God"—we should at once feel the incongruity. If this be so, it will account for the exclusive use of Elohim in the first chapter of *Genesis*, which treats solely of creation.

2. But the fourth verse of the second chapter commences a new evelation, for the unfolding of which a more appropriate style is dopted. After telling us that there was no plant, no herb, no rain, o vapour, nothing on earth that was not produced by the power of ehovah Elohim, the author goes on to say that "Jehovah Elohim rmed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils ie breath of life, and man became a living soul." In the first apter we had been told that "man was made in the image of God;" ow we are told that he "was formed of the dust of the ground." ere comes out the *self-nothingness of man*. It is appropriate enough at this statement should be made in connection with that of the *lf-existence of His Maker*. It is with special propriety that a corsponding name is introduced in connection with this new revelation.

3. But it is important that it should be understood that this new ame does not designate a personality distinct from the Creator of ie universe; therefore, in the second and third chapters, from hapter ii. 4, the two names, Jehovah and Elohim, appear eighteen imes in conjunction (that is always, except in the speech of the erpent), as if to familiarize us with the idea that the God who reated the heavens and the earth is the same Being who now eveals Himself as the self-existent one—a lesson that subsequent istory teaches us was not unnecessary. In the remaining forty-seven hapters the names seldom appear in conjunction, as if the object or which they had been so often brought together at the first had een sufficiently answered.

These remarks, we venture to think, will account in a great neasure for the difference of style in the early chapters of Genesis, without the necessity of supposing more than one main writer.

And now we come to the question—Who was that writer? The radition of 3,000 years points us to Moses. But tradition is not lways a safe guide. Well, let us put aside this *prima facie* evidence, and let us also leave out of account such passages as the following from the Old and New Testaments:—"Moses has given us a law, which is the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob." "He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel." "Did not Moses give you the law?" And let us inquire whether the book itself does not bear witness respecting its authorship, variation of style notwithstanding.

It may be that certain explanatory notes have found their way into the original text. It may be that some proper names have been changed for others more modern. It may be that the writer found some more ancient document ready to his hand. All this may be, and yet the communication, *as a whole*, come to us from the hand of Moses and bear his imprimatur. In such a case, he would be as truly the author of Genesis as Shakespeare is the author of "Coriolanus," for a portion of which he was indebted to Plutarch.

We think the following remarks will tend to show that Genesis was

written not later than the time of Moses, and that, therefore, he is the probable author:—

1. The book of Exodus is a continuation of Genesis, probably by the same author. But it is clear that Moses wrote at least a portion of the book of Exodus, and is probably, therefore, the writer of Genesis also. That Moses wrote a portion of Exodus is plain from direct statements made in that book. Thus for instance (xvii. 14)—"The Lord said to Moses, write this for a memorial in a book, and tell Joshua that I will utterly put out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven." Again (xxiv. 4)—"Moses wrote all the words of the Lord." Again (xxxiv. 27)—"The Lord said unto Moses, Write thou these words, for after these words, I have made a covenant with thee and with Israel." But if a portion of that book which is a continuation of Genesis was written by Moses, the probability is that Genesis was written as early as the time of Moses; and by whom if not by Moses himself? But may we not suppose that these were but scraps which some subsequent compiler embodied in the book we call Exodus? Against this idea is the fact that, according to the Masoritic pointing, the reading in Exodus xvii. 14 is not "Write in *a* book," but "Write in *the* book"—the book (may we not say?) that was in course of preparation and of which Exodus was the second volume; "Write in the book"—*that* book which remains *the* book "unto this day."

2. The incident recorded in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis respecting Melchisedec was calculated to give, and did actually give, an impression of the superiority of the order of his priesthood to that of Aaron; and it is not easy to see how this account could have been received into the canon without priestly protest, after the appointment and consolidation of a regular priesthood. For the incident was calculated alike to shock Jewish exclusiveness and priestly prejudice, and its admission, therefore, could not but be as early as the date when the priesthood was established. The record must therefore be as old as the Levitical priesthood—that is, as early as the time of Moses.

3. The word "holy," which is so often in other books of the Bible applied to God and to men, is not once in Genesis applied to either. The quality of character indicated by the word is sufficiently depicted, but it would seem that the word itself had not, when Genesis was written, begun to be applied to character, though it is often so applied in the latter half of Moses' life. This seems to favour the conclusion that Genesis was written not later than the early part of the life of Moses, and, if so, in all probability by Moses himself.

4. Finally, the Book of Genesis, by whomsoever written, was written by a Jew, and yet, from a standpoint quite outside the pale of Judaism. That the writer was a Jew is obvious for one reason among many, that prominence is given to the ancestors of the Jewish race; whilst other races and individuals introduced, figure only *on the background* of the canvas. But it is also manifest that

this Jew wrote from a standpoint *quite outside the pale of Judaism.* And by a standpoint outside the pale of Judaism, we do not mean one which implies a tone of thought in no way affecting Judaism, or that has no bearing one way or the other on Judaism as a system (such as seems to be the case with the Book of Job or the Book of Ecclesiastes) but one which, *having a relation to Judaism,* implies in the mind of the writer less of sympathy with the idea of the permanent establishment of such a system than with the Christian idea of such a system being a parenthesis in the history of the world—a parenthesis needful, no doubt, under the circumstances, but still a parenthesis: and in this sense we say that the Book of Genesis was written from a standpoint quite outside the pale of Judaism. The covenant made with Noah as the representative of *all mankind;* the clearly stated object of the election of Abraham and his family to be a *blessing to all the families of the earth;* the mission of the angel to Hagar the Egyptian; the Divine revelation to the King of Gerar; Abimelech's reproof to Sarah (which seems to mean, "I have given thy *brother* a thousand pieces of silver—go, buy a veil to cover those beautiful eyes, and henceforth always speak the truth);" the case already mentioned of Melchisedec, probably a Canaanite, yet appointed to a priesthood superior in its order to that of Aaron; the acknowledgment by Abraham of Melchisedec's superiority, by paying tithes to him and receiving his blessing: these incidents, and such as these, convince us that Genesis could no more have been written by any Jew between Moses and Christ than Archimedes could find "a place to stand on" from which he could "move the earth."

It is true that some of the prophets dwell much on the future expansion of Divine truth, but it is expansion from a Jewish centre, and with Jewish conceptions, not as a phenomenon independent of Judaism. In all the writings of the prophets down to the dawn of the Christian era, we have no statement equivalent to this, that "faith is counted to a man for righteousness *even in uncircumcision.*" The Jews were zealous of their law. They had a high estimate of the privilege of circumcision. But Moses, even after accepting his Divine Legation seems to have had no very high estimate of this privilege, as we know that his life was threatened for neglecting it. We wonder that Moses of all men should neglect it. But perhaps he had just completed his record of Abraham and his faith, when the child whose circumcision was in question was born, and, in consequence of his deep sympathy with his subject, was more open to the influence of Zipporah; but be this as it may, the two facts—first, that Genesis records the justification of Abraham in *uncircumcision,* and, second, that Moses, even when sent on his Divine mission, *undervalued the rite of circumcision*—these two facts, when placed side by side, are suggestive.

This error of Moses is just the error that one would be likely to

fall into who looked at things from a non-Jewish point of view; indeed, we know of no one so admirably fitted to write from this point of view, as he who was brought up in the family of an Egyptian king, and learned in all Egyptian science—he who, though sacrificing the most brilliant prospects at the shrine of a godly patriotism, was yet rudely repulsed in his first efforts on behalf of his Jewish kindred—he who spent the best part of his life in exile, cut off from all his Jewish connections, and living in intimate friendship with other than Jewish people. Moses' qualifications for such a work were as exceptional as his circumstances. Neither Samuel nor any of the prophets had such qualifications. Nor do any of them rise into so clear an atmosphere. Isaiah and Ezekiel, in their noblest inspirations and loftiest flights of genius, never wholly escape from Jewish modes of thought. Isaiah beholds the new heavens and new earth with the eyes of a Levitical priest (Isa. lxvi. 21—24); Ezekiel looks forward to the everlasting kingdom through the haze of a Palestinian polity (Ezek. xxxvii. 21—28); Ezra and Nehemiah, on the return from the captivity, pronounced the wives taken from the people of the land to be unholy, and the children born of such wives unclean. But in Genesis we find a tone of thought transcending Judaism—a tone of thought at once pre-Jewish and super-Jewish; indeed, there is no book of the Old Testament more free from Jewish modes of thought. It is here that we see Moses unveiled. The Saviour referred his contemporaries back from Jewish law to the Book of Genesis, for the fundamental principles of the family constitution; and from the same book the Apostle Peter, but for his Jewish prejudices, might have learnt, what a special revelation was needed to teach him, that "God is no respecter of persons; but, in every nation, he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." No man was better fitted to sketch the current of events that preceded Judaism than he through whom Judaism was established. We conclude, therefore, that the original writer of Genesis, as a whole, was no other than he whom Scripture and tradition alike indicate—Moses, the man of science, and "the man of God."

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

The New Bishop of Lichfield.

HOW far the appointment of the Rev. William Dalrymple Maclagan to the Bishopric of Lichfield will give general satisfaction remains to be seen. By many of the Evangelicals he will be classed among the bishops that are "not to be desired" in the Church of England, and his appointment will so far provoke dissatisfaction and censure. But Lord Beaconsfield is, at any rate, a shrewd judge of

character, and is not likely to take in ecclesiastical matters an imprudent or unpopular step, and by his latest act of patronage he will earn the gratitude of a large and influential party, which he has on some points estranged, and on whose loyalty he would be glad to count. Mr. Maclagan is a Scotchman; not, we have heard it said, a "canny" Scot, but one who unites in himself the best and strongest characteristics of the hard-headed North with the superior polish and the more open-hearted fervour of the South. In his youth he served in the Indian army, but, in consequence of the failure of his health, abandoned the military profession, returned home, and entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, to study for the Church. He was ordained in 1856 by his friend and fellow-countryman, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, began his clerical career as a curate in Paddington, became in 1865 Vicar of Enfield, and in 1869 was presented by Lord Hatherley to the living of St. Mary's, Newington. It was during his incumbency in Newington that he gained an extra-parochial reputation. He distinguished himself as an able and effective "parish priest"—to use the term in which he invariably describes the office. As a preacher he is simple, vigorous, and earnest. But his main strength lies in his administrative skill. A diligent worker himself, he has also the rare and invaluable power of inspiring others with a zeal and arousing them to an energy similar to his own. Idlers and drones could not live in his congregation. We cannot doubt that in Newington he felt the contiguity of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to be stimulating and bracing, and that, however unconscious he may be of it, he owes an enormous debt of gratitude to Mr. Spurgeon. In 1875 he was removed to St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, where he has worked as thoroughly and successfully as he did at Newington. He is a pronounced High Churchman, though not an extreme Ritualist. He believes firmly in the power of self-adaptation possessed by the Anglican Communion to meet "the intellectual and social conditions of the age without sacrificing her primitive principles of Evangelical truth and apostolic order." If, in his new and more important sphere, he realises his own ideal of a bishop as faithfully as he has realised his ideal of the "parish priest," his appointment will be a valuable accession to the wisdom and strength of a bench, which, according to the Episcopal organs, cannot boast of a superabundance of either one or the other.

The First Encyclical of Leo XIII.

The new Pope has issued an encyclical letter, which may not satisfy the Ultramontanes, but which will as little fulfil the anticipations of those who believed that a more liberal policy had at length been inaugurated at the Vatican. The new missive differs considerably in its form and tone from the encyclicals of Pio Nono. It reveals the hand of the religious philosopher rather than that of the theological dogmatist. Its sentences are more gracefully constructed,

and it suggests rather than expresses the arrogant pretensions of the Papacy. But the *odium theologicum* is there. In substance, the document maintains an unbroken continuity with its predecessors. Leo XIII. sings in the same strain as Pio Nono, though he sings it in a lower key. The one prays where the other would have cursed; the one argues and defends where the other blustered. But the difference is not materially deeper than this. If Leo avoids the fulsome references to the Virgin Mary in which Pio Nono delighted, he does not hesitate to adopt the phrase of the fully developed Mariolatry which describes her as "the Immaculate Queen of Heaven." He repeats the stock declarations as to the disasters which have overtaken modern states in consequence of their disloyalty to the Pope, and insists with the strongest emphasis on the importance of the temporal power, showing that he would if he could grasp from the Italians the rights they have so dearly won. "We are actuated," he says, "not only by the consideration that the temporal power is necessary to us, in order to defend and protect the full freedom of the spiritual power, but also because it is clearly shown that in the sovereign temporality of the Holy See is involved the public well-being and the safety of human society. Consequently, in virtue of the duties of our mission, which obliges us to defend the privileges of the Holy Church when the temporal power of the Apostolic See is in question, we cannot avoid renewing and confirming in these letters all the protestations and declarations which our predecessor, Pius IX. of holy memory has on many occasions made and reiterated, as much against the occupation of the temporal power as against the violation of the rights of the Catholic Church." That phrase, "we cannot avoid," is profoundly significant. The office, it would seem, has already degraded the man. The occupant of the Papal chair loses, as by an enchantment, his individuality. He is no longer free, but bound by innumerable traditions, customs, and precedents, and in a sense which is the reverse of honourable and encouraging to the liberals in the Church, he "cannot avoid" endorsing the antiquated and mischievous policy of his predecessor. Cardinal Pecci has caught the spirit of his surroundings. As Pope Leo he will aim at the same ends as Pope Pius, and we shall still be favoured with *ex cathedrâ* utterances on the inviolable supremacy of the Church, the infallibility of the vicegerent of Christ, and all the other anti-Christian dogmas which we have learned to associate with Rome. To expect the Papal Church to place itself in the van of human progress or to surrender its oppressive claims is evidently an idle dream, and our opposition to its principle cannot safely be relaxed.

THE EASTERN QUESTION still absorbs public attention and throws most other subjects into the shade. The wild and unreasoning war spirit has been "fanned" by the speeches of Lord Cranbrook and *Mr. Cross*; but we believe that the magnificent oration of Mr. Bright

delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and the equally magnificent speeches of Mr. Gladstone at the Memorial Hall and at Hawarden have done much to restrain it, and to bring the people to a more sober mind. The daring and audacious move of Lord Beaconsfield, in ordering the despatch of the native troops from India, has not met with half the reprobation it deserves. We can only characterize it as a piece of Oriental depotism utterly unworthy of the traditions of a free people. No English statesman would have dreamed of such a step; but it is quite in keeping with the vagaries of the political charlatan to whom, in this moment of peril, the destinies of England are now unfortunately entrusted. The movement was kept in profound secrecy. Parliament was neither consulted nor apprised of it, and "the smooth-tongued leader of the Commons" sought to allay anxiety on the eve of the Easter holidays by assuring us that there was no change in the situation, and that nothing had been or was likely to be done. If this be not deception, we are at a loss to know what it is. England has no right to rely on her subject races for military aid. A State which cannot fight its own battles displays an inherent weakness, which is an inevitable precursor of decay and ruin—a weakness which not her bitterest enemy can attribute to Great Britain. This "splendid surprise" is, as Mr. Gladstone has pointed out, illegal, and directly violates the Act of 1858. We subjoin the ex-Premier's trenchant criticism and commend it to renewed attention.

"I believe you will find that what has been done has been this—that those troops have been sent at the expense of India with the intention of repayment, but that intention depends upon Parliament; and in one breath Parliament will be told that it has a financial control reserved to it, while in another breath it will be told that the money has been actually spent, and that the law declares that it shall not be paid out of Indian revenues. This is the sort of state in which you are to be placed. But these are only a few of the points that will be raised in connection with these Indian forces. Is India really to be responsible for keeping up an army for Imperial purposes? A more serious subject I cannot conceive the opening of, than the question whether India is to keep up an army based upon a scale which will allow the abstraction of a number of Indian troops for the purpose of fighting our battles in Europe. What are the alternatives? In the first place, if that is done, the injustice to India is not to be described. . . . But that is not all. What is the effect upon our liberty? Sir Stafford Northcote talks, it seems, about financial control. Is financial control the only control which the House of Commons possesses over the army? When your forefathers in other times stood gallantly for their liberties, and looked to the subject of a standing army, did they rest satisfied with a financial control? To this hour, over and above financial control, the House of Commons votes the numbers which alone can be legally employed

in the British army. It has then been carefully provided for that Parliament should have a restraint upon the foreign policy and especially upon the war policy of the Executive Government; but it is now proposed to carry on that war policy with the aid of troops whom Parliament does not vote—whom the Government can multiply to any extent without the will of Parliament. And thus these people are to be brought to fight in Europe, and we are to be told that there is no infringement of the constitutional rights of Parliament; to be brought to fight in Europe, reserving, keeping back the very knowledge of the fact to the latest moment it can be kept back."

The prerogative of the Crown is being pushed to an extreme to which recent years furnish no parallel. The people tolerate it now, but a reaction will speedily come, the ultimate consequences of which will be the reverse of those which are intended.

THE CROWN AND THE CONSTITUTION.

These high-handed proceedings on the part of Lord Beaconsfield are not mere "accidents" of the present crisis, nor has he adopted them in hot haste. They are the result of a fantastic and unconstitutional theory, deliberately propounded in his novels, and at which he has often hinted in vague and bombastic language. In "Coningsby" he makes his ideal character, Sidonia, thus describe the policy of the future. "The tendency of advanced civilisation is in truth to pure Monarchy. Monarchy is indeed a government which requires a high degree of civilisation for its full development. It needs the support of free laws and manners, and of a widely-diffused intelligence. Political compromises are not to be tolerated except at periods of rude transition. An educated nation recoils from the imperfect vicariate of what is called a representative government. Your House of Commons, that has absorbed all other powers in the State, will in all probability fall more rapidly than it rose. Public opinion has a more direct, a more comprehensive, a more efficient organ for its utterance, than a body of men sectionally chosen. The printing press is a political element unknown to classic or feudal times. It absorbs in a great degree the duties of the sovereign, the priest, the Parliament; it controls, it educates, it discusses. That public opinion, when it acts, would appear in the form of one who has no class interests. In an enlightened age the monarch on the throne, free from the vulgar prejudices and the corrupt interests of the subject, becomes again divine!"

And now at length he has brought these pernicious ideas—which in the pages of his brilliant pinchbeck fiction were laughed at as the caprices of the Asian mystery—into the full light of day, and is endeavouring to shape his policy in accordance with them. He is continually flinging in our face the perogative of the Crown. "The monarch is divine," and it is the duty of a loyal people to follow unhesitatingly the direction in which they are led. As Mr. Bright remarks, it

is time to ask ourselves whether we have gone back to the times of Charles I., and whether the prevalent idea of English freedom and of constitutional principles and practice is only a dream. A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who is evidently "inspired," and writes with a semi-official authority, boldly asserts that the period of our constitutional history which began with the Revolution of 1688, and ended in 1832, is an unnatural episode, and that we must not draw our precedents from it. He advocates something like the personal rule, which led to such disastrous consequences under the monarchy of the Stuarts, and would restore to the Crown its "vast and undefined prerogative." The liberties of the people, the authority of Parliament, the independence of the Law Courts are all, according to this new Solomon, to be subordinated to the majesty of the Crown. Ministerial responsibility he apparently regards as an excrescence of the constitution, and would thus bring the sovereign into "the arena of politics, render her liable to question, and direct against her personally the discontent and dissatisfaction which political miscarriages will bring about." The Quarterly Reviewer further apprizes us that "if a nation values its independence, it must be prepared to use force, and for this purpose it must be ready to give generous and ungrudging support to its sovereign power. *The monarch is at once the head and the arm of the constitution, in whose judgment rests the decision of peace and war, and on whose will depend the movements of the military and naval forces of the country.*" And he advocates this excessive and unreasoning loyalty on grounds which reveal the true Tory, and show us how sincere is the confidence of Her Majesty's present Government in the intelligence and goodwill of the people. It will be remembered that a precisely similar argument was used a little more than a year ago by Sir Stafford Northcote, in Edinburgh, and the language is sufficiently similar to suggest reflections the reverse of pleasant.

REVIEWS.

DANIEL THE BELOVED. By the Rev. William M. Taylor, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., 188, Fleet-street. 1878.

DR. TAYLOR has for some years past devoted one service every Lord's Day to the exposition of Scripture, and his expositions are mainly historical. His works on David, Elijah, and Peter have appeared in successive years, and now he adds to the list a similar work on Daniel. Like all the productions of his pen, it is the result of thorough and conscientious toil. Dr. Taylor cannot claim to rank as an original thinker, nor can we speak of him as brilliant; but he has qualities which, if less showy, are more useful. He is painstaking to the last degree. His books are never superficial, never hastily composed; they are the fruit of ex-

tended research, earnest and prayerful thought, and mature judgment. He has the valuable power of seizing on the essential points of a narrative, and of setting them in a strong light. He believes that "the Word of God is quick and powerful;" he extracts from it principles which can never be antiquated, and lessons which are never untimely. Under his guidance, we see that this Book of Daniel has a very distinct message to the men of the present generation; and that if we will carefully study it, we shall find in it the guidance and stimulus we need amid the complicated and often perplexing conditions of commercial and political life. He has given us a valuable contribution to the practical knowledge of the men and times of which he writes.

THE APPROACHING END OF THE AGE, Viewed in the Light of History, Prophesy, and Science. By H. Grattan Guinness. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1878.

AN adequate notice of Mr. Guinness's bulky and elaborate volume would require, not a mere paragraph in our Review department, but an extended article; and we shall not, therefore, attempt any criticism either of its central position or of the arguments by which it is supported. It is a plea for the premillennial advent of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and an investigation into the system of times and seasons presented in the word and works of God. The position is a familiar one, and has given rise to interminable controversies in the Christian Church. The arguments by which the position is sought to be established are, to a large extent, novel; by no means a repetition of those to which we have become accustomed in the beaten track. Mr. Guinness developed a hint which he d from the statement of a astronomer, M. De Cheseaux, the leading prophetic perio Scripture are actually c cycles—periods, *i.e.*, as defi marked off as such by celestial lutions as our ordinary yea days. He has investigated th nection between astronomic and Scripture chronology, and cludes that the *epacts* of th phetic periods of Scripture c tute a remarkable septiform We cannot own ourselves con of the accuracy of Mr. Guin views. The subject requires more extended examination th have yet been able to give especially on its scientific side. this, at least, we can say, th author has proved himself to reverent, intelligent, and pra student of the Divine Revel that his sole aim is to underst aright, and to bring its lesso bear upon the present dutie prospects of the Christian C He is not one of the vulgar lators who substitute guess their own for the assertions o Word of God; and he is en free from fanaticism and exa tion. Even those who cannot his conclusions will allow th has produced a scholarly and ma book, which is well worthy of d and careful study.

JOHN, WHOM JESUS LOVED. James Culross, A.M., D.D. London: Morgan & Scott Paternoster-buildings, E.C.

WE give a cordial welcome t new edition of one of the best which has yet been written on beloved disciple." If we say our brother has produced no in which he is more thoro

himself, our readers will require no further commendation. And this testimony we can honestly bear. More delightful and instructive reading we know not where to find. It gives us a complete *resumé* of the Apostle's life and writings, and exhibits with wonderful vividness and force the principal elements of his character. We have throughout been impressed with the thought that Dr. Culross is himself essentially of the Johannine type. He has a clearness of insight which no mere intellectual skill could ensure. He is a true seer, a man of refined and elevated sympathies, of richly cultured imagination, of mingled tenderness and strength. Such delicacy of perception, grasp of thought, beauty of language, and appositeness of illustration, are rarely seen. No wonder that such books should be in demand. May they circulate by thousands, and be read with the thoughtfulness and appreciation they deserve.

THE MEADOW DAISY. By Lillie Montfort. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 2, Ludgate Circus-buildings.

THIS is a capitally-told story of a little girl, who, after the death of her mother, and in the absence of her father, was unjustly got out of the way, and reputed to be dead, that the fortune which would have been hers might be secured by another. The scheme failed, largely through the working of conscience in one of the conspirators, and in the end things came right all round.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN EVANGELICAL REVIEW. Edited by Rev. J. S. Candlish, D.D. April, 1878. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners-street.

WE congratulate the editor of the *British and Foreign Evangelical* on the admirable manner in which his contributors combine culture with faith, appreciation of all that is good in modern thought with conscientious adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation. Of the eight articles which make up the current number, there is not one which does not illustrate our meaning. Of course we dissent *in toto* from Professor Macgregor's ideas on the Church Membership of Children, and think he *assumes* what is absolutely incapable of proof, although, if we believed in infant baptism at all, we should certainly agree with him as to his "What then?" The article on Anselm's Theory of the Atonement is timely; Dr. Gloag's defence of the "Acts of the Apostles" is scholarly, candid, and conclusive; and Mr. Stalker's Sketch of Tholuck will be read with deep and universal interest.

THE HOMILETIC QUARTERLY. April, 1878. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

IF this were merely a homiletic Magazine it would not possess the value which it now does. There are, indeed, more outlines of sermons in it than we care to see, but there are other sections which rank with the highest efforts of Biblical scholarship, such as the dissertations of Dr. Duns on "Natural Science" and Scripture; of Mr. Clifford, on the Homiletical Use of Natural Science; of Professor Bruce, on the Parables of Our Lord. There are a number of Expositions, too, the worth of which will be very great to all students of Scripture. How so much of such an excellent quality can be produced at so low a charge we cannot imagine.

THE CONGREGATIONALIST. Edited by R. W. Dale.

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE. Edited by G. H. R. Reynolds, D.D. Feb.—April. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

WE called attention some months ago to these two well-conducted Magazines—the representatives of our Congregational brethren. The *Evangelical* is the more strictly theological of the two. The *Congregationalist* bears strongly the impress of its robust and vigorous editor—the valiant champion of Nonconformity, and the most influential, perhaps, of our politico-ecclesiastical leaders, who combines, as happily as any man we know, the elements of the Christian and the citizen; of the minister of the Gospel and the thorough-going advocate of civil and religious liberty. We wish for both these editors the most complete success.

LIFE'S VOYAGE. A Poem. By Charles Sanger. London: Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners Street. 1878.

UNDER a common metaphor, Mr. Sanger has given a powerful description of the aims, the responsibilities, the temptations and trials of life, as well as of the aids to duty, the sources of strength, and the pleasures which spring from th surrender to Christ. His little wo well-sustained allegory, wise an gestive in its teachings and wa richly evangelical in spirit, and con many lines of fine poetic power. sure to afford both pleasure and i tion.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Deritend, Birmingham, April 19th.
Girlington, Yorkshire, April 21st.
Gravel, Radnor, April 23rd.
Greenock, May 5th.
Huddersfield, April 16th.
Towcester, April 21st.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Crouch, Rev. C. D. (Bulwell, Notts), Shoreham.
Davis, Rev. W. S. (Manchester), Huntingdon.
Dineen, Rev. J. H. (Regent's Park College), Gildersome.
Fellowes, Rev. C. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Keynsham.
Hobbs, Rev. H. V. (Missenden), Tenbury.
Mostyn, Rev. C. D. (Troy, U. S. A.), Ipswich.
Perrin, Rev. J. E. (Esher), Ross.
Phillips, Rev. G. (Kingshill, Bucks), Moulton.
Williams, Rev. W. (Haverfordwest College), Knighton.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Abergavenny, Rev. J. Watts, April 19th.
Bradninch, Rev. T. Strong, April 22nd.
Rochdale, Drake Street, Rev. D. Lewis, April 9th.
Warrington, Rev. W. Billing, April 22nd.

DEATHS.

Britcliffe, Rev. F., Skipton, Yorkshire, April 11th, aged 55.
Staddon, Rev. James, at Pinchbeck, Lincolnshire, April 29th, aged 75.
Wills, Rev. F. (late of Llandudno) Broughton, Hants, April 16th, aged
Wilson, Rev. B. G., Brisbane, Queensland, February 11th, aged 54.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1878.

EARL RUSSELL.

HE distinguished statesman, whose heroic struggles in the cause of civil and religious liberty have been brought into fresh prominence by the jubilee of the Repeal of the Test and Corporation s, has, since the day of the jubilee, passed away from among us, a Parliamentary career extending over sixty years is thus brought close. The name of Earl Russell is inseparably bound up with greatest political events of the last half-century, and with the t brilliant triumphs of Liberalism. By the Nonconformists of at Britain he will always be remembered with sincere and respect- gratitude, as the foremost of those who boldly claimed for them r rights and liberties in the dark and cloudy day, when it was by neans so easy to appear as their advocate as it has since become. Liberal party has been led by men of finer genius and more atile power than Earl Russell. He was surpassed by more than of his colleagues in the keenness and breadth of his political ght, in strategical skill, and in the qualities requisite for leadership. in the sincerity with which he adopted his opinions, in the purity is motives, in his fearless courage and resolute perseverance, he ns the highest rank. He early acquired an influence such as few r statesmen have possessed, and that influence throughout his career he used in a manner which reflected honour on himself, secured the substantial progress of the people whom it was his ition to serve. The question of civil and religious freedom he e in a sense his own. To it he devoted the best and most vigorous s of his life, and although he stopped short of the goal to which hould logically as well as by moral right have advanced, it is on nands allowed that the question occupies a very different position onsequence of his labours, and that he has effectually prepared the for other and more extensive reforms than he himself contem-

plated. His creed is said to have been inherited from his ancestors and the assertion is, doubtless, correct. But it is a creed of which he had just reason to be proud, and which, in the exercise of an enlightened and mature judgment, he could not repudiate. The house of Bedford has an illustrious history, and has furnished one name which will ever hold a conspicuous place in the martyrology of English liberty. Lord William Russell had an influence in Parliament derived as Macaulay says, "not from superior skill in debate or in declamation but from spotless integrity, from plain good sense, and from that frankness, that simplicity, that good nature, which are singularly graceful and winning in a man raised by birth and fortune high above his fellows." His death, inflicted by an unjust and cruel tyrant, but borne with manly fortitude and Christian meekness, excited emotions of no ordinary kind. The sentence of the despotic monarch was executed, but Russell did not cease to speak. The good he did lived after him, and the story of his worthy life crowned by a noble death has awakened the enthusiastic admiration of thousands, and strengthened their attachment to the principles in whose defence he was so shamelessly martyred. His descendants have carried on in unbroken continuity the work which was so dear to him, and in no member of his illustrious house has the cause of popular freedom found a more devoted friend than it had in the veteran statesman whose career has now reached its close.

Lord John—as he was familiarly termed—was born in 1792; a time of terrible commotion on the Continent, and of profound anxiety, and often of wild alarm in England. A century had passed since the Revolution of 1688, but the application of its principles had been partial and restricted. Anomalies still existed, and many of the laws were iniquitous and oppressive. A recent writer in the *Times*, referring to the political and social condition of England some twenty or thirty years later, when Lord Russell entered the House of Commons, has depicted it in graphic, but by no means exaggerated, colours:—

> In these days it is not easy for us to measure the force of the political passions which were awakened in the earlier part of his political life by the social state and the laws of England. The long and tremendous strain of the war with France had left a heritage of disordered finances, heavy taxation, depressed trade, and fierce discontent. The Revolutionary party, which had been silenced during the war, again came to the front, with complaints that the rich and the powerful, Parliament and the Court, were responsible for the miseries of the Kingdom. Cobbett was using all his mastery over homely English and effective illustration to inflame the agricultural and the manufacturing poor against their common masters. A plot was formed to seize the members of the Government, to capture the Tower, and set up a Committee of Public Safety. Even the Corporation of London plunged into the fray with such a recital of public grievances as would seem in these days of smooth speech to be an incentive to civil war. Stones were flung at the carriage of the Prince Regent, who was already on the high way to that unbearable unpopularity which drove him into retirement when he was king. There was a slight, but insignificant, rising at Derby. Indescribable bitterness of feeling was let loose by the charge of the dragoons at "Peterloo." The Cato Street conspiracy showed what desperate

passions were at work beneath the surface of society. The trial of Queen Caroline had alienated a great part of the people from the royal family. Amid all that political commotion, trade was suffering, the country banks were breaking, the Bank of England itself was strained, and the misery of the people was expressing itself by the burning of ricks and the destruction of machines. Meanwhile, corn was made artificially dear by fiscal regulations, which were masterpieces of perverted ingenuity; the Catholics of Ireland were denied political rights at the bidding of prejudices which were the remnants of the penal laws; the colonies were disgraced by slavery; and the representative institutions of England were so much at the mercy of corrupt corporations and great families as to be little better than a mockery. Such was England from the morrow of Waterloo till nearly the eve of 1830. Most of the attempts to reform the laws had been baffled by a powerful Tory party, knit together by the fear that, if one stone of the Constitutional fabric should be loosened, the whole structure might share the fate of the French Monarchy. But the tide of popular impatience was fast rising, and it began to be irresistible when the Liberals of Paris overthrew the reactionary Government and the dynasty of Charles X. As Prince Polignac was supposed to have been favoured by the Duke of Wellington, the destruction of the Bourbon Government was popularly regarded in England as a blow struck at English Toryism. Soon the mass meetings at Birmingham, the menacing attitude of a large part of the people, and the energy of the Whig leaders made Parliamentary reform inevitable. By a great and peaceful revolution the balance of power was shifted from the aristocracy to the middle class, and thus the way was prepared for the crowd of other legislative reforms which are the historical landmarks of the intermediate time.

Lord Russell's youth was spent amid associations which were in every way adapted to foster his hereditary love of freedom. On the completion of his schooldays at Westminster, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh—at that time the academic centre of Liberalism—where he was placed under the especial care of Dugald Stewart, and entered the classes of other Professors scarcely less distinguished. Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey had, by this time, left the University, but their influence was still potent, and Lord Russell came into frequent contact with them. His political faith rapidly matured, and foreshadowed the course he afterwards pursued. After leaving the Northern University, he spent some time in foreign travel. Central Europe being closed against him in consequence of the French domination, he visited Spain and Portugal, and witnessed some of the splendid military triumphs of the "Iron Duke." On his return to England, he was firmly resolved to devote himself to politics, and became member for Tavistock, in July, 1813, while he was still in his minority. He at once took part in the keen and exciting discussions of those dark and memorable days, and gained the reputation of a powerful debater. In the Session of 1817, when the Tory Government brought forward measures for the suppression of seditious meetings, and for the suspension of *Habeas Corpus*, he uttered words which struck the key-note of his political life, and to the spirit of which he has faithfully adhered. "We talk much—I think a great deal too much—of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate the courage of our ancestors. They were not ready to lay

their liberties at the foot of the Throne upon every vain or imaginary alarm." Two years later he made his first motion in favour of Parliamentary Reform, and was thenceforward regarded as its most influential champion. His education was no doubt gradual. He was in some respects timid and hesitating, and displayed a nervous anxiety to be distinguished from the Radical party, who went so much further than he was at that time prepared to go. He was, perhaps, a follower rather than a creator of public opinion. He had unfailing confidence in the people, and would refuse no task when he knew that he was representing their will, and could count on their support. But beyond this, he rarely, if ever, ventured. The opposition he had to encounter, both from Whigs and Tories, was sufficiently formidable, and only a brave man could have made up his mind to enter on so fierce and protracted a struggle. The light in which Parliamentary Reform was regarded in official circles may be understood from Canning's celebrated apostrophe—"Reform the Parliament! Repeal the Union! Restore the Heptarchy!"—as if the three proposals were alike chimerical and absurd. But the pressure of public opinion, and the occurrence of national disasters were too strong for officialism.

The Tory ministers were, in 1820, driven from office, Earl Grey became Premier, and Lord Russell—strangely left outside the Cabinet—became Paymaster of the Forces. The Reform Question could not, however, be taken out of his hands. Lord Grey requested him to prepare a Draught Bill, which, with slight changes, afterwards became law.

On the 1st of March, 1831, he came down to a House of Commons crowded beyond all experience, and, in a speech of almost timid moderation, explained the scope of the measure. It took men's breath away. The list of condemned boroughs was received with shouts of scornful laughter, and it was fully expected for the moment that, as the Bill went far beyond any one's expectations, it would be puffed aside as a wild impracticability. But the nation had long been prepared for a step which surprised and dismayed the most experienced politicians. Never was there such a stirring of the dry bones. In the popular excitement and in the Parliamentary battles, Lord John Russell stood forward at once as the foremost and the central figure among the conquerors. His personality was identified, and justly so, with the national cry, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." His intellectual powers expanded, his oratory ripened, and by the time that the Reform Act became law, Lord John Russell had established himself in the front rank of Parliamentary Statesmen. Eight years later, when the Whig Government had almost become a byword of contempt and dislike, Macaulay, in his speech on Sir John Yarde Buller's "No Confidence" Motion, apostrophized Lord John Russell's early achievements. "Those were proud and happy days," he said, "when, amid the applause and the blessings of millions, my noble friend led us on in the great struggle for the Reform Bill; when hundreds waited round our doors till sunrise to hear how we had sped; when the great cities of the North poured forth their population on the highways to meet the mails which brought from the capital the tidings whether the battle of the people had been lost or won. Such days my noble friend cannot hope to see again. Two such triumphs would be too much for one life. But perhaps there still awaits him a [redacted] a less invigorating, but a not less honourable task—the task of

contending against superior numbers, and through years of discomfiture, for those civil and religious liberties which are inseparably connected with the name of his illustrious house."

During the discussions on Parliamentary Reform, Lord Russell undertook the championship of another cause equally great and momentous. As an advocate of civil and religious liberty, he was keenly alive to the injustice of the Test and Corporation Acts, and his motion for their repeal in 1828 was successfully carried, notwithstanding the opposition of the Government whose principal members were the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel.

It may be well briefly to recall to mind what these Acts were. The Corporation Act, passed in 1661, provided "that no person or persons shall ever hereafter be placed, elected, or chosen in or to any office or place relating to the government of the Cities, Corporations, Boroughs, &c., in England and Wales that shall not have, within one year next before such election or choice, taken the sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the rites of the Church of England."

The Test Act, passed in 1673, is simply an extension of this iniquitous principle. It requires that "every person who shall be admitted into any office, civil or military, or shall receive any pay, salary, fee, or wages, by reason of any patent or grant of His Majesty, or shall have command or place of trust from or under His Majesty, his heirs or successors, or by his or their authority, or by authority derived from him or them, or shall be admitted into any service or employment in the household of His Majesty, shall take the oaths as directed in the Act, and shall also receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper according to the usage of the Church of England, within three months after his or their admittance into or receiving their said authority and employment, in some public church, on some Lord's day, immediately after divine service and sermon."

The penalties to be enforced on those who executed any of the said offices without having "qualified" as the Acts required, were, for example, that the offender was thenceforth disabled to sue or use any action, bill, plaint or information in course of law, or to prosecute any suit in any Court of Equity. He was disabled from being the guardian even of his own children. He could not act as an executor or trustee. He could receive no legacy or deed of gift, hold no office of any kind, and was liable to a fine of £500. These Acts appealed to the worst and basest passions of the human heart, encouraged hypocrisy and deceit, and degraded religion into an instrument of social aggrandisement and gain. They placed under a ban multitudes of the wisest and most upright citizens, and declared that the finest and most commanding talents, the clearest intellect, the firmest integrity, the most zealous patriotism, were in themselves of no account, and must be resolutely suppressed unless they were associated with beliefs over which the State has absolutely no authority. We have here the germs of the deadliest persecution. Such legislation, as Robert Hall

contended, "proscribes not an individual who has been convicted of a crime, but a whole party as unfit to be trusted by the community to which they belong; and if this stigma can be justly fixed on any set of men, it ought not to stop here or anywhere short of the actual excision of those who are thus considered as rotten and incurable members of the political body. In annexing to religious speculation the idea of political default, the principle of this law would justify every excess of severity and rigour. If we are the persons it supposes, its indulgence is weak and contemptible; if we are of a different description, the nature of its pretensions is so extraordinary as to occasion serious alarm and call aloud for its repeal."

Can we be surprised that the Nonconformists should have felt the yoke to be intolerable? The marvel is that they should have submitted to it so patiently and for so long. We have lying by us a valuable sermon on the question, by the seraphic Samuel Pearce, and very pertinently does he urge, "Let Dissenters no longer, while these oppressive acts remain, boast they are the *sons of Britain*; no, brethren, we are rather *slaves to Britain:* heavy are our burdens and cruel are our taskmasters. Not unlike is our situation to that of the oppressed Israelites in Egypt, only with this difference—there was *one of them* admitted to be in Pharaoh's court, but *not one conscientious* Dissenter shall be admitted to serve the meanest office in the family of our king."

It is well known that these Acts could not have been passed unless the Nonconformists had generously waived their rights to the welfare of the nation. They were introduced at a time of grave peril. The tyranny of Rome seemed to be regaining its old power. Our Protestant liberties were endangered, and the monarch himself might have become a vassal of the Pope. The Test and Corporation Acts were intended to avert this danger; and when it was pointed out in the House of Commons that the test would injuriously affect the Protestant Dissenters the Court party endeavoured to defeat it on this ground; but the dissenters asserted that they would rather confide in the justice and generosity of Parliament to pass some subsequent Bill in their favour than oppose a measure which would secure the liberties of the country, thus subjecting themselves to a temporary evil for the sake of the public good. Their generosity was cruelly rewarded, and all unwittingly they brought upon their descendants burdens grievous and heavy. They were by-and-by insulted with a "Toleration Act," and even the Whigs, at the dictation of the Earl of Nottingham, passed the "Occasional Conformity Bill." The Dissenters were sacrificed to the necessities of party. They applied again and again to their political leaders to relieve them of their disabilities, but in vain. The temper of the Whigs may be judged by an incident related in Mr Skeats' History of the Free Churches. In the general election of 1734 a determined effort was made to overthrow the Government of Sir Robert Walpole. The Dissenters exerted their whole strength to

keep him in office, and succeeded. Shortly after the election, a deputation, headed by Dr. Chandler, waited on Sir Robert to solicit his influence on their behalf in accordance with his frequent promises. He replied that whatever his private inclinations, the attempt was improper, for the time had not yet arrived. "You have so repeatedly returned this answer," said Dr. Chandler, "that I trust you will give me leave to ask when the time will come?" "If you require a specific answer," said Walpole, "I will give it you in a word—never!" And this was the way in which our ancestors were invariably rewarded for their fidelity to the Whigs. "If the Dissenters had been turbulent, Sir Robert Walpole (writes Macaulay) would probably have relieved them; but while he apprehended no danger from them he would not run the slightest risk for their sakes." And so matters went on until, in 1828, Lord John Russell, aided by the Duke of Sussex, Lord Holland, Sir James Macintosh and others, took the question in hand, and carried it to a triumphant issue. The Bill which he successfully carried through the House of Commons, and of which Lord Holland took charge in the Upper House, made the first great breach in the system of religious exclusiveness and intolerance which had been transmitted by the legislation of the Restoration, and contained the germ of greater reforms which have followed in its wake. And had he no further claim on our gratitude than that which he then earned, Earl Russell would be entitled to rank as one of our foremost friends.

But we have further to thank him for the reform of the Municipal Corporations; for the Tithe Commutation Act, which swept away many time honoured abuses; for the Act for the Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths,—an Act which for social and statistical purposes can scarcely be over-valued; for the Dissenters' Marriage Bill, which first allowed Dissenters to be married in their own chapels. To him also we are indebted for a series of measures which amended our once barbarous criminal code, and removed forgery, sheep-stealing, and all offences except seven from the category of capital crimes. In 1834, the Irish Church Question was raised by Mr. Ward, member for St. Albans, who insisted on the necessity of reducing the ecclesiastical revenues in Ireland, and the right of the State to dispose of the surplus. Lord John Russell, in opposition to the Premier (Earl Grey) and several of his colleagues, supported Mr. Ward, and the Government was consequently broken up. Sir Robert Peel succeeded to power, but in the following year was defeated on a motion of Lord John's that the House should go into Committee to "consider the present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland," with a view to the application of its income to the general education of all classes of the people without distinction of religious persuasion. On Sir Robert Peel's resignation, Lord Melbourne formed a ministry, with Lord John Russell as Home Secretary and leader of the Commons. During his tenure of this office he placed many important measures on the

Statute Book, not the least of them being the Irish Tithe Bill, which, however, was deprived of the "Appropriation Clause" by the persistent hostility of the Lords.

The greatest mistake of his life is by many supposed to be the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which forbade the assumption of territorial titles by the prelates of the Papal Church. It is a measure with which we do not agree, but, if Lord Russell erred, he erred in company with the nation at large. The "No Popery" cry was not of his raising. The country was excited, angry, clamorous. Legislation was imperatively demanded, and Lord John yielded to the demand in a way which satisfied the popular feeling and yet inflicted no real harm on the Catholics.

Of his adhesion to the Anti-Corn Law League we need not here speak. Like the other leading Whigs, he was at first opposed to it, then went in for compromise, and was long in reaching the consistent policy of total abolition. But his hesitancy arose from no selfish regard to his own or his party's interests. As soon as he believed that the total repeal of the Corn Laws would be for the benefit of the people he fearlessly expressed his belief, and had it not been for dissensions among the Whigs, upon him would have devolved the honour which fell to the lot of Sir Robert Peel.

During the years in which he was Foreign Secretary he rendered invaluable services to the cause of freedom both at home and abroad. The Italians have not been backward in acknowledging their obligation to the heroic stand he made on their behalf during the revolution of 1860. And though he contrived to render himself exceedingly unpopular in America, it is really to him, more, perhaps, than to any other statesman, that we owe the preservation of our neutrality during the Civil War; and that neutrality was maintained against a pressure whose strength and persistency it is difficult for foreigners to estimate.

In his late years Lord Russell was, perhaps, too much inclined to act as if there were an element of truth in the nickname of "Finality Jack" given to him sometime after the first Reform Bill. He was unwilling to go beyond the limits he had assigned himself, and halted when he should have gone forward. In a speech delivered at Blairgowrie, which attracted considerable attention, he summed up his policy in the familiar phrase, "Rest and be thankful." This, happily, was what the nation was not prepared to do, and since then the Universities have been opened, Church Rates have been abolished, the Irish Church has been disestablished, a Reform Bill has been passed, and the noble efforts which Lord Russell made years ago in the interests of National Education, have left their mark on our recent legislation. It was not unnatural that he should refer with a feeling of gratulation to the triumphs of his early years, and conclude that the removal of the abuses which were then most sorely felt, *ought* to satisfy every legitimate aspiration. The struggle in which he

had been engaged was so severe, and the successes he had won were so marvellous, that we cannot be surprised if he felt weary of the strife, and was unwilling to advance further. The work rightly fell on the shoulders of younger men. We must not, however, forget that for the labours of these, Earl Russell prepared the way; that had it not been for the heroism he and others like-minded with him displayed in the fight, we could not have occupied our present vantage ground, or have seen within the range of possibility the things on which our hearts are set.

The programme of the Liberal party is not yet exhausted. Still less have the just claims of the Nonconformists been ceded. Our watchword is a word of progress. We demand Religious Equality as well as Liberty, and the policy which has given and cannot recall the one must, as a matter of consistency, help us to attain the other. The logical result of Lord Russell's principles is Disestablishment, and until that result has been reached we should not be content. Nor should we support any Government which treats our claims with contempt, or tells us that the time for yielding to it will "never" come. Principles should rank higher than party, measures than men. We have no wish to see Dissenters "turbulent," but it would be equally unwise in them to play the part of "humble servants" to the Liberal or any other party, as though they were doubtful of the righteousness of their position, and content to accept as a favour what should be given to them as their due.

Men of Lord Russell's calibre will lead us on to more complete victory. With the knowledge supplied by recent experience—aided by the thoughts which are "widened with the process of the suns," such men will see that our principles furnish the only solution of the great problems of modern life, and they will not, therefore, hesitate long as to their application. We need men of spotless integrity, invincible courage, and manifest consistency. Lord Russell had his faults. His statesmanship was far from perfect. He may have been too self-opinionative. He was, perhaps, at times —as more than one satirist has declared—cold and reserved. The man who was a stranger to moral fear might have an overweening confidence in his own judgment and skill. But he was no trimmer or time server. He was not afraid to defend an unpopular cause. He would not swerve from the course he saw to be right, or suppress his honest convictions. He could sacrifice ease, office, wealth and fame, at the bidding of duty, and though he occasionally made serious mistakes, he has left behind him a reputation which the most illustrious statesmen might envy. A more complete contrast to the political trickster who is now in power we cannot imagine, and it is melancholy to think that England has fallen so low that she can endure the contrast.

Statesmen of Lord Russell's stamp are not yet extinct, however, and so long as Mr. Gladstone is among us, the ideal of political life

cannot be permanently lowered, nor can the highest tendencies of the present be eclipsed by the achievements of the past. Of him, too, it may be said, as the *Times* said of Earl Russell:—"His long and illustrious career was an honour to England; he rendered services which were surpassed by those of no other minister of his day; he never stooped to unworthy means to compass party ends, and he has enriched the history of his country by the addition of a great character."

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

XII.

IN the previous papers I have more than once noticed Mr. Hall's sympathy and regard for the poor, and his hearty enjoyment of social intercourse, especially with the godly poor. While pastor of the church at Cambridge he frequently repaired to them, for the purpose, as he often said, "of religious instruction, and was seldom disappointed." On such occasions he always selected his favourite repast of tea, taking care to carry with him more tea and sugar than would be possibly needed, and asking permission to leave the remainder behind him.* On his subsequent periodical visits, after his settlement at Leicester, large parties, of distinguished persons were invited to meet him. But from these he would often steal away that he might renew the pleasure of intercourse with his humble friends.

He continued the same practice at Leicester, where poverty and distress, among the masses of the people, were of more frequent occurrence than at Cambridge. Some of his publications were written solely for their benefit, and indicate the depth of his sympathy for them, and the earnestness of his desire to alleviate their sufferings.† At Bristol he was less able to carry on this kindly intercourse with the poor of his flock; not from any diminution of his interest in their welfare, but from the aggravation of the malady from which he so severely suffered. But even here, it was still characteristic of his pastoral life.

How well I remember one example, illustrating this habit. H[illegible]

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* Works, Vol. VI., p. 40. † Works, Vol. III., pp. 235—297.

once invited "Blind Jones" and his sister, Mrs. Thomas, and her subordinates in charge of Broadmead, to dinner, and the account which I had of it the next day from my dear old friend, made me long to have been present too.

"Why you see, Mr. Trestrail, we went up early, but of course did not go to the front door. So after we had been some time in the kitchen, I heard Mr. Hall asking whether we were come. Finding we had, he came down, and taking us by the hand, he said, 'Mr. Jones, this is quite wrong, you should have come to the front door, sir. You are to dine with us, sir, and are our guests. Pray walk up, Mr. Jones,' and so we did."

"Well, my friend, and how did you get on upstairs? I dare say Mr. Hall soon made you all feel quite at home?"

"Iss, my dear, that he did; and, as we all had good appetites, didn't we enjoy our dinner? And only think, the young ladies wouldn't let anybody wait on us but themselves."

"Did you stop the whole afternoon, Mr. Jones, or did you come away early?"

"Come away early? No, indeed we didn't. He would make us stop to tea, and then to supper. And how he did talk, to be sure! Sometimes we laughed and sometimes we cried, for he told us most wonderful things about great and good men."

"And did you and your companions talk too, or were you silent all the time?"

"No, my dear, not we indeed; for after a bit we felt as much at home as if we *were* at home. And Mrs. Hall and the young ladies were as free as he was. Yes, indeed, we did enjoy ourselves. I never was at such a party afore, and I never expect to be at such a one ever any more. Perhaps the best time of all was family worship. Oh, how he prayed for the church and for the poor and *for us*, each one of us; and he was so tender and loving that we all wept. Ah, dear man, he will never know the good he did us poor things, and how thankful we are to 'un for making us all so happy."

Though not precisely a reminiscence of Bristol, an incident illustrative of these remarks came to my knowledge so soon after my removal that I cannot resist the desire to describe it.

Almost immediately on my settlement at CLIPSTONE, I became acquainted with an eminently pious member of the church, who was designated "MASTER YORK." I found that the title "*Master*" was given to persons in humble life, only when their character was of unusual excellence. It was, in fact, a very honourable distinction; and never was it more worthily bestowed than in this instance. MASTER YORK resided in the neighbouring village of Sibbertoft, where he kept a small roadside inn, whose reputation for sobriety and order was never tarnished. In person he was large and stout; in temper, as gentle as a lamb; in kindness, unsurpassed; tender, almost to a fault; and, for his means, profuse in hospitality. He never was so happy as

when taking part in Divine worship, or when he had godly people about him with whom he could talk.

The interest of this good man in the services of the sanctuary was both obvious and deep. If the text and the sermon were at all in harmony with his ardent and devout feelings, he would rise from his seat, gaze steadfastly at the preacher, his countenance glowing with animation and delight, and often bedewed with tears, when his heart was touched. It was impossible to resist the contagion of his devoutness and joy, and the feeling was strengthened by the profound respect inspired by his character. No marvel, therefore, that Mr. Hall, when he knew him, invariably called to see him in passing through the village on his way to "the Clipstone Ministers' Meetings."

These meetings were held periodically, and became so famous that people used to come from great distances to attend them. The little place was all alive when any of them occurred; and it was high holiday for the district all around. The most distinguished preachers were selected to officiate; and in the presence of many whose names will ever be remembered, especially in connection with our Foreign Mission, Mr. Hall preached when only fifteen years of age. Mr. Benjamin Beddome and Mr. Hall, sen., had taken the principal parts of the services on the ordination of Mr. Skinner, the first pastor of the church, when the former, struck with the indications of mental superiority and force in his young friend, urged his preaching so earnestly that at last he overcame Mr. Hall's scruples, and he surprised them all by a sermon from 1 John i. 5—*God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.* The vivid conceptions and the metaphysical acumen of the youthful preacher on this mysterious subject excited the deepest interest.* If I do not mistake, it was at Clipstone that Fuller and Ryland first heard him. About five years after, the former records in his diary, May 7, 1784:—"Heard Mr. R. Hall, jun., from *He that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.* The Lord keep that young man."† The brilliance of his powers, and the vivacity of his temperament, excited both hope and fear. The incident I am about to relate happened on his return to Leicester from one of these "Clipstone meetings."

The snow was falling fast as he called at Master York's. At first he declined to dismount, but ultimately yielded to urgent solicitation to stay and see if the weather would clear. He went in to the little inner room (where I heard the story, and can almost fancy I am there now), and having taken a pipe, was soon absorbed in conversation. By-and-bye he rose to go, but Master York would not hear of it. "No, Mr. Hall, please. It is dark and stormy. The snow has been a-falling ever sin' you came, and is deep now. I wouldn't turn a dog out in sich a night. You can't go, for you would lose your way,

* Morris's Biography, p. 38. † Memoir, p. lviii.

and come to harm, and, dear sir, I couldn't stan' *that*." Mr. Hall having looked out, saw that it would be imprudent to go, and consented to stay the night.

After awhile Master York suggested that he should preach. "Preach to whom, sir?" "Why, to the people, to be sure." "Whoever would come out to hear me, sir, on such a night as this?" "Well, now, Mr. Hall, if I get some of 'em to come, won't you say a few words?" "Well, sir, if any *do* come, I will." In a moment, overjoyed with his success, the dear old man sallied out with a lantern, sent his wife in one direction and his son in another, to tell the good folk that Mr. Hall was there, and would preach. "Why, Mr. Trestrail, the whole village was all alive in no time. You could see lanterns everywhere. This room was soon filled, and then we had to borrow chairs and forms, for the big 'un was filled too; and so Mr. Hall stood in the doorway and preached to us. And didn't he go on grand! It would have done your heart good to have been there and heard 'un."

"Do you remember what he preached about, Master York?"

"Do I remember? Likely thing I should ever forget that. He preached from this text, *I saw no temple therein.* He talked in so wonderful a manner about the glory of heaven, and the worship which the saints would offer to God, that I forgot where I was, and thought I was up there. Yes, indeed, my dear pastor, my poor little public that night was turned into the House of God and the gate of Heaven."

"After supper Mr. Hall became silent, and I heard him sigh two or three times. So I said to 'un, 'Anything the matter, Mr. Hall?'"

"'Yes, Master York, very much. I am in great doubts as to my state. I sometimes fear I have never been converted, and it distresses me exceedingly.'

"'Why, sure, Mr. Hall, *that* canna be anyhow. How do you think you could a preached as you did to us to-night if you hadn't a been converted?'

"'Master York, what do you consider to be a decisive proof of conversion?'

"'Why, then, Mr. Hall, I think that if a man loves and fears God he is about right. Don't you, now?'

"'Love and fear God, Master York? I do, indeed I do.' And then, Mr. Trestrail, how he did go on to be sure. I never heard such things about God Almighty before, except in the Bible. He talked about our world, and then about other worlds; about the sun, and the moon, and the stars, as all made by Him; about His wisdom and power; about sin and the awful ruin it had caused; about God's pity and love for us poor sinners, sending His dear Son to die for us; about pardon and life—*everlasting life*—that I wor indeed quite amazed like. It seemed to me as if a could ha' gone on talking about these things for ever and ever. Oh, sir, it wor

wonderful, wonderful, indeed it wor. Tho' the clock had struck twelve I wor sorry when it wor over. He got up, took my hand—ah, so kindly—and said, 'Master York, I am thankful that the bad weather stopped me, and that you kept me here. You have lifted a great load off my mind, Master York. I shall sleep in peace. Good night.' Just you think, now, that such a poor creature as I am should really ha' helped such a wonderful a man as that. Why, my dear pastor, I stood there and cried like a babby."

What a contrast does this remarkable interview present to us! How widely different these two men, in intellect, attainments and character! But not less striking, as affording an instance of the power of simple faith to enable an almost wholly uneducated mind, to apprehend and grasp the most vital truths of the Gospel, and to present them in a form so clear and simple, as to lift the loftier intellect out of the region of doubt and fear, into one of peace and joy.

Mr. Hall's family, of whom I have hitherto said very little, have, with one exception, passed away. Robert, the only son who survived infancy, was at first apprenticed to Mr. Clift, one of the leading chemists in Bristol; but he subsequently embraced a maritime life, and died, comparatively young, of fever, at Batavia. The eldest daughter was tall and graceful in person, with much of the father's native dignity of carriage, of which, however, she was perfectly unconscious. Shy and reserved in the presence of strangers, yet most affable to her friends, she appeared in general society simply as a cultivated, intelligent lady; but at times, when interested in any subject, or strongly excited, her vigorous intellect would flash out upon you in some striking remark, full of brilliancy and power. Her sister was less reserved, and her wit, vivacity, and force of character, beautifully blended with the graceful gentleness of the elder. Both being unaffectedly cordial in temper, and kind in manner, these qualities diffused a warmth and glow through social intercourse with them, which greatly enhanced the enjoyment of it. The youngest daughter, almost always an invalid, and a great sufferer in after life, was naturally more quiet and reserved, and solaced herself with music and drawing. It was a great treat to hear her sing, especially some Scottish songs, of which she was passionately fond.

I remember on one evening, when she was very young, her asking her father a question, which, from its *naïveté*, greatly amused us. The conversation had drifted into a discussion of the advantages of the study of mathematics, a subject always interesting to Mr. Hall, when it was suddenly interrupted by her asking this question—

"Papa, what have acute angles, and right angles, and triangles got to do with preaching the Gospel?"

The inquiry was so singular, and appeared so odd, that we all burst into loud laughter. When this had subsided, Mr. Hall took pains to explain the matter.

"My dear child, it is very important for preachers to be able to think, and to think correctly. They cannot acquire this power, my dear, without studying what compels them to think, and to be satisfied, at every step, that their conclusions are right. Now, these things which you suppose are of no use in regard to preaching, just do that. They help those who preach to express what they say, in the plainest and clearest language, that all who hear them may easily understand what they preach."

Many intelligent parents would either have passed such a question by, or regarded it as simply ridiculous. But Mr. Hall took pains to make his young daughter understand the value of the study, and he succeeded; while it gave him an opportunity of impressing on us who were present, the dependence of clear, forcible speaking on accurate and connected thinking.

Of Mrs. Hall it is impossible to speak too highly. Those who were only acquainted with her slightly, as well as those who knew her intimately, equally felt the attractions of her person and manners. She must have been very beautiful when young, and possessed in a remarkable degree that air of refinement which is found in those who have been accustomed to highly intelligent and cultivated society. Mr. Hall invariably paid her great deference, and relied on the soundness of her judgment. With her intimate friends her opinions were freely expressed, and often with great precision and force; and when repeated subsequent intercourse had ripened into friendship, I became more and more convinced of her eminent fitness to promote and sustain Mr. Hall's domestic happiness. Her influence on her daughters, who were proud of their mother, was most benign and salutary.

Into this delightful family circle the students of the Academy were cordially welcomed. The advantage of such associations can hardly be over-estimated; and our grateful sense of Mr. Hall's kindness in this respect was proportionably deep.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

IT is not easy to find a sufficient reason for the existence of the word—poetess. The English language gives to a woman who excels in painting, sculpture, or music, the same title which it bestows on a man who distinguishes himself in one of those arts. A painter or a sculptor exercises specific functions which are not more clearly defined by indicating the gender of their possessor. Terms calculated to influence judgment on professional merit, by the suggestion that combined with the personal attractions of the gentler sex, should find no place outside the emasculated vocabulary of the concert-room, the opera-house, or the like.

The employment of the word to which we take exception, if it is to have any significance, would seem to imply a difference in excellence between a poet and a poetess analogous to the difference in physical qualifications between a man and a woman, and to infer that even from a literary point of view a "she poet" must be a weaker vessel.

So illogical a distinction can have no weight with thoughtful people; and if "the utterance of emotion remembered in tranquillity," "the language of feeling," "the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours," and "thought in blossom" are poetry, Miss Havergal may be pronounced a poet. There is no lack of what is feminine in her writing, yet there is a robustness about most of it which would do honour to any man.

Her own definition of her art is as felicitous as any that can easily be found:—

> What is poetry? Some aerial sprite,
> Clothed in a dazzling robe of wavy light,
> Whose magic touch unlocks the gates of joy
> In dreamland to some vision-haunted boy?
> Or is she but a breath from Eden-bowers,
> Charged with the fragrance of their shining flowers,
> Which, passing o'er the harp-strings of the soul,
> Awakes new melody, whose echoes roll
> In waves of spirit-music through the heart,
> Till tears and smiles in mingling sweetness start?
> It may be so, but still she seems to me
> Most like a God-sent sunlight, rich and free,
> Bathing the tiniest leaf in molten gold,
> Bidding each flower some secret charm unfold,
> Weaving a veil of loveliness for earth,
> Calling all fairy forms to wondrous birth.

She has, undoubtedly, attained a great popularity. On every side the praise so justly her due has been readily awarded her. Having an uncommon insight into the complexities of human emotion and a

mature experience of the disciplinary nature of the dispensations of God to usward, she has spoken words of comfort and counsel which should leave their mark wherever they fall. As if to prove that it is not the hearts of her countrymen alone that she is able to touch, a Brahmin lady has recently addressed to her some verses indicative of the sympathies aroused by her works in an eastern Zenana.

Where the mind is filled with light and the spirit with joyous hopes, the outcome will be abundant and inspiring. Our author thus explains her motive for taking pen in hand:—

> I felt I had so much to say,
> Such pleasant thoughts from day to day,
> Sang, lark-like, with each morning ray,
> Or murmured low in twilight grey.

The reason of her success is revealed in lines not unworthy of the much-loved Herbert:—

> I do but spend
> That which the Master poured into my soul,
> His dewdrops caught in a poor earthen bowl,
> That service so with praise might meekly blend.

What she has had to say has been said with power. There is indeed an affluence of diction which at times goes beyond the bounds of poetical license and is not always in accordance with the best taste. Lovers of sacred poetry will also be sorry to find that she has not altogether escaped contact with that American school which—we speak from the ground of literary criticism—has done so much to debase the composition of the hymns of this generation. But these faults are not prominent, and are corrected so soon and as often as she permits herself to be borne along by the stream of thought and feeling which are most natural to her. The soul that has tasted freely of the

> Endless fountain of immortal drink
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink,

is clad in armour of proof against the assaults of vulgarity. Miss Havergal too evidently writes from amidst the happy restraints and sweet influences of Christian home life, to allow room for fear that she can persevere far in a course not in accordance with the soundest principles.

She seems not to have been altogether well-advised as to the choice of the poems which she has published. Certain of them—for instance, "*Our Gem Wreath*"—are more suitable for private circulation than for giving to the world.

There is, besides, a frequent recourse to, amounting to an abuse of, italics; a womanly failing, which will disappear on a recognition of the axiom that powerful writing, like keen wit, is sufficient for the

indication of its own emphasis, and is rather veiled than otherwise by the adventitious aid of labels.

The distinguishing feature of her poetry is its religiousness in the truest sense of the term. She has not exercised her gifts in order only to record her own views in striking and pathetic verse. In each of her pieces there is the expression of the sincere devoutness of one who, having—and not in vain—sought access to the Creator by the way of His appointment, is anxious not only to rise to higher joys and attainments herself, but that others should share the benefits and treasures which she has obtained. Such poems as "*A Great Mystery*," "*Peace*," and "*The Right Way*," are in a tongue whose accents are dear to us in proportion to our capacity for apprehending its comprehensiveness and truth, and are perfumed with a spirit of holy knowledge and simple trust.

"The Infinity of God" has much that is beautiful, but it is marred by a defective construction and by the line—

> Cherubim wonder and seraphs admire.

Her powers of description are considerable. The loneliness of the individual passenger on board ship is clearly put in "Travelling Thoughts":—

> A still grey haze around us,
> Behind, a foreign shore,
> A still grey deep beneath us,
> And Dover cliffs before.
> Not one within a hundred miles
> Whose name I ever heard,
> None who would care to speak to me——

The exquisitely-conceived "*Now*," of which we would fain give the whole, contains a passage of a vividness akin to that of the "Ancient Mariner":—

> Then a giant wave caught up the wreck,
> And bore it on its crest;
> One moment it hung quivering there
> In horrible arrest.
> And the lonely man on the savage sea
> A lightning flash uplit,
> Still clinging fast to the broken mast——

This is a fragment of word-painting, whose firmness and colouring are quite masterly:—

> Mark the day,
> In mourning robe of grey,
> Of shrouded mountain and of storm-swept vale,
> And purple pall spread o'er the distance pale,
> While thundrous masses wildly drift
> In lurid gloom and grandeur: then a swift
> And dazzling ray bursts through a sudden rift;
> The dark waves glitter as the storms subside,
> And all is light and glory at the eventide.

The following extract throws the spell of the family circle around us as we read :—

I remember, late one evening,
  How the music stopped, for, hark!
Charley's nursery-door was open,
  He was calling in the dark,—
"Oh, no! I am not frightened,
  And I do not want a light;
But I cannot sleep for thinking
  Of the song you sang last night.
Something about a 'valley,'
  And 'make rough places plain,'
And 'comfort ye;' so beautiful!"

Miss Havergal is pre-eminently a teacher. She has much instruction to give, and a happy manner of imparting it; and she sees plainly that they who are to teach successfully must first be learners. It is no perfunctory study in the school of spiritual attainment which has prompted utterances of the character of these :—

Thanksgivings for creation
  We ignorantly raise;
We know not yet the thousandth part
  Of that for which we praise.

Back to my life-dawn I would not go.
A little is lost, but more is won,
As the sterner work of the day is done.
We forget that the troubles of childish days
Were once gigantic in morning haze.
There is less of fancy but more of truth,
For we lose the mists with the dew of youth;
  And a rose is born
On many a spray which seemed only thorn.
* * * *
There is more of sorrow, but more of joy,
Less glittering ore, but less alloy.

We gaze on another's path as a far-off mountain scene,
Scanning the outlined hills, but never the vales between.

  I have not tried
To analyse my faith, dissect my trust,
Or measure if belief be full and just,
And therefore claim Thy peace. But Thou hast died——

  Return!
  O chosen of My love!
Fear not to meet thy beckoning Saviour's view;
Long ere I called thee by thy name, I knew
That very treacherously thou wouldst deal.

  It is the thorniest shoot
That bears the Master's pleasant fruit.

Human nature rebels against anything resembling dictation.

and there is consequently danger, when writing didactically, that we may offend the sensibilities of those whom we address. Miss Havergal disarms all opposition from this source by frankly confessing herself still a learner, and she takes that position with singular unaffectedness in "The Great Teacher."

In "How should they know me?" she admits us to her studio, and we leave it with a clear understanding of her meaning, when saying that "the pen can never borrow half the records" which events are graving on the heart. The poet is ever trying, though with imperfect success, to depict more freely and distinctly the visions present to his spirit. If we are to believe Miss Havergal, his method is the opposite of that of the autobiographer, with respect to whom she observes that no men or women of the day

> Ever would dare to leave
> In faintest pencil or boldest ink
> All they truly and really think.

There is some difficulty in obtaining the whole of her works, as they have not been all published in a collective form. We are glad to have had our attention called to the following, which with its apt antitheses and perfect harmony, again recalls the writings of George Herbert. It appeared in the *Sunday Magazine* for last July:—

BY THY CROSS AND PASSION.

What hast Thou borne for me, O mighty Friend,
  Who lovest to the end?
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
  Thy love unknown, untold,—
Bearing the curse and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

Oh! Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
  A crown of glory fair!—
"Exceeding sorrowful," that I might be
  "Exceeding glad," in Thee;
Rejected and despised, that I might stand,
Accepted and complete, on Thy right hand.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore
  That I might "sin no more;"
Weak, that I might always be strong in Thee;
  Bound, that I might be free;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

Thine was the chastisement with no release,
  That mine might be the peace;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
  That healing might be mine;
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

For Thee revilings and the mocking throng,
For me the angels' song;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
For me His smile of grace;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

"Thy cross and passion," and "Thy precious death,"
While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,
The life of all my days,
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory, glory's endless theme.

lso wish to mention "*The One Reality*," "*Whom I Serve*," *o Thee*" as remarkable for their force, and as being free from ects which we had occasion to refer to in the earlier part of icle.

im up, Miss Havergal has in an unpretentious way devoted a lent to a worthy purpose. She has gathered into the focus of ated intelligence the light afforded by nature and art, and has it back in a flood of radiance upon all things pure, lovely, and report. And whilst she has bidden us think on these things, not failed to remind us that our earthly life, though incom-

Is tending all to this:
To God the greatest glory,
To us the greatest bliss,

ch as it is interwoven with the

. . . . . story

Him who walked the earth that we might walk with Him in glory.

CONFLICT DESCRIBED IN THE SEVENTH PTER OF THE EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

By Rev. J. Hunt Cooke.

RE are some portions of Scripture which suggest the idea of a arden in which there has been a scuffle; instead of admiring the owers, our attention is directed to the effects of the conflict. It is the chapter before us; a description of experience is given, has been made the subject of considerable debate, as to r it refers to a soul before or after conversion to God. Names

of very high authority may be found on both sides. For the most part the early Greek Fathers believed it described the condition of the unregenerate. The divines of the Reformation thought it belonged to the regenerate. Arminians generally take one side, and Calvinists the other. The great Augustine in his earlier writings applied it to the unconverted, in his later to the converted. Modern German and English critics are fairly divided. The question, then, cannot be settled by authority; take which side we may, we shall find ourselves in good company.

In such a case, it is wise to lay aside the conclusions of others and commence anew for ourselves. The best rule for interpreting Scripture is this:—Take the obvious meaning of the passage, then compare it, first, with its connection; secondly, with other parts of Scripture dealing with the same subject; and thirdly, with experience and common-sense. If it accord with these, we may fairly accept it as the true view. The first thing, then, will be to inquire into the literal meaning of the passage. For this purpose I venture on a free and paraphrastic translation.

In the 5th verse of this chapter the Apostle briefly describes the condition of the unconverted; then in the 6th he further continues the description of the 4th verse—of the change brought about by conversion. He then goes on to say—"How shall we put it then? Is law sin? The thought cannot be permitted for an instant. Still, I had no idea of sin until I knew something of law; for sin is not simply in the action, but in the action being contrary to law. For example, the sin of lust is not in the passion itself, but in its exercise in disobedience to precept. Sin found an opportunity when the commandment was understood, and went on developing in me all manner of desire. The two factors of sin are an action and a law; consequently, without law there is no sin, it is lifeless. Now, we know that the life of the soul is the favour of God. In a state of unconscious innocency before I knew the law, I had not forfeited that favour. I was not a lost soul; but as soon as I understood the law, then there was seen to be another sinful soul: sin came to life in me, and I became in consequence spiritually dead. The commandment, which is life-giving, in my case was death-giving; its object was to bring increase of Divine favour—it brought to me the Divine disfavour. The old story of the fall was anew repeated in my case. Sin found an opportunity as soon as the command was understood—cheated me and slew me by it. Assuredly, this is no reproach on the law; this is holy, for it comes from God; it is just in its requirements, and good in its aims. Was that which was so good, then, accurately speaking, the cause of my death? The thought cannot be permitted for an instant. It was sin that, by means of what was good, appeared in its true colours, and worked out death for me. The real object being that, by means of a commandment, sin may be [redacted]n to be exceedingly abominable."

"Now we are all agreed that the law has relation to the spirit rather than the body. Its sphere is motives rather than outward actions. It is spiritual. But I have still a material nature which has been sold as a slave to sin. What I am working out I know not; for what I desire I do not, and what I hate I do. Now it is evident that if I act as I do not desire, I concur with the law that it is excellent. Though the act may be contrary, the desire is in harmony with the law. Then, at the present time it is no longer I that am working it out but sin dwelling in me. I know well that goodness does not dwell in me; that is to say, in my material nature. The desire I see lying by my side, but I fail to discover the working out of excellence. Indeed, the good I desire I do not, but the evil I do not desire, I do. Now if my deeds are contrary to my will it is no longer I myself that work it out but the indwelling sin. I have discovered that the law of my desire is to work out excellence, but evil lies at my side. My spiritual nature is in harmony with the law of God; but I see a law of another character in my body, attacking the law of my mind, and taking me captive to the law of sin in my body. O heavily tried man that I am! who will rescue me from a body in such a dead state? I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Then this is my condition: I in my mind am bound to the law of God, but in my body to the law of sin."

The first point that calls for consideration here is that there is a change of tense in the 14th verse. Before, all is spoken of as past; after, all is in the present tense. Although the word "now" in the 17th verse might be regarded as a note of inference, yet, as in the 6th verse, the probability is that it is a note of time. In the 5th verse the state of the unregenerate is described, the Apostle using the past tense; and then in the 6th verse by the word now, and the present tense, he introduces the contrast of the state of the regenerate. This brief statement is then set forth at greater length by the recital of the personal experience of the Apostle. From the 7th to the 13th verses there is recorded his feelings in the past, and from the 14th verse his experience "now," at the then present time. Such is the grammatical construction of the passage, and there is not the shadow of a hint that he is personating another. As it reads, it is as purely a statement of personal feeling as that in the 3rd chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians or anywhere else in the Bible. It remains to inquire whether this is really the instruction for which it was inspired. It is what the Apostle says. Is it what he means? As in a mirror, the average Christian consciousness finds its own image portrayed here. Taking the terms "life" and "death," as they are continually used in this Epistle, there is an ineradicable feeling in our hearts that our death to God was the result of actual sin. Although inheriting a sinful nature, eternal death was not our portion until we accepted it by sinning. Whilst hanging on a mother's breast, had we been taken away from earth, we should have heard the Saviour say, "Suffer the

little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." We were alive without sin once. But there came a time when there was recognition of law, and the latent evil nature sprang into existence. Is the law evil then? Is the sun evil because when its beams fall on slime it brings forth corruption? Is the rain evil because it gives life to the deadly nightshade? Every soul, coming from God, receives in its passage through its parents a power of hellish chemistry for the transformation of good to evil, which, with the earliest consciousness, it accepts, and is lost.

But, in the grace of God, by regeneration the nature is changed. There is assuredly not only a difference of tense but a totally new condition in the description commencing at the 14th verse. Before, the spirit is a corpse lying slain in the arena. Now, he is a warrior fighting with some foe in a conflict severe and prolonged. The retis, or gladiator's terrible net, may be upon him, but it has been broken, and he is struggling to get free. There is hope rising to assurance of victory, culminating in an expression that assuredly can only belong to the saved soul: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is *a hopeful conflict with a sinful nature;* and this is the view of the Divine life which underlies the sublime eighth chapter. The statement there is unmistakable in the 10th verse, which is perhaps the key to the whole: "If Christ be in you, then is the body dead through sin; but the Spirit is alive through righteousness." The same conflict is described in the epistle to the Galatians v. 17: "For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Now, in our present condition, the body is unregenerate, unspiritual. In the holiest, appetites may rot into lust, weakness of nerve may cause irritation of temper, and bodily infirmity provoke sins of the tongue. A time will come when the body shall become spiritual and alive to God, "if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." It is now sold under sin, but mark the expression of the 23rd verse: "We which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we groan within ourselves waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." If there be a redemption to be waited for, then clearly it is not accomplished now. This explains the expression, "sold under sin." The view that at the close of the seventh chapter there is a description of the experience of a saved soul, not only agrees with, but is part of the argument, and necessary to the understanding of the glorious pæan of the eighth. It is the time discord that resolves into the eternal and perfect concord. "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

And this view grows stronger when we remember Paul's peculiar experience. Had the writer been the Pagan poet who sang "Probo-meliora deteriora sequor," there would have been some ground for the

description of the unregenerate state as one of warfare and the regenerate as one of peace. But the spiritual history of the Apostle would be more justly described as it is here—that conversion was rising from a state of death to one of life and conflict. He had been a Pharisee of confident life. His actions, however wrong, had been conscientious. In the third chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians the contrast is remarkably stated. Before he knew Christ he felt blameless. No mention of any inner conflict before the light and voice came on the road to Damascus. But since that hour he had become an athlete, suffering loss, not reckoning attainment, but reaching forth and pressing forward, and then, says he, "Let as many as be perfect be thus minded, and if in anything ye be otherwise minded God shall reveal even this unto you." Closing the description by the hope of a time when the vile body shall be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ.

Assuredly, in the writings of the Apostle Paul it is manifest that his idea of the Divine life on earth was of perpetual conflict. In another place he says, "So fight I not as one that beateth the air"; and that this has reference to a struggle with foes within, he adds, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection" (1 Cor. ix. 27). In his retrospective glance from the valley of the shadow of death he says—not, "I have found a sweet rest," but "I have fought a good fight." And, even when describing the peace of God that passeth all understanding, he uses a military expression to show that the full rest is not enjoyed here but is that which remains for the people of God.

But can a believer, especially one whose mind and heart is baptized in the dazzling glory of the truth revealed in this epistle, justly term himself a wretched man? That the word "wretch" at the time when our translation was made had a meaning less harsh than it bears now, is very probable. Assuredly, the Greek word ταλαίπωρος rather means much enduring than actually miserable. It occurs in the epistle to the church at Laodicea, given in the third chapter of the Book of Revelations, where it is conjoined with miserable, and hence, probably, expressing a different idea. Etymologically, it means "suffering from a sharp piercing." It is found in a verbal form in the Epistle of James, and translated "be afflicted" (James iv. 9). It suggests such an idea as this: "My foe has pierced me with his spear. Who will help me?" It is a word of frequent use in Greek poetry, and generally rendered "much enduring," or some such phrase as would denote trouble and pressure, but not dishonour or defeat. It is scarcely a stronger expression than may be found in such passages as: "We groan, being burdened;" or those in the following chapter, of the unutterable groanings of a Spirit-led soul.

There is one remarkable feature which should not be overlooked. The whole passage is singularly introspective: the words "I" and "me" occur more than forty times, and Christ is but once mentioned.

Self-examination is undoubtedly a Christian duty, but it cannot be undertaken without sadness. Whilst standing in the light there is ever a dark and a bright outlook. If we glance down at our own shadow, darkness is there; and the brighter the light, the blacker it will appear; but if we look up sunward, all there is immaculate glory.

The plain obvious meaning of the passage, then, that the Apostle was describing his own experience at the time, is borne out by the connection, and is in accordance with other statements he has given us of his inner life. The Christian course is one of hopeful conflict. It needs the continual use of the whole armour of God, and this is the experience of most Christian men. By some, however, it is asserted that this state of warfare is a lower stage of the Divine life in the soul; there is a higher to be attained when the conflict is at an end. It is stated in effect that it is the believer's duty and privilege to enter into a more peaceful condition: as by faith he found justification, and so rested from works and conflict for reconciliation with God; so in a similar sense, by faith he may obtain sanctification, and find a still higher rest for the soul. Now, whilst suspecting that in many cases this is but a question of words, still the assertion is made that it is not so. Excellent men are speaking of another conversion, which neither we nor our fathers have known, which must be experienced to be understood. Ordinary Christians are told that they stand in the same relation to those who have the higher life, that the unregenerate do to those who have been born again. As we say, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned:" so do they close the controversy by the assertion of the possession of a grace beyond our spiritual apprehension.

Whilst gladly recognising that many who have taken this attitude are clothed in the beauty of holiness, yet, being thus challenged, we have looked at them, and failed to see such exhibition of spiritual power, in advance of that possessed by other believers as can justify the assertions they make. In the unusual and somewhat erratic wave of religious feeling which flowed over us in the year 1875, this idea of a faith within faith was developed to such an extent, that believers of many years' standing felt themselves treated as a spiritually inferior caste. We were continually bidden, by faith, to come out of the seventh, and enter the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. We could not understand it. We had bathed our souls oft in the glorious light of the latter chapter, which had frequently been to us as the gladiator's bath in the Colisseum, purifying and strengthening for the conflict to which we felt we had been called. Humble souls were astonished; and mature Christians were invited to a kind of class for inquirers. Gladly would we all have found a fresh gale of the mysterious power of the free Spirit of God. But when we found that amongst the loudest in the profession of entire sanctification

there were those whose course of life, from our standpoint, was sinful, we were dismayed. Gladly have we recognised the piety of many Evangelical clergymen of the Church of England; but when we heard of them assuming the attainment of perfection, and yet upholding the religious curse of England, the iniquitous baptismal service of 1662; and yet reading each Sunday morning the tricksily-worded form of priestly absolution; and yet, avowedly for the sake of expediency, upholding a system of whose iniquity they were even more aware than ourselves: we thought it would have been well for them to have gone a little deeper into the seventh chapter; and, perhaps, to have reverted to the sixth. I do not speak here of all who sought for a fuller rest of the soul, but of men amongst them who made statements showing that they preferred expediency to conscience, and deliberately chose material comfort and the world's applause, rather than sacrifice for principles they themselves recognised. Still further, as a Baptist, I cannot but feel that men who have professed to have attained a power which "vouchsafes to keep them from sin," and an anointing which teacheth all things, are nevertheless living in what I consider to be disobedience to Christ's commands, and in a conformity which to me would be sinful; and I dare not lower my idea of sanctification to such a level as theirs. As brethren striving after holiness, God forbid that I should judge them: but as those who assert that they have attained holiness, whilst living in disobedience to the commands of Christ; I can but reply to their invitation to enter the same restful state, by saying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

All of us know well how to cease from conflict, but skulking from the battle-field is not victory. If bringing God's standard of character down to our own attainment is their idea of holiness, then it may possibly be that it would have been much better for many had they never left this seventh chapter, and it would be well for them to seek the higher life by coming back to it. The promise of glory to each of the seven churches of Asia is made to "him that overcometh." There are two ways of deliverance from conflict: there is that of the warrior who triumphs over his foes, and that of the sick man who drinks an opiate and is deaf to the trumpet's call. The sick dreamer in the hospital is scarcely entitled to boast over the hard-pressed, dust-stained standard-bearer on the battle-field.

When I read the Apostle's writings it always appears to me as though some illustration were present in his mind; some figure which has ruled the choice of words and is suggested by them. That of the athlete in the arena occurs here, undoubtedly; but is there not another? As I read, I see a palace; the king has been absent, an usurper has taken his place, rebellion has ensued with its attendant disorder; but the king has returned, he has taken his seat in the throne room and issued his commands, and a reign of order and love is commencing. In another part of the building the usurper lies

exactly answers to the term *Logos*, or "Word." This practice leads to the inference that the ancient Jews believed that many of the manifestations of Jehovah, under the form of angels, were in fact revelations of the Lord Jesus Christ. This interesting supposition apparently derives support from passages found both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures. For example, in Genesis, xlviii. 16, we have a record of the prayer of the Patriarch Jacob on behalf of his two grandsons, Ephraim and Manasseh:—"The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads; and let my name be named on them, and the name of my fathers Abraham and Isaac." As the "Angel" referred to can scarcely be supposed to be a created being, the inference seems natural that the word is one of the names of the Divine Son of God. There is a passage bearing on the subject in 1 Cor. x. 16: "Neither let us tempt Christ, as some of them also tempted, and were destroyed of serpents." The reference is to the unbelieving Jews, who perished in the Wilderness; and it teaches us that the Apostle Paul believed Jesus Christ to have been the Divine Leader of the Hebrew nation in their forty years' journeyings towards the Promised Land. There is another well-known passage in Malachi iii. 1: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of hosts." As Malachi was the last of the Old Testament writers, it is interesting to find such a notable passage as this in his prophecies, referring, as it undoubtedly does, to the person and work of the Divine Redeemer of mankind. It is true that these noble words have a partial reference to the ministry of John the Baptist; but it is equally certain that they find their sublimest fulfilment in the personal dignity and mediatorial office of the Divine Messiah, who is both God's messenger and God's equal—the angel of the covenant and "the brightness of his Father's glory."

As the manifestations of the Messiah before His incarnation from a very interesting subject for devout study, we will make a few further remarks upon it. Some of our readers are familiar with the name of Philo, a devout and learned Jew, who was alive, in all probability, at the time of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. He wrote books which are still preserved, in which he discourses copiously concerning the promised Mesiah, as "the Word" and "the Angel of God." Some portions of his books have led a few scholars to suppose that he was a Christian, though secretly, a Christian; but as the more probable opinion is that he lived and died a Jew, we quote some of his words to illustrate the opinions of pious Hebrews concerning the Messiah previous to His advent. "*Behold the man whose name is the Branch* (or *Rising Light*)" (Zech. iii. 8). Truly a very unusual appellation, if we regard it as referring to a being consisting of a body and soul; but it be admitted to refer to that incorporeal person who shares

the divine image, you will acknowledge that the name of the *Rising Light* is most apposite to Him. For Him the Father of the universe hath caused to spring up as His eldest Son, whom He also names the First-begotten, and who, when begotten, imitating the proceedings of His Father, formed species of being, looking at the Father's archetypal models."

Equally remarkable are also the following sentences, coming as they did from the pen of a mere Jew:—"Though a mortal may not as yet be deemed worthy to be styled a son of God, yet let him labour to possess the excellences of the First-begotten Word, the eldest Angel, who exists as the Archangel of many titles; for He is styled the Beginning, the Name of God, the Word, He who is in likeness a man, and the Inspector of Israel. If we are not yet deemed adequate to be reckoned children of God, yet we may be of His eternal image, the most sacred Word; for that eldest Word is the image of God." In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews (verse 3), the Divine Son of God is sublimely called "The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." In the Greek the two words translated "express image" are one word—χαρακτήρ—which, in fact, is the origin of the English word *character*. It is derived from a verb which signifies to carve, or sink a die; it then gets to mean a stamp on coins, and then, as in the New Testament, an *impress*, an *image*, a *form*. The Lord Jesus Christ is, therefore, metaphorically termed the χαρακτήρ of God's person, because in the infinite perfections of His nature He bears the closest resemblance to those of the Divine Father. It is perhaps worth noticing, that the above Greek word occurs but once in the New Testament, and that it is several times used by Philo in his eloquent descriptions of the Divine Logos, or Word.

We conclude our references to Philo by noticing the following epithets, among many others, which he applies to the Divine Logos, or Word. He terms Him the Son of God, the First-begotten Son, the Shadow of God, the Express Image of the Seal of God, the Angel, the Eldest Angel, the Archangel of many Titles, the Interpreter of God, the Second God, a God to those creatures whose capacities or attainments are not adequate to the contemplation of the Supreme Father. If any of our readers wish to study more of the teachings of Philo, we refer them to Dr. Pye-Smith's "Testimony to the Messiah," and to Dr. Lardner's valuable works.

The purpose of our preceding remarks was to point out the fact that in the Old Testament the promised Messiah is spoken of as the Angel or Messenger of God; and, in the opinion of some commentators, the Divine Father and sacred Spirit have sometimes manifested their presence under angelic forms. In support of this opinion, we quote the following words (Genesis xviii. 1, 2):—"And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre: and he sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; and he lift up his eyes and looked, and, lo, three

men stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself to the ground." These unknown visitants of the patriarch are called "men"; but they were evidently of angelic appearance, and are termed "angels" in a subsequent part of the narrative:—for the "men who went towards Sodom" (verse 22) are called "two angels" in the first verse of the nineteenth chapter. So also in Acts i. 10, angels are termed men: "And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel." When the two "men," or "angels," had gone towards Sodom, the third mysterious stranger remained to converse with Abraham, and proved to be the Lord of angels, Jehovah Himself. A careful study of this interesting narrative points to the conclusion that the appearance of three angelic beings was a manifestation of the three persons of the adorable Trinity.

Our interpretation of the above passage may appear rather fanciful to some of our readers; but it is, doubtless, rendered at least probable by reference to other portions of Scripture. There can be no doubt that the phrase, the "Angel of God," the "Angel of Jehovah," is used for the manifestation of God Himself. We have an example of this in the well-known narrative of the offering up of Isaac, recorded Genesis xxii. In verse 11, we read—"The angel of the Lord called to Abraham;" and in the next verse the same angel said to the patriarch, "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from *Me*." A comparison of the two verses leads to the obvious conclusion that the appearance of the angel was a manifestation of one of the persons of the Godhead.

Another illustration of this interesting subject is to be found in the third chapter of Exodus, which contains the account of the interview of Moses with God at the "burning bush." In the 2nd verse we are told, "The angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire;" yet in the 6th verse the same angel said, "I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob;" in the 14th verse the same angel said, "I AM THAT I AM;" and in another part of the chapter we have statements which prove that "the Angel" received Divine worship from Moses. Our readers will remember that St. John fell at the feet of an angel to worship him (Rev. xix. 10), and was forbidden, by the emphatic utterance, "See thou do it not." As, therefore, it is forbidden to render adoration to angels, that "Angel" who appeared to Moses in the burning bush could be no other than Jehovah Himself.

One other example will suffice. In Exodus xxxiii. 14—15, we have the record of an earnest request presented by Moses to Jehovah, and of the Lord's gracious answer thereto: "And He said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest. And he said unto Him, If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." In Isaiah lxiii. 9, we find the beautiful words: "In all their affliction

He was afflicted, and the Angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old." A careful comparison of the two passages, in the light of the preceding quotations, warrants the belief that the Scriptural use of the word "Angel" rises gradually from lower to higher forms of meaning, until it culminates in its application to Him, who is the "Lord of angels;"—"God over all, blessed for evermore."

Our remarks must now be brought to a close. In trying to trace out the meanings of the word "Angel," from the lowest to the highest uses of the term, we have only glanced at a subject so interesting and important, that many volumes have been written upon it. We readily admit that the theme has sometimes been perverted by mere poetic fictions, and sometimes degraded by senseless monkish legends; but, nevertheless, it is an essentially important one:—this fact being easily demonstrable, that the present condition and future eternal destiny of all true Christians are inseparably and closely associated with the existence of the unfallen angels of God. The regeneration of a human soul is to them a source of intense delight. For "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." In some important senses—though the particulars are not revealed to us—angelic beings are the guardians of the children of God, in their journeyings and struggles heavenward; for concerning each Christian pilgrim the inspired words are true, "He shall give His angels charge over thee." They are not only helpers of the Christian life, but witnesses also of its triumphant end. Present in the chamber of death, they wait to convey the soul to "Abraham's bosom."

> "Hark! they whisper; angels say
> Sister spirit come away."

"The harvest is the end of the world, and the angels are the reapers." At "that day" the redeemed will be aroused from their death-sleep by "the voice of the archangel and the trump of God." To the angels the command will be given, "Gather my saints together that have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice"; and in their hearing, to their great joy, will be uttered the wondrous words, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."

The great Constantine consoled himself, in his last days, with the thought that after death he should be saluted, not as "Divus," but as "Isapostolos"—"equal to the Apostles." Whether the hope of Constantine was well or ill founded we need not tarry to consider; but the voice of infinite truth has certainly said, in reference to the redeemed in heaven, "They are *ἰσάγγελοι*—equal to the angels"—equal to them in purity, in power, in wisdom, and in glory: *resembling* that angel whom St. John "saw standing in the sun."

Homer describes one of his heroes as *ἰσόθεος*—"a godlike man;" and hereafter each redeemed one will be Christ-like in all excellence. On the Mount of Transfiguration the brightness of Moses and Elias probably equalled that of Christ. So will it be on the Heavenly Mount. "When He, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we appear with Him in glory." What a sublime prospect!

> "O glorious hour! it comes with speed;
> When we from sin and darkness freed,
> Shall see the God that died for man,
> And praise Him more than angels can."

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

The Microphone.

THE discovery of the Microphone furnishes another illustration of the old adage that wonders never cease. Not long ago we were startled by the announcement that the electric telegraph was no longer the greatest marvel of the age. An instrument had been discovered by which spoken words could be transmitted hundreds of miles. Before we had recovered from our surprise, we were told that even the telephone was rivalled by the phonograph, an instrument which records and "bottles" speech, preserving the very tones of the voice in a permanent form. And now Professor Hughes has discovered an instrument more marvellous, perhaps, than either. The microphone magnifies sound to a degree almost inconceivable. It converts a slight whisper into a loud noise. The walk of a fly over the vibrating plate of the instrument can be heard as distinctly as the tramp of a horse, and the breathing of a fly is rendered as audible as the snorting of a horse. The most startling results, however, will be realized by the combination of the microphone and the telephone. A whisper in London may, for instance, be heard as a shout in Bristol. The Duke of Argyle humorously suggested that if the instrument could be introduced into the cabinet room all the secrets of the Cabinet might be disclosed. Inconvenient as such a disclosure might be to certain "Right Honourable Members of Her Majesty's Government," it might save us from many injurious complications and ensure a more faithful endeavour to carry out the national will. But the highest utility of the microphone will probably be found in connection with the healing art. It is not unlikely that it will, in the course of time, supersede the stethescope. Sir Henry Thompson has

already turned it to account in the discovery, at a very early stage, of one of the most painful diseases—stone. It can detect minute calculi at a stage in which it is comparatively easy to crush them, and so avert the need of more dangerous operations. The same method may aid the discovery of a bullet or other foreign body, or of diseased bone at the bottom of a deep wound. In addition to this, it is hoped that the microphone will be of great use to those of defective hearing—providing them with a nearly perfect ear-trumpet. It thus promises to be of the highest practical service.

The Great Cotton Strike

In Lancashire has not yet terminated; but there are, as we write, signs that the end is not far off. The dispute has been virtually settled at Burnley, the operatives at Blackburn are no longer unanimous in their determination to resist the masters; and there is, therefore, a hope that by the time we go to press work will have been generally resumed. Of the riots which formed so painful and unexpected a feature of the earlier stages of the strike, there has, fortunately, been no repetition; but the whole affair is lamentable, view it from whatever standpoint we will. The operatives on strike number, with their families, about 300,000; and during the two months of the struggle they have lost in wages some £600,000. The funds at their disposal are being rapidly exhausted, and they issued, some days ago, an appeal to the Trades Unions of Great Britain and Ireland to support them in the war they are waging on behalf of Labour against Capital. We are not sufficiently acquainted with all the facts of the case to be able to express a decided opinion on its merits. It will probably be found that there are, as is usual in such cases, faults on both sides. The masters may not uniformly have given unto their servants that which is just and right, or have preserved in former times a fair proportion between their own magnificent profits and the wages of their workpeople; but there can be no doubt that they have for some time past been working their mills at a loss, and that a reduction of wages is now a necessity. The men allow the fact, only they contend that along with a reduction of wages there should be a diminished rate of production, so that the overstocked markets may be eased. The masters, on the other hand, contend that this argument of the men is fallacious, inasmuch as it entirely overlooks the difficulties created by foreign competition. A diminished rate of production in England would not affect the cotton mills in America, and the markets would not, in consequence, be relieved. It certainly seems to us that the operatives are exemplifying that "insularity of view" which has been so frequently and (we fear) so justly charged against Englishmen. Such, also, is the opinion of the Bishop of Manchester, who has throughout this struggle acted a noble and manly part, and whose courage and impartiality cannot

be impugned. He thinks the great body of the workpeople seem utterly to forget or ignore the existence of foreign competition; and of the folly of the men employed in another of the leading trades, he gives a practical illustration:—

A month ago I travelled up to London with the managing director of one of the largest engineering works in Manchester, himself well known as a man of the highest intelligence and capacity for business. "What are you doing?" I asked. "Not much," he answered. "We have reduced our number of hands; and I don't know how much longer we may have anything to do for those who remain. We have just had to refuse an order that would have been worth £45,000." "Why?" I asked, with some surprise. "A foreign railway company invited us to tender for twenty locomotives. We offered to build them for £2,200 each; the company would only give £2,000. There was not much profit to be got out of the transaction, but to keep the men employed we were willing to have undertaken it, if we could save ourselves from loss. So we called the heads of departments together, who are all working by piecework, and asked them if they would help us to accept the order by reducing in fair proportion the wages which were being paid to them, so as to leave some small margin of profit to the shareholders. They to a man refused, and we had to decline to enter into a contract which would have been worth £45,000."

He further states, on what he deems good authority, that another large firm are sending into Belgium the pig iron, which they have made, to be manufactured into girders, rails, &c., and to be re-imported into this country for use, simply because the work can be done quite as well and more cheaply there than here. Not many weeks ago we heard of a large contract in the North, undertaken by a Belgian house at a considerably lower rate than any which the competing English firms, with all their local advantages, could offer. Mr. Dale, in his "Impressions of America," published in the *Nineteenth Century*, apparently takes the same view. He asserts that—

"In Birmingham itself, merchants are importing from the United States such articles as axes, hayforks, and agricultural implements of nearly every description, sash pulleys and small castings of many kinds, although it is estimated that freight and other expenses add 17 or 18 per cent. to the cost of the goods," while "the Lowell manufacturers, who are aghast at the prospect of free trade, are actually sending cotton cloth to Manchester, and in American retail stores cotton goods are marked at a lower price than that at which goods of the same quality could be sold in Liverpool or London." He expresses a "doubt whether, if the protective duties were swept away to-morrow, our own manufacturing industry would receive at once the stimulus which some sanguine persons might anticipate. Leeds and Bradford might become more active, but that the Lancashire and Birmingham manufacturers would recover their old place in the American market seems extremely improbable."

These are facts which demand more consideration than they have yet received from the leaders of trades unions and others, and unless we can adapt ourselves to the new conditions involved in them, our commercial greatness cannot be maintained. Our most prosperous days will become a thing of the past.

English Extravagance.

The long season of commercial depression through which the nation is now passing has enforced on us the necessity of "considering our ways." A large employer of labour, whose relations with his workpeople have always been of the most frank and generous kind, and who has never been troubled with strikes, recently said to us that the English were the most extravagant people on the face of the earth; and that both masters and men must be prepared for a considerable retrenchment in their expenditure. Our ruling passion has been indulged to excess. Men of all classes have been making haste to be rich. The simple tastes of our ancestors offend us, and we are determined to live on a larger scale. There was little (except principle) to oppose our determination during the almost unparalleled run of prosperity in the decade which closed in 1876; but, since then, the signs of the times have been ominous, and a reduction of expenses is, in innumerable instances, no longer a matter of choice, but of stern necessity. The characteristic to which we have referred is not confined to any single class. It is found under different forms in all. The improvidence of the working classes has been often dwelt upon as one of the most serious obstacles to their progress. They, as well as the middle and upper classes, need to exercise self-denial in their domestic economy; to be content with fewer luxuries, plainer and less expensive food, and a simpler method of living. Nor is it the advocates of "total abstinence" alone who lament the excessive drinking habits of the country, and see the need of offering to them a steady and uncompromising opposition. If there be, as we are assured on high authority, something like £147,000,000 spent every year on intoxicating liquors, or an average of £5 to every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, it is surely time to sound an alarm. The direct cost of intoxicating drinks is, however, only one element in the calculation. There is the loss of time occasioned by them, the destruction of health, the production of crime, the support of workhouses, asylums, &c.; to say nothing of the still graver aspects of the question which must present themselves to every Christian man. "England's sickness" calls for manly self-denial on the part of all her loyal and true-hearted sons. We have reached a crisis in our national history which observers of every school regard as of the first importance. It will prove a turning-point towards a higher good or a lower evil. We cannot doubt that there will be found sufficient strength and courage in the hearts of thousands to meet the exigencies of our condition, and to act in such a way as to avert the dangers which menace us.

Socialism in Germany.

The second attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Germany has

created throughout Europe a feeling of horror and alarm, and the feeling is intensified by the fact that Dr. Nobiling is not, like Hödel, an ignorant mechanic. He is a man of good family, was educated at Halle and Leipsic, and possesses more than ordinary refinement. It is even stated that some time ago he applied at Berlin for a position in the Ministry of Agriculture, and that the disappointment of an unsuccessful suit "rankled," and soured him into a Socialist. How far the stories which attribute his mad action to a Socialist plot are to be believed, it is, of course, impossible to say. Many of these stories are probably exaggerated, and yet we cannot doubt that the popular impression which regards the attempted assassination as the fruit of Socialistic theories is correct. The best account of the matter we have yet seen is contained in a letter from Germany, forwarded by *The Times'* correspondent at Paris. After remarking on the well-known kind-heartedness and accessibility of the Emperor, and the absurdity of killing an aged emperor when a young one will succeed him, the writer adds:—

When one knows what is passing here among the Socialists, the key to the horrible enigma is to be found. The Socialists have for some time put themselves forward as the exclusive champions of the masses, and they fancy they have discovered a remedy for their sufferings. According to them, all the evil springs from the sacrifice of industry and agriculture to an exaggerated military system. The late wars have created a class of men of no fixed occupation, who do not like to earn their bread by labour as formerly, and who by precept and example spread bad habits among the labouring classes of the nation. Since the last victories of Germany, industry and agriculture have been neglected and have suffered. Agriculture has become less productive, and industry can no longer make head against foreign competition. This state of things, they maintain, is to be reformed by collective labour, by co-operation, by the creation of national factories, and the employment in them of all the valued and available arms of Germany. But to put this remedy into execution, the present military situation must be altered. Germany, as I have often heard Socialists say, must be unbarracked. When Germany is relieved of this plague, which carries off her greatest source of wealth, her strong arms, and her youth, she will return to labour and will prosper again. The barracks must be converted into manufactories, and industrial armies must replace their present tenants, who consume without producing, and are fed by the labour of others. These doctrines have been diffused, have produced fanatics; and, this done, it has not been difficult to breed ideas of assassination, the fruits of which are now being reaped. Men who preach these doctrines have openly denounced the Emperor as being the chief promoter and protector of German militaryism. To him, they say, it is due that this social scourge has attained its present proportions; and so long as he lives he will maintain in all its strength the instrument Prince Bismarck makes use of to realise his plans. The Prince alone could not carry them out. Germany's terrific army is indispensable, and it is the Emperor who keeps it up and developes it. The Emperor gone, the policy of war would be abandoned, and Prince Bismarck would either retire from office or would give up his policy of conquest for one of peaceful and social development. These are the sophistries by the aid of which fanatics are driven into the path of crime; yet, forsooth, the civilized world will ask whence come these murderous enterprises, which spread consternation everywhere, and shake liberty to its foundations?

The alarm in Germany is deep and widespread. The matter is, of

course, engaging the serious attention of the Government. Repressive measures are likely to be adopted, and penal laws enacted against the utterance of Socialistic principles on the platform or through the Press. A disease so subtle and insidious, as well as deadly, no doubt demands stringent treatment; but we trust that there will be no trenching upon the liberties which cannot be contracted without peril to the highest interests of the people. Raw haste may prove half-sister to delay; and we have a strong conviction that the evil is one which legislation can never cure. The Rationalistic speculations which have for so long been rife in Germany, and have shaken the faith of the people in the authority of the Gospel, have a far closer connection with Socialism than has yet been apprehended. Christianity is not only a bond which binds us firmly to God; it is the surest foundation of political and social morality, and the best guardian of a nation's welfare. Germany needs a second and a greater Reformation. Rationalism is not less hurtful than Ultramontanism.

The Congress,

Which ought to have met some months ago, is now holding its sittings at Berlin, and there is a general impression that a peaceful solution of the Eastern Question will be reached. Lord Beaconsfield, it is thought, must have seen his way to aid such a solution, or he would not have risked a marked diplomatic failure after so loud a flourish of trumpets. His presence at the Congress is an irregularity which no "English" Premier would have thought of, and sets at defiance all the traditions and precedents of the English nation. The marvel is that many of the Tories who boast of their attachment to the Constitution applaud the irregularity, although the *Standard* has condemned it in the severest terms. It is a piece of the high-handed dictatorial policy to which Lord Beaconsfield is now accustoming us. The Marquis of Salisbury will play a very inferior part—that of a mere "ditto" to his chief—and the influence of the other members of the Cabinet is practically annihilated. They will have simply to endorse and register the decisions of which they are apprized. What Lord Beaconsfield's intentions may be, it is useless to surmise. He may act on the mysterious hints which have been dropped in relation to a British Protectorate of Asiatic Turkey, or he may have in store for us greater surprises. The Liberals have, at any rate, the satisfaction of knowing that the evils against which they have all along protested, and which "the Asian Mystery" desired to perpetuate, cannot be retained. More of Mr. Gladstone's policy than the Tories will relish must be adopted. The Premier will claim the credit of averting a terrible war. But he more than any other man created the risk of it. Had he acted with candour and integrity, we should have been spared the painful suspense of the last twelve months, and the prolonged com-

rcial depression which has resulted from it. We are quite willing .et Lord Beaconsfield's name appear on the "Treaty of Berlin." shall not particularly grudge him a dukedom if that is to be the ard of his success; but we do hope that he will not be entrusted h another lease of political power. That would be nothing short calamity, and all earnest Liberals ought at once to prepare themres for the next general election. Our estimate of the Premier's ievements has been so aptly expressed by a contemporary, that we not do better than quote it:—

omebody said the other day that the conduct of Ministers was like that of a who had jumped into a torrent to save his hat, and had fortunately escaped wning. It would have been a more correct description of their policy to. e said that it was like the conduct of a man who had thrown his hat into a ent and had then jumped in to save it. He might have kept his hat on his d if he had chosen, and the leap into the torrent would have been unnecesr. Reckless of all consequences, however, he had thrown the hat, and hed in, as if for the sole pleasure of shewing how strong a swimmer he was, how he could get to land if and when he chose. Feats of this kind have ttraction for some minds, but they ought not to be imitated in the manageit of the affairs of a great country. If a man chooses to jeopardise his own it may be chiefly a matter for his own consideration; but he has no right jeopardise the lives or the interests of other people. The complaint against d Beaconsfield is, that he has done this; that, while a quiet orderly settleit of all Eastern difficulties has been possible more than once, he has ulged in experiments which might show daring, which might show some l, but which were wholly unnecessary, and, in the circumstances, misvous.

TWENTY-ONE.

Now hast thou won the mountain's brow, afar
  Stretches the long perspective to thy sight,
Hazy with beauty, for the morning star
  Set but anon; and from her airy height
Carols the matin lark on viewless car;
The distant sea fleck'd with the white ship's spar;
  Earth sparkling with her thousand gems of light,
The freshness of the morn, o'er land, sea, sky.

So shape thy life's course, that where'er it lie,
  Through tangled copse, or sunny meadows wide,
  The broad highway, or on the bleak hill side,
Thou missest not the Goal. All fervently
  Make Him thine own, who is, through calm and strife,
  At once the Way, the End, the Truth, the Life.

ewport, Isle of Wight. E. R. T.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. F. WILLS.

WE have to announce the death of the Rev. Francis Wills, late of Llandudno, still more recently of Broughton, Hants, where, after a short but sharp attack of bronchitis, he passed away peacefully to his reward on Tuesday, 16th April. At the commencement of the last winter Mr. Wills became convinced that his work at Llandudno, which had been a very cheering one, was drawing to a close. At his advanced age, and with bronchial susceptibilities, he felt it was desirable to seek a smaller sphere and a more southern abode. The little church in the village of Broughton, a classic spot in the history of dissent, connected with the memories of the Steeles, and the Tomkins, and the Tauntons, of David Russell, and of the late Dr. Steadman, became vacant. The state of our brother's health was known to brethren in the district, who fondly cherished fraternal reminiscences of intercourse with Mr. Wills in days past, and to whom the thought of renewing that intercourse was very pleasant. Such was the elasticity of spirits in our brother, such his devotional fervour, and, bating these occasional attacks of bronchitis, such his physical vigour, it was believed he might, by the blessing of God, greatly help the little church. An introduction was effected, an invitation received, and only four months ago he commenced his last brief pastorate. Only the Wednesday before his death he took the usual week-evening service; the weather was fickle, he renewed his cold, and was unable to preach on the following Sunday. Still no danger was apprehended till the day of his death, when he rapidly sank; not like a stone in the mighty deep, but like the stars "which hide themselves in heaven's own light."

Thus closed on earth a very useful and honourable career; one not chronicled among the great or illustrious here, but one which reflected not a little of the light of Christ, and diffused not a little of its warmth and radiance, go where he would. Our brother had previously undertaken a work of some difficulty and delicacy, at the interesting watering-place referred to; under God he had completely succeeded. He had been the means of sustaining an unbroken ministry during the winter months, of gathering a settled congregation, of forming a church, and greatly reducing the debt on the structure for worship; while his cordial manner, his intense devoutness of feeling and expression, his beaming face, his love and enforcement of old evangelic truth, had secured for him a large place in the hearts of the Welsh people. Prior to this, Mr. Wills had fulfilled pastorates at Kensington; Andover, Hants; Kingsgate, London; Ramsgate, and Milford, Hants. He was one of a band of ministers converted by means of the late Rev. John Harrington Evans, and to the last he

retained a great deal of the distinguishing doctrine of that holy man of God. He was one of his successors, though not immediate, in the ministry at Milford. At Ramsgate, we believe, our friend had some rough work to do, but he did it with the respect and cordial esteem of those best able to judge. At Kingsgate, as at Andover, he was chiefly the means of erecting a very commodious and handsome chapel, for which, in both instances, he very heavily mulcted his own private means. On London committees he was a very active and useful man. It was, however, as a minister of Christ he especially met with those tokens of the Master's favour which show us that our labour is not in vain. In all these places there are many who attribute their conversion, under God, to Mr. Wills. And not only in these places, but in many others—in Hertfordshire, where he had many friends; in Wiltshire, his native county, to which he was always much attached; in Ireland, where, in successive visits to the Church at Londonderry, he seems to have created a similar enthusiasm to that in Wales—our brother received the greatest honour a servant of Christ can have, the honour of being employed in saving souls.

His brethren in the Southern Association, who hold his memory in most affectionate esteem, deeply mourn his loss. So does the little church which had already begun to love him for his work's sake. His remains were deposited in the peaceful graveyard at Broughton (already rich with Nonconformist memorials) on Saturday, the 27th April, the service being conducted by the Revs. Messrs. Hasler, of Andover; Collier, of Downton; and Short, of Salisbury. Mr. Hasler, the successor of Mr. Wills in the Church at Andover, preached funeral sermons at Broughton on the following day.

REGENT'S PARK COLLEGE.

THE ANGUS LECTURESHIP.

DR. ANGUS, in October, 1877, completed twenty-eight years as president: seven at Stepney, and twenty-one at Regent's Park.

The average number of ministerial students each year in the college during the last twenty-one years has been 26·5, or, during the twenty-eight years, 25 each year. The number this year is 28. About 140 students, *i.e.*, about five each year, have been sent out in those twenty-eight years, who are now labouring in different parts of the world as missionaries or pastors. Lay students have numbered, on an average, 10·4 each year, or 110 in all; eighteen of them being sons of missionaries. They have paid for board and education £13,050, *i.e.*, £65 a-year, all of which has gone to the funds of the college, *the tutors doing all the extra work gratuitously*. Of these lay students,

eighteen have become ministers. The income, exclusive of legacies, lay students' payments, and donations for purchase of present buildings, has averaged £2,366 a-year; the last year's income amounting to £2,639. During the last twenty-five years, £12,000 have been raised and spent on the present college, reserving the freehold at Stepney to pay ground-rent, and to provide for the expiration of the present lease—some fifty years hence. Six funds of £1,000 each have been formed—one for the extension and repair of the library, which has been more than doubled, and five for scholarships in the college. Besides these, are the two Havelock Scholarships of the annual value of £50, with a special view to India.

It may be added, as bearing on the quality of the education, that, in the last twenty years, thirty-four students have taken the degree of B.A., of whom twenty-four were students for the ministry; of these, ten have also taken the degree of M.A. or LL.D., of whom six were ministerial students, and five have taken LL.B., of whom four were such students.

Honours, prizes, and scholarships have amounted, in thirty years, to seventy-five in all, *a much larger number than has been obtained by any other Nonconformist College in the kingdom.*

It has long been considered an object of pressing importance to have a lectureship attached to the College which should, at certain intervals—it might be every second year—bring under the attention of the students, and others who might be convened with them, topics connected with pastoral work, church history, and Biblical science, besides some of the perplexing questions which are likely to arise in the years now approaching.

Such a lectureship would not only aid the present staff of tutors in leading their students to fuller views of subjects which are now of necessity too cursorily touched, but it would serve to stimulate habits of research and to encourage efficient authorship in those who are engaged in public work, and who might be called, in succession, to serve their generation also in this form.

Similar lectureships in connection with the English and Scottish Churches, while of intrinsic value, preserve in honourable remembrance such names as Bampton, Hulse, Baird, and Cunningham. With the double object, therefore, of securing like high educational benefits and expressing the sense entertained of the services and character of the President of the College at Regent's Park, it was unanimously resolved at a meeting held on 25th October, 1877—"That a lectureship of the nature above described be founded under Dr. Angus's directions, and that an effort be made to raise a sum of about £2,000 for that purpose."

About £1,600 have been received in promises and contributions. The Rev. J. H. Cooke, Lowjee House, Richmond, is Secretary.

TRUE WORSHIP.

"The true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth."
JOHN iv. 23.

WHAT is that which God requireth?
Not thy heartless words of praise.
Self-denial He desireth,
And a hundredfold repays.
Words alone are worthless Babels:
Give! Who gives, by giving gains.—
Bring a sacrifice, like Abel's,
Not an offering, like Cain's.

A simple deed of kindness done;
A word of comfort spoken;
A fervent prayer to God for one
Whose heart is crushed or broken;
An act of self-denying love,
Some stricken one to raise,
Are, in the sight of God above,
More beautiful than praise.

He asks not for thy formal words;
He asks thee for thy life!
True manhood, on its spirit, girds
The sword for duty's strife;
And conquers first the foes within;
Then, from that vantage ground,
Does battle 'gainst all forms of sin
That compass it around.

Religion's doing God's commands;
Not spending life in sighs;
Not sitting down with folded hands
And meekly turned-up eyes.
Nor is it shedding floods of tears,
Though they, like rivers, ran;
Nor singing hymns; nor hopes; nor fears;
'Tis love!—to God and man.

REVIEWS.

CONGREGATIONAL HISTORY. Continuation to 1850. With Special Reference to the Rise, Growth, and Influence of Institutions, Representative Men, and the Inner Life of the Churches. By John Waddington, D.D. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1878.

WE heartily congratulate the venerable author of this volume on the conclusion of one of the best and most useful works of our time. The Congregational Churches are so closely allied with our own, and the history of the two denominations is so firmly intertwined, that what is of interest to one cannot be matter of indifference to the other. In our perusal of Dr. Waddington's graphic and elaborate work, we have felt ourselves thoroughly at home. The last volume deals with events with which many of us are personally familiar, describes scenes which our own eyes have witnessed, and men whom it was our privilege frequently to hear. It is impossible to go through the ecclesiastical history even of the nineteenth century without being impressed with a sense of the greatness of the progress we have made. Our civil liberties have been extended, the social condition of the nation has been marvellously improved, and the spiritual life of the churches is more healthy and vigorous. We have not, perhaps, so many great men as our forefathers had; so many who stand out prominently from their fellows; but the general level is decidedly higher, and the labours of the men whose memory we reverently cherish, have not been so fruitless as is sometimes feared. Dr. Waddington conveys a very clear idea of the inner life of the Congregational Churches; their doctrinal beliefs and controversies; their principles of membership and methods of discipline; their union for evangelistic and other purposes. He narrates the circumstances which led to the formation of the London Missionary Society, the principal colleges, the Congregational Union, the Colonial Mission, and several other prominent institutions. To us the most valuable part of his work is found in its sketches of the representative men of Congregationalism—sketches which, in many instances, could only have been drawn by one who was intimately acquainted with the men themselves and had had access to their correspondence, &c. It is invigorating and refreshing to be brought into such close contact with Roby, Moffatt, Spencer, Raffles, M'All, Ely, Hamilton, James, Sherman and Binney; and the younger ministers of the two denominations would do well to read these records of so many heroic lives. A finer stimulus they could not have. Outside the ministerial circle we come in contact with men like Wilson, Matheson, Morley, Crossley, and Salt, whom it is equally good to know. We can easily believe the author's assertion that no work ever published in connection with Congregational History has cost a tithe of the labour bestowed on these volumes. His industry and care have been enormous. He has gathered information from sources which have hitherto been inaccessible, and presented a work which is

ly original, but a real and le addition to our literature. . Waddington's literary quali- is it would be superfluous to His accuracy, his soundness gment, his candour of spirit, is excellence of style, are ally known; and we sincerely hat his "History" will meet the cordial appreciation it s.

T UNION PAPERS FOR 1878. ISTERIAL APPRENTICESHIP. Rev. H. S. Brown, of Liver- .—LOCAL EVANGELISTS IN CHURCHES. By Rev. John s, of Bratton.—UNPAID LOCAL NGELISTS: By Rev. J. R. d, of Upper Holloway. Lon- : Yates & Alexander, 21, le-street, Holborn.

BROWN'S address from the f the Baptist Union in Lon- as already attracted con- le attention, but it ought to still wider and ampler dis- . We have on several occa- dvocated in these pages the n of a plan not unsimilar to hich he describes as "Minis- Apprenticeship," and are of that, within limits, it would mmense service to our deno- on. Next in importance to ient ministry comes the ques- f "evangelists." There is of "lay preaching," as it is nly termed; and there are ds of men in our churches ght to be engaged in it—men d alike by their character lents for great usefulness in ow they "much receive and g give;" and if we are to breast of the religious neces- of the age, we must devise means of inducing them to well as receive. Mr. Aldis and Mr. Wood have thrown out many wise and valuable suggestions on the subject. Their papers are thoroughly practical, and ought to be in the hands of every member of our churches.

THE PROGRESS OF DIVINE REVELATION; OR, THE UNFOLDING PURPOSE OF SCRIPTURE. By John Stoughton, D.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

DR. STOUGHTON has, in this volume, discussed *seriatim* the several contributions to the sacred oracles of the inspired writers, with a view to elucidating their concatenation, sequence, and progress in development. The analysis given of the respective books is discriminating and careful, and the biographical and descriptive material contained in the volume possesses all the attractiveness which pervades the writings of its accomplished author. The biblical student will not find here any theory of inspiration or history of the completion of the Canon: these, with similar related subjects, have not come within the scope of Dr. Stoughton's object, in the accomplishment of which he has, however, rendered a valuable service to Biblical Theology.

THE PRISM. By M. L. Whateley. London: Religious Tract Society.

UNDER this quaint title Miss Whateley has included three tales from Egyptian, Swiss, and Spanish life. The first forcibly exposes the evils of those mixed marriages which the authoress informs her readers "are much commoner than is generally supposed, and likely from increased facilities of communication to become more so." The Swiss and Spanish tales contribute their share to the

illustration of the truth that the light of God's word is, in its various hues, one and the same to all peoples, nations, and languages.

BOOKS FOR THE PEOPLE. Nos. I. to X. London: Religious Tract Society. Price 1d. each.

A SIXTEEN paged quarto, with eight vigorous engravings in each number, with moral and religious instructions, specially adapted for cottage reading. We have seen nothing that can rival this spirited publication for the reading of the working classes.

BEFORE THE CROSS. A Book of Devout Meditation. By the Bishop of Rangoon. London: Religious Tract Society.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME. A Series of Lectures. By Rev. E. Garbett, M.A., Canon of Winchester. London: Religious Tract Society.

WE are glad to find that there are dignitaries of the Established Church who hold the views of Divine truth embodied in these works. The former of the two will be helpful in private devotion; the latter is full of sound and practical wisdom on the family constitution.

THE WISDOM OF OUR FATHERS. Selections from the Writings of Stephen Charnock, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

His happy combination of perspicuity and depth, of metaphysical sublimity and evangelical simplicity, renders Charnock unapproachable by any [redacted] the Divine attributes with whom we are acquainted. These carefully selected extracts are indeed worthy of a place in the valuable series of which they form a part. A well-considered abstract of this great divine's two celebrated folios would be a great boon to theological students who have not the time, or the money, for the ponderous tomes of the seventeenth century.

SANCTIFICATION THROUGH FAITH. By Mrs Gordon.

THE POWER OF GOD. By E. W. Moore M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

WE have before noticed the series of essays to which Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Moore have here contributed. They belong to a school of thought with which we are not on all points in sympathy, but from which, nevertheless, we have learned many valuable lessons. The entire series is written with great freshness and vigour, and with an ovident determination to promote what all Christians recognise as the supreme aim of the spiritual life.

THE PENALTY; or, the Eternity of Future Punishment. By the Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens. London: John Snow & Co., 2, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT. A Critique on Canon Farrar's "Eternal Hope." London: F. Norgate, 7, King Street, Covent Garden.

BOTH these pamphlets have been occasioned by the publication of Canon Farrar's rhetorical tirade against the doctrine of eternal punishment. Our estimate of his volume was expressed some months ago, and in that estimate both these writers agree. Mr. Hitchens has given us the longer and more minute critique—a critique which we have no hesitation in describing as absolutely conclusive. The pretensions of the Canon are vigorously exposed, and his dogmatism shown to be as unworthy and offensive as the dogmatism on the other side which has so excited his wrath. The second pamphlet is written with great ability and scholarship. The author is a keen observer and

d logician. If Dr. Farrar persists
ppposition to the generally accepted
e, it will not be because his argu-
have not been refuted.

AITHFUL SAYING. A Series of Ad-
es. By D. L. Moody. Revised.
lon: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternos-
Buildings, E.C.

AL of these addresses we heard Mr.
deliver during his last visit to
Britain—*e.g.*, "Weak things con-
ng the mighty," "To every man
rk," and "The Son of Man lifted
at we are not aware that they have
reviously published in a complete
There are, in all, fourteen addresses,
roughly characteristic, and therefore
of the most effective evangelistic
ing. They are remarkable for the
es with which they apprehend and
rth the central saving truths of
anity; for the directness and fervour
r appeals, the simplicity and power
ir illustrations, and their general
tion to the needs of a popular
ce. That the volume will meet with
rty welcome from thousands of
s, we cannot doubt. Let those who
plexed with the question, "How to
he masses?" by all means purchase
lume, "read, mark, learn, and in-
digest."

TOMISH MASS, and its Kindred Doc-
es. By Thomas Mills. London:
ot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

ubject of this treatise is unfortunate-
antiquated, but still occupies a fore-
place in the religious controversies of
e. All the absurdities of Romanism
ot only perpetuated by the Papal
ities, but sanctioned by "Anglican
," and introduced into the worship
t Church, which proudly boasts of
is "the bulwark of Protestantism."
absurdities cannot be put down by
ar. They must be calmly and
ally exposed, proved by valid argu-
to be in every way untenable. Mr.
who since the completion of his
has been summoned to the fellowship
Church in heaven, has given us an
able refutation of Romanism. We
lly endorse the recommendations of
oke, under whose care it has been
hed. "It shows the whole to have
ndation in reason or Holy Scripture,
be delusive, irrational, idolatrous,
blasphemous. The style is clear,
tious, and caustic; the argument is
close, condensed, and irresistibly conclu-
sive." For popular circulation we know
of no work superior, or even equal to it.

EVOLUTION, THE STONE BOOK, AND THE MOSAIC RECORDS OF CREATION. By Thomas Cooper. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

THIS is the fifth of Mr. Cooper's valuable handbooks on the evidences of Christianity, and contains the substance of three lectures which have been delivered in various parts of England. The subjects are those which have of late been persistently alleged by the scientists as destructive of all theories of Creation which are based on the sacred Scriptures. Mr. Cooper does not, however, believe in the omniscicence of Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Darwin, and Professor Huxley, and with great force exhibits the contradictions and absurdities of the Evolutionists.

The Geologists are dealt with in an equally unsparing manner, and the gentlemen deluded by the flint implements come in for their share of pity and derision. We hope every reader of the MAGAZINE will purchase Mr. Cooper's book.

SCRIPTURE LEAFLETS FOR THE SORROWING. Arranged by G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L. Price One Shilling.

POETICAL LEAFLETS FOR THE SORROWING. By G. Washington Moon, F.R.S.L. Price One Shilling. London: Hatchards Piccadilly.

WE have given our readers a specimen from Mr. Moon's *Poetical Leaflets* in the present number of the MAGAZINE. The companion series of selections from Scripture is appropriately arranged with a view to presenting the afflicted with the comforts wherewith they are comforted of God.

HARRISON WEIR'S ANIMAL PICTURES FOR CHILDREN. I. The Farm Yard. II. The Poultry Yard. London: The Religious Tract Society. Price One Shilling each.

ACCURATE drawing and brilliant colours, with suitable letterpress instruction, render these charming and useful gifts for the nursery and the infant school.

THE SEASIDE PACKET—SEAWEEDS AND SHELLS. Drawn from Nature.

ILLUMINATED SCRIPTURE CARDS: Precepts, Promises, and Prayers. London: Religious Tract Society.

INGENIOUS, elegant, and useful adornments for dwellings of all descriptions.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Normanton, Yorkshire, May 7th.
Ponder's End, June 17th.
Westmancote, May 20th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Bigwood, Rev. J. (Sutton), Upper Tooting.
Compston, Rev. J. (Leeds), Fivehead, Somersetshire.
Culross, Dr. J. (Highbury), Glasgow.
Douglas, Rev. J. (Blackburn), Falmouth.
Edwards, Rev. J. W. (Haverford: College), Neyland.
Harcourt, Rev. J. (Berkhampstead), Wandsworth.
Jeffrey, Rev. R. (Southsea), Kingsgate Street.
Macintosh, Rev W. (Rawdon College), Anstruther.
Tetley, Rev. W. H. (Scarborough), Derby.
Thomas, Rev. T. (Caerphilly), Denbigh.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bushey, Rev. H. T. Spufford, May 5th.
Crayford, Rev. E. M. LeRiche, May 12th.
Dalston, Rev. W. H. Burton, May 30th.
Glasgow, Rev. A. Grant, May 12th.
Gretton (Northamptonshire), Rev. W. Skelly, May 20th.
Hemel Hempstead, Rev. W. Owen, May 9th.
Leamington, Rev. H. Wright, May 28th.
Stogumber, Rev. E. Francis, May 27th.
Stratford-on-Avon, Rev. H. A. James, May 13th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Kerr, Rev. R., Nailsworth, Gloucestershire.
Sale, Rev. S., York Town, Blackwater, Hants.
Wheeler, Rev. J. A., Godmanchester, Hunts.

DEATHS.

Cantlow, Rev. W. W., Isleham, Cambs, May 26th, aged 76.
Pledge, Rev. Ebenezer, Pembury, Kent, June 2nd, aged 64.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1878.

AGED EVANGELISTS.

LUKE ii. 22—39.

BY THE REV. C. STANFORD, D.D.

THE first evangelists were old people. When the King of kings put off the glory of His heavenly state, and came into this world, no person pronounced His name, or even recognised His face, on the day of His first public appearance, but one old man and one old woman. It is true that, soon as the angelic song, like a trumpet blown by heralds, marked the time of His arrival, and the strange star, like a banner out of heaven, wavered over the place, those who heard the one or saw the other were startled; but the impression wrought seems to have been fleeting as it was keen; and what there was of goodness in it was like "the morning cloud and the early dew." Eyes were holden, lips were sealed, a spell hung over the faculties of all who had heard or seen any signs, so that wonderful signs were followed by a still more wonderful incuriosity. This lasted for thirty years. During all that period, from all that is recorded, it appears that no one ever thought of Jesus as King of the Jews. As He passed along, no one ever turned to look back at Him; no one ever whispered to his companion, "Hush! there He is." Even John, His predestined harbinger, seems never to have had a surmise of His mystic royalty; or, if he had, it was never strong enough to make him walk a few miles out of his way to make sure. After the first miraculous announcements, the only evangelists were the two persons whose story is now about to be re-told.

I. The first *man* in this world who was honoured to be an evangelist was an aged man. He was an old father named Simeon. Historically, we know nothing about him, not even that he was old; but all tradition says that he was so, and it is the fair, inevitable inference from the spirit of the story that he had reached a stage when in all human probability he would not have to live much

longer. I think that he began to walk up to the temple with short breath and slow step; that when he took a cold he could not get over it so soon as he used to do; and that age had set a seal upon him, which, like the red cross upon a tree marked by the steward to come down, told that he was soon to die. Yet he had in cypher a secret message from heaven, by which he knew that he was safe to live a little longer. It looks as if he had belonged to the predicted few who "spake often one to another" in the dark hour just before the Sun of Righteousness rose, and that in answer to a great longing to see the Saviour "it was revealed to him by the Holy Ghost," as we are informed, "that he should not see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ." We are not told when this revelation was made. If made in his early manhood it must have been a strange, charmed life that he led ever after. He might dash up the blazing stair to save a sleeper from the fire, but he could not die; he might leap off from a bridge to save a child from drowning, he could not die. Whatever deadly air blew on his face he could not die; whatever secret he might unveil and see, he could not see the great secret of all until he had seen Christ.

His case puts us in mind of a similar one later on in history. Peter was assured by Jesus that he could not die until he was old. When therefore Herod passed sentence of death upon him, while he was yet in the prime of life, he was quite easy in his mind about that. It would have caused no alarm to him if the warder had said, "Peter, get ready, for you must die early to-morrow morning; the axe is now being sharpened—hark! The men are now digging your grave in the yard, and the gravestone with your number cut into it, already stands against the wall." When Herod would have brought him out to execution, "the same night Peter was sleeping between two soldiers." He slept in the lap of terror; slept in the face of death; slept as the little bird sleeps in its swaying nest—and why not? He could not die, for the Lord of Life and Death had uttered a prediction about him that implied the impossibility of his death until he was an old man. So, Death could not yet strike Simeon, for "he was immortal" until he had seen Jesus.

At last the long looked-for express came. Did he hear in the air or did the Voice whisper in his soul words like these: "Go to the temple; go to the temple; the Lord whom you seek shall suddenly come into His temple this day!" We only know that "he came by the Spirit into the temple."

There was no particular stir in the street that morning, as the old man hurried along, to mark anything out of the common way. No branches torn from the trees, made the ground green with their carpeting leaves for the king to ride over. There was no state carriage to be seen. The standard of the temple was not displayed. No special sentinels were at the gate. Loungers about it might have *noted*—*but* I think no one did—the entrance of a man carrying two

loves; their eyes of meek, soft brightness just seen over the tip of a carpenter's flag basket; and along with him a village woman holding a child in the folds of her shawl. No one would be likely to look at that child,—yet that child was the King! This is one reason why He was not recognised. The people who were on the outlook for Messiah were thinking, not about a child, but about a glorious man. But how did the prophecy run? "He shall strive, and cry, and cause His voice to be heard in the street! He shall startle everybody; He shall be recognised at once! No one will be able to help seeing Him! In one miraculous moment He shall stand before the Lord as a massive, towering tree!" No; but "He shall *grow up* before the Lord as a tender plant." In fulfilment of this and every other prophetic word about His Epiphany, Jesus came into view softly and gradually, as a child comes on into the life of manhood. Every Jewish child when forty days old was brought, according to law, to be received by certain typical solemnities into the membership of the commonwealth; and for this purpose Joseph and Mary now brought the child Jesus.

No one knows what kind of being Simeon expected to see, but we know that his faith was not shaken by the sight of his King coming as a mere child. All his soul flamed up. The old face shone like a lamp suddenly lighted; then, to the delight of the mother and to the amazement of the officiating priests, who almost thought him out of his mind, this servant of the Master in heaven took the child in his arms, and spoke like the prophet Isaiah in this joyful strain, 'Master, now Thou art letting Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." Let no believer be afraid to die. God slopes the way to death. When the time comes you will find that, by little and little, he has cleared out all the impediments that now seem so great; you will be as ready to go as Simeon was; and if you look for Him as he did, you will find that Jesus clasped close to you is still "the antidote to death." You will also find that if, like this ancient priest, your heart is filled to overflow with happy thoughts about Jesus, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak;" and even if you have no set purpose and no conscious plan, that as it is natural for flowers to open and for streams to sparkle, so it will be divinely natural and necessary for you to be an evangelist.

II. The first *woman* in this world who was honoured to be an evangelist was an aged woman. Let us take short notes of what is said about her.

The fact of *her great age* is stated. The style of the statement is a little obscure, but the sum of its meaning seems to be that she was a widow about eighty-four years of age; that seven years out of the eighty-four she had been a wife, and that she was quite a young girl

when she married. Then she had lived long enough, like Noah, to see an old world die, and a new world born.

She was a *prophetess.* This was a very significant fact, and in itself an intimation that the dispensation of the Spirit was at hand. With reference to that dispensation, God had said by an ancient seer: "It shall come to pass in the last days, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy . . . and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit." As the sun sends out shoots of glory and tinges of forerunning radiance to tell that he is coming; so, before the day of Pentecost was fully come, we have foretokens of it in the prophetic flashes that shone out from the souls of Simeon and Anna.

She *was of the tribe of Asher.* It was not an illustrious tribe—for no hero, no king, no prophet had ever belonged to it; there was no star in the long story of its darkness until now, when out shone the star *Anna.* It had, however, one specially honourable distinction, for to this tribe had been left a peculiar promise, the richest gem in the old family treasure—namely, the famous heirloom contained in the words of Moses: "And of Asher he said . . . as thy days, so shall thy strength be." The old prophetess could say of this promise: "I am its lawful heiress; my name is written on it, for Asher lives in me; this is, therefore, my very own; long have I known it, and always have I found it to be true. In my young days, in my days of happy wifehood, in my days of lonely widowhood, in my days of weary age; as my days, my strength has been." Every aged sister who has faith in "the Son of God, Jesus Christ," can say the same "for all the promises,"—not the New Testament promises restrictively, but "*all* the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us."*

"*She departed not from the temple,* but served God with fasting and prayers night and day." Looking and listening for the Lord of the temple, she thought that His foot on the stair might be heard at any moment, and she would not be out of the way when He came. When the temple shafts, crowned with lily work, flashed back the crimson sunrise, she was there; when the evening lamps were lighted, she was there; when the courts were crowded, she was there; when the last echoes of the congregation died away, still she was there; her spirit said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord—that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple."

She took part in making known the joyful tidings. Simeon was in the act of speaking, "and she, coming in that instant, gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of Him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem." You say of a sudden light that flashes

* 2 Cor. i. 20.

rour mind, "It came into my mind like an inspiration;" but the ht she had at that instant was not merely *like* an inspiration, s one. She was looking for the Saviour, and, that instant, a in her soul said, "This is He!" If, as we may suppose, she to live in the temple shortly after her husband died, she might been there one day when a warrior named Pompey walked in— have heard the ring of his iron tread across the temple floor; have seen him tear open the awful veil, go inside, and come gain to say, "There is nothing there!" At last, she had lived the great Lord himself arrive; not, however, in the garb of a r, but in the guise of a babe. We try in vain to picture elight. It had been her habit to speak about the burning topic ich her heart was full, to the people who came at the hour of r; and now, at this most sacred hour, we are sure that in her rapture she would stop this person, put her hand on that, and spirit, whatever her words may have been: "Look there, there, at little child; He is all that we have been looking for; folded that lovely little life is all our Redemption; that bud will burst vondrous flower some day. Whoever lives to see it, mark my , that child will grow up to be the Redeemer of Israel!"

st things are significant things, and especially at the opening of dispensation. When, therefore, we find in the Gospel story he first evangelists were old people, both old and young should he hint. Old Christians must never any more tell us that they st service. God has no such word as "Superannuated" written t any name in His book. He will never place you on the ; never class you with the "non-effective"; never say of you. ver you say of yourself, that you are stiff, dull, good-for-nothing the sooner out of the way the better. The young Christian, with a soul that colours all things with the freshness and glory own morning, can never say of the old Christian, "I have no of thee." Let but the grace of God flourish strong and fair, and is never so useful as when he thinks himself of no use. In a shaded room, in many a retreat of honourable poverty, yes, many a stately hall of Old England, there are at this moment servants of the Lord, who, by the simple influence of their nce, are greater national defences than all the ironclads are, and preach the Gospel as truly as if they carried it to the ends of the ; for the work of an evangelist is not the function of the foot. gh your foot may not now be "beautiful on the mountains" that nay tell the tidings of peace, you may preach Jesus without g the floor. So, Anna "spake of Him to all that looked for ption in Jerusalem," though "she departed not from the e." True, you have not, like the priest and the prophetess, to of Him as an infant just visible, and with all His earthly work yet before Him; but better than that, it is your joy to witness about His finished life and finished work. If you

show not only that He is *the* Saviour, but *yours*, and that He has done great things for you, whereof you are glad, you are in that measure an evangelist.

"Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.

"Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore;
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

"Where now are those dear ones
My joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.

"Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me;
Fly time, fly speedily,
Come life and light!"

When Lady Nairn wrote thus to her old companion about what Christ had done for her soul, her seventy-five years gave power to her testimony that youthful words never could have carried. No hand can turn back the shadow on the dial of time; no spell can change the grey hair into its first bright abundant beauty; no science can discover the fountain of youth told about in Spanish tales of old romance; but the grace of God can do infinitely more than that. It can keep the heart fresh, it can make the soul young when the limbs are old, and can transfigure the most sordid apartment into a Beulah of song and beauty. When strength is made perfect in weakness; when many years have run their course, and the believer stands in tried integrity and rich experience "to show that the Lord is upright and that there is no unfaithfulness in Him"; when we are obliged to change the tense in speech about your labours,—as Paul did when he said "Salute the beloved Persis who *laboured* much in the Lord,"—but feel all the while that you are more "beloved" than ever; when, "coming in, you give thanks to the Lord"; when your inmost life can say "my hand begins to tremble, but I can still take hold of the everlasting covenant; my foot fails, but it is not far to the throne of grace; my sight fails, but I can see Jesus; appetite fails, but I have meat to eat that the world knows not of; my ears are dull, but I hear Him and He hears me; my memory is treacherous, but I remember the years of the right hand of the Most High, and delight

to talk of 'His doings" when thus you can preach Jesus, be assured that few evangelists do more for the Gospel. No sermon moves us more than the sermon of an old, happy, Christian life, and no service more confirms our faith.

THE LATEST STUDY IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST.*

MARVELLOUS indeed is the attractiveness of the Life of Christ. Its charms are altogether unique. Its influence over intelligent and thoughtful men is irresistible, and, notwithstanding the more polished and resolute opposition of science "falsely so-called," its power increases with the progress of the ages. There is no other subject in the range of human thought, either in philosophy, theology, or general literature, on which so much has been written in the past, and which still retains so unfailing a freshness. Previous investigations—so far from exhausting its power, or relaxing its hold on the attention of men—invest it with new meaning, bring to light hidden and unsuspected beauties, and excite a desire to know more of One whom at the best we can but "know in part." The subject is, in fact, as Mr. Carlyle has said, "of quite perennial infinite character, and its significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into and anew made manifest."

Looked at from whatever standpoint we will, we must allow that Christianity is the most powerful and beneficent religion known upon earth. Even those who deny its strictly supernatural character cannot ignore its inherent grandeur and its wonderful adaptation to the deepest needs of the human heart. Its moral and spiritual elements have won the admiration of those who reject its historical setting, and it is only a pitiable intellectual weakness, or a purblind bigotry, which would claim either for Hellenic culture or Oriential mysticism a co-ordinate authority with the Gospel of Christ.

The great poets and sages of Greece, the founders of the hoary religions which have prevailed in the visionary East—Zarathrusta, Confucius, and Sakya-Muni—doubtless had glimpses of the Eternal Truth, and on rare occasions uttered words of imperishable worth. But their services to humanity cannot, even on the merely rationalistic or scientific platform, be compared with those rendered by Christ. The truths which they saw afar off He brought nigh, and made the common possession of the race. What they contemplated as a vague and shadowy abstraction, powerless to rouse the conscience and regulate the will, He has converted into a living reality, a factor in the thoughts and conduct of men whose force is continually

* "The Life and Words of Christ." By Dr. Cunningham Geikie, D.D. London: Strahan & Co., 34, Paternoster Row. 1878.

increasing. Christianity has not only altered our relations to the unseen and eternal; it has renovated the earth, removed abuses which no other power would seriously have attacked, and effected a thorough reformation in every department of life; it has everywhere proved itself the precursor of intellectual and social freedom. Ignorance and inhumanity flee from before it, and civilization follows in its train. Jean Paul Richter was guilty of no exaggeration when he asserted that "the life of Christ concerns Him, who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hands empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages;" while Strauss —hostile as his criticism of the gospels has been—speaks of Christ as "the Being without whose presence in the mind perfect religion is impossible." And a true poet of our own day, whose position is in many respects broader than ours, and whose creed is less definite than, as it seems to us, it ought to be, has described the fruitlessness of the search in other quarters, and the way in which alone we can find rest for ourselves in Christ:—

"I will go to that fair Life, the flower of lives;
I will prove the infinite pity and love which shine
From each recorded word of Him, who once
Was human, yet Divine.

"Oh, pure sweet life, crowned by a Godlike death;
Oh, tender, healing hand; oh, words that give
Rest to the weary, solace to the sad,
And bid the hopeless live!

"Oh, pity, spurning not the penitent thief;
Oh, wisdom, stooping to the little child;
Oh, infinite purity, taking thought for lives
By sinful stains defiled!
With Thee will I dwell, with Thee."

The subject, therefore, is one which, being old, is yet ever new. It is impossible to believe that the time can come in which it will be regarded as obsolete, or in which the keen and eager interest it has heretofore excited will subside. Of Christ alone, in the full sense of the words, can it be said, "He was not for an age, but for all time," and as intelligence, culture, and piety advance, the deeper and stronger will be His hold upon the world. Such being the case, there is no need to apologise for another attempt to portray His unique and peerless character. On the contrary, the conditions of the age demand such works; and it is with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction that we ourselves have read and now direct the attention

of our readers to Dr. Geikie's elaborate and masterly volumes on "The Life and Words of Christ."

There are many devout Christians who object *in toto* to any and every attempt to delineate His life. "We have it fully recorded for us," they say, "in the Four Gospels, what more can we need?" But the argument cannot bear the strain which is put upon it, and if it has even the slightest validity it must be applied much more widely than the objectors imagine or desire. It condemns the labours of commentators and expositors not less than the labours of biographers. It is as unlawful to make a serious endeavour to elucidate the dogmatic statements of Scripture, and to present them in an orderly and systematic form, as it is to narrate in a similar form the incidents of Christ's sojourn on earth. Nay, the efforts of the Christian preacher to bring vividly before the minds of his hearers the scenes—in some respects so remote from us—of the Gospel history must on this ground be abandoned. That cannot be permissible to the living voice which is forbidden to the pen. And we feel sure that the strong common sense of men will not only approve of such biographies of our Lord as recent years have yielded, but will recognise the imperative necessity which exists for them. We go further, and contend that Biblical scholars who can command the requisite time are bound to serve their generation by this, no less than by other methods, in which they can bring men into closer and more intelligible contact with Him who is the Light and Life of the world.

It is impossible to enumerate all the "Lives" of Christ which have been written during the last fifty years. Upwards of a hundred, more or less complete, and all possessing considerable merits, have appeared in the period we have named. But, not to mention more than one or two, it cannot be denied that an exceptional impulse was given to the study of the subject by the publication, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*. Renan's anti-supernaturalism, his dreary Pantheism, and his puling sentimentalism are too prominent to be overlooked. No writer has more grossly perverted unwelcome facts or drawn more largely on his imagination when the necessities of his theory have impelled him. But even with these unpardonable drawbacks, the *Vie de Jésus* demonstrated the substantial reality of the Evangelical narratives, and claimed for them a definite place in history. When Renan visited Palestine he was impressed with a sense of the truthfulness of these narratives (in all save their relation of the miraculous, which on *a priori* grounds he persistently and unscientifically denies), and felt that he had before him a fifth gospel, torn but legible, which gave to the four Evangelists a power over his mind such as they had not previously possessed. The book created at the time feelings of alarm, and would, it was thought, work incalculable harm. But while its influence has in many respects been unquestionably hurtful, we believe that in minds strong enough to see through its plausible sophistries and to test its

brilliant fancies by sound logic, it has had a very different effect. We know of more than one who has been led through reading Renan to a conscientious and prayerful study of the Scriptures such as has issued in their thorough and hearty acceptance of Christ as their Saviour and Lord.

The interest thus awakened was deepened by the publication a few years later of *Ecce Homo*, an able and eloquent "Survey" of the life of Christ, which, with many doctrinal defects brought into prominence, neglected aspects of Christian truth, and proved that Christianity, as a moral and spiritual power, possessed an undying vitality and an adaptation to the growing needs of the world. The "moral dynamic" of Christianity has never been more clearly exhibited, nor are we acquainted with any work which proves more conclusively that we are on this score absolutely dependent on the method of Christ.

"The Life of Christ," by Dr. Farrar, appeared in 1874, and has passed through some twenty editions. It is, perhaps, the most graphic and eloquent book of its class, and its popularity is certainly remarkable. It has met with a cordial welcome from readers of all "sorts and conditions," created an interest such as the novelist alone is supposed capable of awakening, and has, we cannot doubt, greatly extended a knowledge of Him of whose glory it testifies.

Some months ago—we do not exactly remember how many—another work of a similar character fell into our hands, "The Life and Words of Christ," by Dr. Cunningham Geikie. We have since read it several times with considerable care; and so great has been the satisfaction we have derived from it, that we feel constrained to notice it at more than ordinary length, and offer to our readers "a taste of its quality." It has, among English books at least, the distinction of being the largest and most complete of all the "Lives" of Our Lord. It necessarily challenges comparison with Canon Farrar's book, but in order to appreciate the one it is not necessary to depreciate the other. For those who have the means of obtaining both works, we unhesitatingly say that "both are best." But if we were compelled to choose between the two, the task would not cause us prolonged difficulty. Our choice would fall upon Dr. Geikie's, as being, on the whole, the more learned and comprehensive. Dr. Farrar has a style of almost unrivalled brilliance, his imagination roams over the whole area of human life with a kingly freedom, his sentences are cast in a mould of gorgeous and telling rhetoric. He has, moreover, given years of diligent study to this supremely attractive subject, many of his bright graphic sketches are the fruit of personal observation, and he has placed before his countrymen a more accurate and vivid representation of the life of Christ in its outer conditions and surroundings than up to the time of his writing they possessed. Dr. Geikie's style is less brilliant. He is not so great a word painter, nor could he possibly be charged with using "inflated rhetoric." His erudition strikes us as more minute, and more attentive to details.

The extent of his reading is marvellous. He has traversed the entire field of sacred literature, ancient and modern, Jewish and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and heterodox. His volumes are, in fact, a mine of learning, and in the "Notes" we find stores of recondite and valuable information, for which, if we had not here found it, we should have had to wade through many ponderous tomes, and perhaps have been baffled after all. The research required for such a work must have been immense, and would, in most cases, have occupied a lifetime. Dr. Geikie is not, however, one of the men whose mind is so filled with the thoughts of others that he has no room for his own. He reads with keen discrimination, and subjects all his acquisition to a process of careful sifting. His treatment of the history is at once independent and reverent—candid, and even generous, towards opponents, but firmly loyal to the faith of Christ. It has been justly laid to the charge of Canon Farrar, that he has made unnecessary, and, indeed, unwise concessions to the rationalistic critics. His interpretation of the miracle of the expulsion of the demons, and the permission given to them to enter the herd of swine, is a case in point. Much more reasonable as well as honouring to the evangelists is it to say, with Dr. Geikie—

"Jesus as Son of God was free to act at His will with all things, for they were all His by the supreme right of creation, and this right is continually used in the moral government of the world. There is no ground for a moment's discussion respecting an act of One to whom all things were committed as Head of the New Kingdom by the Father. It is idle in our utter ignorance of the spirit world to raise difficulties as some have done at this incident. It is recorded in three of the four Gospels, and cannot be explained away except by doing violence to the concurrent language of the three evangelists. However mysterious, it is no more so than many other facts in the life of Jesus, and must be taken simply as it stands."

With this wise language we cordially agree, and do not see how, on any other principles, the truthfulness and coherence of the Gospels can be maintained.

We shall best describe Dr. Geikie's aim by quoting his own words:—

"I have tried (he says) in this book to restore, as far as I could, the world in which Jesus moved; the country in which He lived; the people among whom He grew up and ministered; the religion in which He was trained; the Temple services in which He took part; the ecclesiastical, civil, and social aspects of His time; the parties of the day, their opinions and their spirit; the customs that ruled; the influences that prevailed; the events, social, religious, and political, not mentioned in the Gospels, that formed the history of His lifetime, so far as they can be recovered.

The work, therefore, traverses over wide and, to some extent, unfamiliar ground, and aims to do for the Gospels what Conybeare and Howson have done for the life and epistles of St. Paul. We at first feared that no single book could accomplish so much. But our fears were groundless. A more thorough, careful, and exhaustive work we have never read. No point of moment, either in history, geography, or topography, in social or political life, in religious thought or ritual, seems to have escaped the author's notice. The gleaners who come after him will find but little left for them, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, this for many a year to come will be the standard work on this central theme of all thought.

The apologetic worth of such a book is incalculable. It does not formally discuss the possibility of the supernatural and the various questions which, in the language of M. De Pressensé, "hold the approaches to the subject." But we find here and there wise words upon them, and throughout there is so full and impartial, so loving and tender an exhibition of Christ and His teaching as to make us feel that the Gospel is its own best evidence. In connection with the marriage at Cana of Galilee we read:—

"A miracle is only an exercise in a new way of the Almighty Power we see daily producing perhaps the same results in nature. Infinitely varied forces are at work around us every moment. From the sun to the atom, from the stone to the thinking brain and beating heart, they circulate sleeplessly, through all things, for ever. As they act and react on each other, the amazing result is produced which we know as nature; but how many mysterious inter-relations, of which we know nothing, may offer endlessly varied means for producing specific ends at the command of God? Nor is there anything more amazing in the works of Christ than in the daily phenomena of nature. The vast universe—embracing heavens above heavens—stretching out into the Infinite, with constellations anchored on the vast expanse, like tiny islet clusters on the boundless ocean, is one great miracle. It was wonderful to create, but to sustain creation is itself to create anew each moment. Suns and planets, living creatures in their endless races, all that the round sky of each planet covers—seas, air, sweeping valleys, lofty mountains, and the million wonders of the brain, and heart, and life of their innumerable populations, have no security each moment that they shall commence another, except in the continued expenditure of fresh creative energy. Miracles are only the momentary intercalation of unsuspected laws which startle by their novelty, but are no more miraculous than the most common incident of the great mystery of nature."

In a subsequent passage of singular beauty and impressiveness, Dr. Geikie contends that the display of overwhelming power might seem

to endanger rather than promote the end which Jesus had in view. Only his awful powers were uniformly beneficent, and so added to the grandeur of His character, as "no more sublime spectacle can be conceived than boundless power, kept in perfect control, for ends wholly unselfish and noble."

In his introductory chapter Dr. Geikie explains the essential principles of Christianity, and shows what it has done for the elevation and happiness of mankind. He then gives a graphic picture of the heathen and Jewish world at the time of Christ, and conveys a better idea of the political and ecclesiastical teachings of the Rabbis than we have previously met with in an English dress. He has evidently mastered the contents of the Talmud, and made himself familiar with the labours of the Jewish expositors and interpreters. This part of his work will open up a field which will be entirely new to the generality of readers.

No section of the work has pleased us more than that which relates to the childhood and youth of our Lord at Nazareth. We cannot quote the very beautiful and life-like picture of the scene of Christ's early days (Vol. I. pp. 157-159), but there is another paragraph which we must transcribe :—

"The long years of retired and humble life in Nazareth were passed in no ignoble idleness and dependence. The people of the town knew Jesus as, like Joseph, a carpenter, labouring for his daily bread at the occupations which offered themselves in his calling. . . . The years at Nazareth must have been diligently used in the observation of the great book of nature, and of man, as well as of written revelation. The gospels show, throughout, that nothing escaped the eye of Jesus. The lilies and the grass of the field; the hen as it gathers its young in its mother's love under its wide spread wings; the birds of the air as they eat and drink without care from the bounty around them; the lambs which run to follow the shepherd but sometimes go astray and are lost in the wilderness; the dogs so familiar in Eastern Cities; the foxes that make their holes in the thickets; the silent plants and flowers; the humble life of the creatures of the woods, the air, the fold, and the street, were, all alike, noticed, in these early years of preparation. Nor was man neglected. The sports of childhood; the rejoicings of riper life; the bride and the bridegroom; the mourner and the dead; the castles and palaces of princes, and the silken robes of the great; the rich owners of field and vineyard; the steward; the travelling merchant; the beggar; the debtor; the toil of the sower and of the labourer in the vineyard or of the fisher on the lake; the sweat of the worker; the sighs of those in chains or in the dungeon, were seen and heard, and remembered. Nor did He rest merely in superficial observation. The possessions, joys, and sufferings of men, their words and acts, their customs, their pride or

humility, pretence or sincerity, failings or merits, were treasured as material from which one day to paint them to themselves. He had, moreover, the same keen eye to note the good in those round Him, as their unworthy striving and planning, their avarice, ambition, passion or selfishness. It is, indeed, the noblest characteristic in this constant keen-sightedness, that amidst all the imperfections and faults prevailing, He never failed to evoke the hidden good which he often saw even in the most hopeless."

The character and mission of our Lord's forerunner are also well sketched. John was no mere recluse.

"With many the great motive might be to save themselves in the shipwreck of all besides; but no such unworthy impulse actuated John. He sought the wilderness, at once to secure perfect Levitical purity—for he was a strict Jew—to ponder over the mysteries of the long-delayed Kingdom of God, and to aid in bringing about its accomplishment. His life, so earnestly striving for meekness for the new Messianic Kingdom, was no vacant and idle solitude. He had nothing of the Eastern mystic, whose cell witnesses only dreamy and selfish meditation. The struggles of soul in all natures like his were unspeakably real, and we cannot doubt that his days and nights saw him pleading, by long, earnest prayer, with many tears and sore fasting, that God, in His mercy, would at last send the Messiah to His people. . . . The prophets and rabbis alike taught that the Kingdom of Heaven could only come when Israel had prepared itself by humiliation and repentance; and John sought to rouse men at large to feel this by the protest against their sins, embodied in his example. To rebuke the love of riches would have been idle had he lived in comfort: to condemn the hollowness and unreality of life, he must be clear of all suspicion of them himself. Men involuntarily do homage to self-denying sincerity, and there could be no question as to that of John. It was felt that he was real. Religion had become a thing of forms. Men had settled into a round of externals, as if all religion centred in these. Decencies and proprieties formed the substance of human life. But John showed that there was at least one man with whom religion was an everlasting reality."

On another point of equal interest Dr. Geikie writes:—

"With the call to repent, John united a significant rite for all who were willing to own their sins and promise amendment of life. It was the new and striking requirement of baptism, which John had been sent by Divine appointment to introduce. The old rites of the Pharisees would not content him. A new symbol was needed, striking enough to express the witness of the change he demanded, and to form its fit beginning, and yet

mple enough to be easily applied to the whole people, for all alike needed
) break with the past, and to enter on the life of spiritual effort he
roclaimed.

* * * * * * *

On baptism, in itself, he set no mysterious, sacramental value. It was
aly water, a mere emblem of the purification required in the heart and
fe, and needed an after baptism by the Holy Spirit. No one could receive
, till he had proved his sincerity by an humble public confession of his sins.
aptism then became a moral vow, to show by a better life that the change
f heart was genuine.

Bathing in the Jordan had been a sacred symbol at least since the days
f Naaman, but immersion by one like John, with strict and humbling con-
ssion of sin, sacred vows of amendment and hope of forgiveness, if they
roved lasting, and all this in preparation for the Messiah, was something
holly new in Israel."

The significance of Our Lord's temptation is expounded with equal
verence and skill. The author has adopted the view so powerfully
dvocated in *Ecce Homo*, but it is presented in a more complete form,
nd freed from various features which are open to serious objection.
)r. Geikie follows the order of Luke rather than that of Matthew.
t seems to us that Matthew has given us the more correct sequence.
here is a delightful freshness in the chapter, "From Jerusalem to
amaria." Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria is com-
ıented upon with a depth and originality of thought which cannot
ail to prove suggestive and helpful to every intelligent student. But
e must pass over it to notice the striking manner in which Dr.
eikie shows what was involved in Our Lord's claim to forgive sins,
nd how the claim was regarded by His opponents :—

"It was a wondrous utterance, and must have sounded still more strangely
hen first heard than to us who have been familiar with it from childhood.
o one had ever heard Him admit, even by a passing word, His own sin-
ılness; He showed no humility before God as a sinner; never sought
ardon at His hands. Yet no Rabbi approached Him in opposition to all
ıat was wrong, for He went even beyond the act to the sinful desire. The
andard He demanded was no less than the awful perfection of God. But
ıose round Him heard Him now rise above any mere tacit assumption of
ıis sinless purity by His setting Himself in open contrast to sinners in His
aim, not only to announce the forgiveness of sins by God, but Himself, to
ispense it. He pardons the sins of the repentant creature before Him on
is own authority, as a King, which it would be contradictory to have
one had He Himself been conscious of having sin and guilt of His own.
t was clear that He could have ventured on no such assumption of the pre-

rogative of God had He not felt in Himself an absolute harmony of spiritual nature with Him so that He only uttered what He knew was the Divine will. It was at once a proclamation of His own sinlessness and of His kingly dignity as the Messiah in whose hands had been placed the rule over the new theocracy.

The Rabbis felt in a moment all that such words implied. . . . It was the turning point in the life of Jesus, for the accusation of blasphemy now muttered in the hearts of the Rabbis present was the beginning of the process which ended, after a time, on Calvary; and He knew it. The genius of Rabbinism was in direct antagonism to that of His "new teaching." Christ required a change of heart; the Rabbis instruction;—He looked at the motive of an act; they at its strict accordance with legal forms;—He contented Himself with implanting a principle of pure and loving obedience in the breast, which should make men a law to themselves; they taught that every detail of observance from the cradle to the grave—to the very smallest—should be prescribed and rigidly followed in every formal particular;—He promised the Divine Spirit to aid His followers to a perfect obedience; the Rabbis enforced obedience by the terrors of the Church courts which they controlled."

The hostility and alarm which were thus aroused by our Lord's claim to forgive sins were strongly intensified by His attitude in regard to the Sabbath and other traditional practices of the Jews. Dr. Geikie traces the progress of the opposition to its culmination in the Crucifixion, with a bold and graphic pen. His style, though far from florid, is forcible and picturesque, and he enables us to see, as if they were actually before us, the scenes he depicts. We had marked for quotation several passages of great beauty—such, for instance, as his representation of the woman who was a sinner; of the malicious antagonism of the Pharisees, and their sin against the Holy Ghost; the question of the young ruler and the purport of our Lord's reply—a section quite invaluable; the entrance into Jerusalem; the trial and the incidents around the cross. As we followed the course of the narrative, so pithily told and set in a rich local colouring, we have thought, again and again, here is a passage which we must transcribe: it is too good for a simple reference. But necessity is an inexorable master, and, however reluctantly, we are compelled to desist. Our purpose will, however, have been served if we can induce our readers to procure this work for themselves, and thoroughly to master its full and varied contents. We have no fear that they will not endorse our estimate of it. They will find in it exactly the help which most readers need. And in one respect it possesses a decided advantage over other similar works. It embraces the words as well as the deeds of Christ. His sayings and discourses are given in full—generally in the form of a paraphrase; and these paraphrases are the

happiest we have seen. In connection with the Sermon on the Mount, and the discourse at the Last Supper, there are many paragraphs which we can only describe as gems of exposition.

Dr. Delitzsch, the eminent German commentator, has spoken of the work as "a magnificent creation." The eulogy is well deserved. If Dr. Geikie's volumes do not reach a sudden popularity they will rise slowly and steadily in public esteem, and will certainly be deemed by ministers and theological students the *magnum opus* on the Life of Christ. Were it in our power, we would see that a copy of them were placed in the library of every minister in our denomination. Cannot some of our friends carry out the desire in, at least, a partial degree?

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

XIII.

A STRANGER coming to Bristol half a century ago would find it difficult, without very exact information, or the help of a guide, to discover the locality of Broadmead Chapel. It lies concealed from view, between two streets, Broadmead on the one hand, and the Haymarket on the other, destitute of the usual external signs of a place of worship, and approached by two long passages. When the doors of these passages were shut, no one, unacquainted with the neighbourhood, would ever conjecture that a place of worship, having a remarkable history and a most influential congregation, was so nigh at hand. Most of the old meeting-houses in Bristol were erected in times of severe persecution, when Nonconformists ran great personal risks in assembling for worship at all. They had, therefore, not only to retire as much as possible from public observation, but to provide some means of safe exit by flight when the myrmidons of unjust and tyrannical laws came down upon them. The present generation would do well to recall the memory of former days lest they grow up in ignorance of what their religious ancestors had to bear and endure. We are mainly indebted to their courage and self-sacrifice for the liberty we enjoy to worship God at any time and in any place. If the younger members of our churches would familiarise their minds with the history of these eventful days, they might, perchance, catch something of the spirit which animated the chief actors in them, and learn to appreciate more justly the principles so nobly set forth in their lives—lives familiar with fines, the pillory, and the prison—and to value more highly the privileges they now possess, seeing that they had

been purchased at so great a cost. Strong, resolute men are the offspring of persecution, and if their posterity are to grow up strong and resolute, too, they must study the exalted character and heroic deeds of these noble men of the olden time.

The whole locality about Broadmead, as well as the chapel itself, has undergone great changes since the days of which I am writing. One may be pardoned for giving utterance to a feeling of pensive regret that the characteristics of Broadmead and its congregation have almost wholly vanished away; yet, on the other hand, one can rejoice that the place has been enlarged to nearly thrice its original capacity, and a congregation, gathered mainly from the surrounding population, fills it to the utmost, to whom the ministry of Mr. Gange has been greatly blessed.

The history of Broadmead church has been both eventful and peaceable. That is a topic, however, which lies beyond the scope of these papers. But I may be permitted to remark that its peaceableness has not been solely the result of the eminent piety and abilities of its distinguished pastors. It has always had a large element of the humble, godly poor, and its diaconate has been singularly *representative*. The professional gentleman, the prosperous merchant, the successful tradesman, and the well-to-do artisan have been officially associated together. Care, likewise, has been taken that one of these officers should be elected from among the younger members. When Mr. Richard Sherring, now associated with Mr. Müller's church, was selected to office, he was, I imagine, the most youthful deacon in the denomination. It was very common to speak of Broadmead as an aristocratic church. If it had been so, its history would not have been so calm, for churches composed entirely of one class have seldom been very peaceful. The variety in its membership, and in the character and social position of the deacons, and the eminent qualities of the pastors, have united to preserve its peace.

A stranger entering Broadmead at the time of which I write would be struck with the venerable aspect of the place, with its four massive columns supporting the roof, the simplicity of its arrangements, the air of respectability pervading the congregation, and their quiet, devout demeanour. The service commenced by a student from the academy giving out a hymn, during the reading of which Mr. Hall entered by a side door. His venerable appearance and solemnity of deportment could not fail to impress the observer at once with the conviction that the preacher was fully conscious of the responsibility of his office. His carriage as he ascended the pulpit was perfectly majestic, and, during those parts of the service in which he was silent, his abstraction was perfect, for he was still as death. This strongly arrested Mr. Foster's attention, who makes the characteristic remark:—"It was interesting to imagine the strong internal agency which it was certain was then employed [redacted] unknown subject about to be unfolded to the auditory."

After the hymn, Mr. Hall read the Scriptures without comment, but with unaffected simplicity, and then offered prayer, which was not marked by any process of thinking or any indication of previous arrangement, or any special use of the Scripture which had been read, but pervaded by a most devout and earnest spirit, touching on general topics of present interest, noticing, at some length, the personal concerns of the worshippers, with special and tender reference to any who were in affliction or distress. His whole demeanour would suggest the idea of a man humbly prostrate before his Maker.

The text, when announced, seldom excited any expectation of what was to follow. Generally, those sermons which were most distinguished for brilliancy and power—and he was most successful on subjects of an elevated order—were founded on passages of great simplicity. The introduction—often delivered with apparent hesitation, was nearly always brief, generally drawn from the context, or suggested by some incident in the history of the Primitive Church, "or some ancient or modern error relating to the subject proposed—would give, within the space of five or ten minutes, the condensed and perspicuous result of much reading and study." * The subject was then announced in terms so precise and clear that any attentive hearer was certain to know what it was; illustrated by a great variety of considerations, each exceeding the previous one in importance. The argument would be invariably closed by some aptly-fitting quotation from Scripture, and this was uttered in tones which indicated that, in the preacher's judgment, it was decisive. His submission to the authority of the Bible was habitual and profound, and his intimate acquaintance with every part of it gave him a wonderful facility of quotation; and the passages quoted were always most pertinent to the topic under discussion. Though a scholar in every sense of the term, he rarely indulged in learned criticism, "and never resorted to it but when he saw a question of some importance involved in a right or wrong construction or interpretation, and then with the greatest possible brevity."

Mr. Hall's voice, at first low and feeble, gradually increased in fulness and power, until it quite filled the place; his countenance, commonly pale and calm, soon became animated, and as he proceeded became intensely excited. Though his delivery was rapid almost beyond that of any other preacher, the language was always chaste and appropriate, and, as he advanced, increased in vehemence and impetuosity, until he reached the climax; and when it seemed impossible to ascend any higher, he would suddenly close the Book, and sit down, leaving the hearer at a loss whether to indulge in admiration of the unequalled eloquence of the preacher, or seriously to ponder the vast importance of the subject which had been unfolded with such wonderful skill and power. As might be expected, the students were

* Works, vol. vi. p. 151.

most enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Hall; but I think the sense of the solemnity of the subject of his discourses, which he scarcely ever failed to impress upon our minds, was even deeper than our admiration.

Mr. Hall invariably selected and read the last hymn himself. It was always singularly appropriate, and taken from Watts's Psalms and Hymns. He would allow no other book of sacred song to be put into competition with this, and ridiculed the notion that any other hymn writer could be successfully compared with this "Master Singer in Israel."

The remark has often been made, and by very intelligent persons, that Mr. Hall's published sermons are so easy to read and understand as to make it very difficult to account for the effect which they produced on the audience when delivered. They see nothing in them to excite the hearer so strongly as they have heard it represented, and are at a loss to account for the majority in the congregation rising in their pews and gazing in a sort of rapture at the preacher. But they forget that he himself is not present. They do not see his manly form, his majestic manner, his piercing eye, his ardent countenance; nor can they form any just impression of the vehemence, the passion, the fire which almost invariably characterised his discourses. If readers of them could realise, only in a limited degree, these striking qualities, they would cease to wonder at the marvellous effect so often produced. The testimony of persons in all parts of the kingdom, and of every rank and condition, confirms the fact, however difficult it may be to those who never heard Mr. Hall to understand it.

On this topic I may, with the greatest propriety, quote Mr. Foster's remarks *:—"As a preacher, none of those contemporaries who have not seen him in the pulpit, or of his readers in another age, will be able to conceive an adequate idea of Mr. Hall. His personal appearance was in striking conformity to the structure and temper of his mind. A large-built, robust figure was in perfect keeping with a countenance formed as if on purpose for the most declared manifestation of internal power—a power impregnable in its own strength as in a fortress, and constantly, without an effort, in a state for action. That countenance was usually of a cool, unmoved mien at the beginning of the public service, and sometimes, when he was not greatly excited by his subject, or was repressed by pain, would not acquire a great degree of temporary expression during the whole discourse. At other times it would kindle into an ardent aspect as he went on, and, towards the conclusion, became lighted up almost into a glare."

In illustration of this fine description, I cannot do better than attempt to describe one service of which I retain a vivid recollection. It

* Works, vol. vi. p. 146.

took place in the autumn preceding his decease. To prevent interruption during the service the gas had been lighted and then turned down; and as the glasses on the burners were ground, the light, when at the full, was not only well diffused, but beautifully softened. Mr. Hall announced as his text, *The rich and the poor meet together, and the Lord is the Maker of them all.* As very copious notes of it will be found in his Works,* I need not give a lengthened account of it. The earlier part contained a lucid statement of the construction of society, and the interdependence of all classes on each other, followed by a striking exhibition of those points in which all men meet, as moral and accountable agents, and destined for a future endless existence.

As the service proceeded, the light had become so dim that Mr. Hall could scarcely be seen, and the congregation must almost have been lost to his own sight. But just as he had stepped back in the pulpit at the close of the last head of discourse but one—a movement peculiar to him when greatly excited, and one of great impressiveness, which Mr. Foster so aptly compares to "the recoil of heavy ordnance"—and had come forward again, and with deep solemnity exclaimed, "They will meet together in death and judgment," the gas was suddenly turned on, and the place was filled with light. The effect was extraordinary on the preacher and the congregation. Had the affair been previously arranged, it could not have been more artistic or better-timed. Mr. Hall seemed suddenly to have emerged from the regions of shadow, and his whole frame was illuminated. His countenance was glowing with intense emotion; his eye, expanded beyond its ordinary size, was full of light; and body and mind were instinct with power. He was startled for a moment, and, contrary to his usual manner, again stepped back in the pulpit, and, on recovering his position, repeated, with yet greater earnestness and force, "Yes, my brethren, they will meet together in death and judgment." By this time many of his hearers had risen from their seats, and stood up gazing with wonder and awe at the preacher, evidently in strong sympathy with his own ardour and emotion. With what solemnity and pathos he portrayed the death of the saint and the sinner—with what sublimity of thought and expression he represented the Day of Judgment—the attitude and bearing of the vast throng of immortal beings, waiting in awful silence the sentence of the Judge which will irrevocably determine their future lot—it is impossible for me to attempt to describe! Even if I could remember the precise thoughts, and the language in which they were clothed, I should fail, because I cannot bring *him* nor the accessories which I have mentioned before the reader.

After such a climax as this, Mr. Hall usually closed the Book, and sat down, but on this occasion he did not. Having paused for a few moments, and amidst a most impressive silence through-

* Vol. vi. p. 446.

out the place, he suddenly descended from the height to which he had attained, and proceeded to address, in affectionate and homely words, the humble, godly poor. The contrast in manner, style, and thought was extraordinary. In tones of melting pathos and simplicity he bade them remember that, if their present lot was one of obscurity and suffering, their future would be one of unclouded glory and perfect happiness—a glory and happiness which no wealth could buy, and amidst the splendours of which all earthly distinctions would vanish—that their trials, however sharp and severe, would soon be over, and, in the life beyond the grave, they would fully understand, what now, perhaps, was not in their power fully to realise, the words of the apostle: *Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* Whatever feelings the previous parts of this discourse may have called into play, the closing remarks of this extraordinary sermon were the most touching and impressive of all. I have sometimes tried to revive the feelings then awakened, and not without success, by reading a passage in Howe's sermon on the "Vanity of man as mortal," * which in sublimity of conception is equal to the one I am speaking of, though not equal to it in force and finish of expression. I had the privilege of hearing other sermons of singular eloquence and power, notably the *last* which he preached, but none have left an impression so deep and so indelible.

Among the many pleasant incidents occurring during my residence in Bristol, none surpassed in interest, and the general excitement it occasioned, that of the visit of the Duchess of Kent and her youthful daughter, the Princess Victoria. The illustrious Mother of the Queen, whose life was so blameless, and who conducted herself with such consummate prudence in very difficult circumstances, deemed it wise to familiarise the mind of the Heir Apparent to the Crown with all classes of her future subjects, and with some of the chief sources of the national wealth and power. A series of visits to the great centres of manufacturing and commercial industry was planned and carried into effect, and, as far as I have any means of forming a judgment, with great success. The Duchess and the Princess were received everywhere with demonstrations of enthusiastic loyalty, with which they must have been intensely gratified. The effect of these proceedings and the admirable training and example of the mother, have been very manifest in the character and life of our excellent and beloved Queen.

They entered Bristol from Clifton, and Park Street, one of the most picturesque streets in the city, presented an animated appearance, for it was densely crowded, and the windows and roofs of the lofty houses on either side were filled with people. The weather was perfectly

* Howe's Works, vol. i. p. 437.

beautiful, and as the procession, which was purposely limited, descended the steep hill and came among us the cheers rang out hearty and loud. They were renewed again and again as the Duchess held up her daughter, first to one window and then to the other of the carriage; and I am almost afraid that our reiterated shouts somewhat alarmed the Princess, who could scarcely, at her age, have fully understood the significance and importance of the scene in which she bore so prominent a part. If her Majesty ever recalls the recollection of this early royal progress, she may well attribute the sustained and affectionate loyalty which has followed her through her long and eventful reign to this well-timed and auspicious introduction to the people. The interval which has passed since those days, when she was but a girl, to her now matured age, with her large family of sons and daughters and numerous grandchildren, has been marked by great changes in the political life of England, and in her own domestic circumstances, where the death of her illustrious Consort holds a conspicuous place, and suggests many topics for discussion on which this is not the place to enter, but which, to herself, must supply subjects for thought most striking in contrast and importance.

Newport, Isle of Wight. F. T.

MISTAKES AND PERILS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

By the Rev. T. R. Stevenson, Ceylon.

WITH both, many of us are well acquainted. In respect of the *mistakes*, they are not far to seek, for it is with them as it is with errors generally. They are common. Does not everybody commit them? Show us the happy man who has never fallen into them. Lord Chesterfield lectures us, but we still, ever and anon, make holes in our manners. Lindley Murray directs us; nevertheless we sometimes murder the Queen's English. Doctors warn us, albeit we occasionally take things from which we should abstain. In like manner, religious life is characterised by obvious and grave misconceptions. As regards the *perils* they are equally plain. Buoys lifted up and down by the heaving waves indicate localities which the ship of our faith must ever avoid. Soldiers of the Cross, we are not seldom in the very midst of enemies—enemies subtle and relentless to the last degree. "Watch," says the Master; "Take heed," adds the apostle; "Beware," exclaims a prophetic voice of old.

Surely we shall touch a responsive chord in some hearts if we begin

by mentioning COMPLACENCY; we mean, of course, self-complacency. The phrase describes an evil that needs straitly to be marked and relentlessly punished. When we ponder the suggestive fact that a very illustrious predecessor in the Church had a trying, irritating affliction "lest" he "should be exalted above measure," we cannot but draw an inference in favour of personal watchfulness. My brother, do you not understand this too well? How prone we are to burn incense to our own admirable, wonderful selves! What a humiliating tendency there is within to exaggerate any righteousness that we may possess. A story is told of a soldier who was killed by the falling of a war-elephant which he himself had mortally wounded, and the incident is not without a moral parallel. Our modesty and individual abnegation may, to put the matter in the mildest form, be seriously injured by prolonged contemplation of a temptation which we have conquered or a vice which we have slain.

There is a fallacy about pride which we would here pause to point out, namely, the belief that this sin is not a common one. A little judicious inquiry will certainly show that it is. Very often we find it spoken of as if it were the failing of the few. The clever, the rich, the aristocratic are regarded as peculiarly liable to self-exaltation. So they are, but not they alone. The truth is that you frequently see those who have the least excuse for it inordinately vain. If a colloquial phrase may be used, while "Brag is a good dog, Holdfast is a better;" yet the former has a louder bark and more officious mien than the latter. Pascal saw this, hence he says that "Vanity is so rooted in the heart of man that a common soldier or scullion will boast of himself." John Foster bears a kindred testimony to the fact in question; for he declares that two of the most egotistic persons that he ever met with were a chimney-sweep and a breaker of stones on the highway! Do you never come across a retired tradesman with more self-importance than a noble who can trace his descent from the Conquest? Is it altogether unknown for an officer of volunteers to put on airs which a major-general in the regular army would not demean himself to assume? Who has not met with a lay-preacher, stinted in ability and doubtful in grammar, who thunders anathemas against all schisms and heresies, of whatsoever kind, with a vehemence and assurance which a sober, grey-haired, experienced "reverend" would shrink from with disgust?

Let none, then, suppose that because he is not eminent in piety he is in no danger of religious pride. We must not relegate to the saintliest saints the Biblical admonitions respecting it. We need not be so benevolent as to award to them what, it may be, *we* sorely require. No, the higher we rise in excellence the deeper we descend in lowliness. It is average Christians, ordinary believers, who have urgent necessity to appropriate all the counsels of the New Testament touching poverty of spirit. Dwelling, as we mostly do, in the sheltered valley of conventional propriety and the pleasant nooks of

respectable mediocrity, it is well if now and then we hear a voice ring "through the startled air," crying, "Be not high-minded but fear."

The preventives and the remedies of self-complacency are not few; but the mention of one will suffice for our present purpose. *All good is a gift.* There is the rebuke of pride. Such a fact lays the axe to the very root of the evil. Say, if you will, that you have *this* virtue, possess *that* excellence, and are distinguished by other attractions that might be named. Be it so: where did you get them? That they are not the product of unaided, depraved nature, we generally admit in the hymns which we sing and the bodies of divinity which we consult. Act, then, accordingly, and put your foot firmly down on the unlawful flame of vanity. If we see a maiden too fond of the looking-glass, we take care to tell her that she did not make her own face. When we notice undue regard for dress in our children we gently remind them that they are indebted to others for their "brave" attire. And this is right enough, only we should apply the advice to ourselves in reference to the raiment of righteousness: it is a bestowment. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above."

SEVERITY is the next evil we would indicate. The connection between it and the failing just noticed is not so remote as might at first sight appear. Those who are complacent with themselves are not always complacent with others; rather the reverse. He who said, "Lo, these many years do I serve Thee, neither transgressed I at any time Thy commandment," was ungenerous enough to make bold, heartless reference to his brother's past delinquencies, even in the very hour of that brother's happy repentance. The Pharisee who boasted, "I am not as others," added sneeringly, "or even as this publican."

Excepting in the cases of people who are constitutionally kind and inherently affectionate, there is a miserable tendency in us, on divers occasions, to be harsh in our judgments of others, especially if we have anything like a personal grudge against them. Usually the healthful are not the most sympathetic as regards the sick; scholars are often very hard on persons of small mental calibre and few intellectual attainments; the prosperous are not remarkable for consideration towards those who, perhaps heavily weighted, lag behind in the hot race of life; and good men are occasionally unjust towards bad men. Jonah was of this order. Though recreant to duty in an emergency of great importance, he must still be pronounced as righteous, yet he allowed himself to be warped and poisoned by a spirit of selfishness which it is shocking to contemplate. We must take care. By all means should we discountenance and denounce evil. War to the knife against every form of wickedness! Nevertheless, there is such a thing as compassion. Pity devolves upon us as well as purity. We are to take into account the odds with which

poor humanity has to contend. It is for us to realise the unfavourable circumstances in which a given offender may have been placed. Do you expect a luggage-train of twenty well-filled wagons to go as rapidly as an express, which has but half a dozen passenger-carriages? When we read Thomas à Kempis or Archbishop Fenelon, we are certain to come across passages from which we are bound to dissent: they savour of superstition. What then? Do we fling the books into the waste-paper basket, or feed the fire with them? Not at all. More wisely, we make allowance for the errors in question, by remembering the dark days in which these godly men flourished. Let us grant a like margin of charity whensoever we are compelled to mark the shortcomings and wrong-doings of our fellows.

Nor ought we to lose sight of the advice of St. Paul: "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Yes; each of us is frail: none beyond the touch of the destroyer. When Frederick the Great scolded his coachman for upsetting the royal carriage, the driver appropriately and pluckily asked, "And did you never lose a battle?" The question was a fair one. Dr. Livingstone tells us how, on a certain occasion, the African servants who accompanied him were unusually treacherous, idle, and altogether aggravating; but he supplements the incident by quietly writing, "I, too, have faults." When Charles Dickens heard an empty and pretentious young author vituperate against the follies and sins of the race, he remarked, "What a lucky thing it is that you and I don't belong to it." The beam or mote—whichever it may happen to be—in your own eye should be borne in mind when you so eagerly give an estimate as to the quantity of timber possessed by your neighbour.

RETROSPECTION is a third peril to which we would very briefly allude before we pass on. Undoubtedly there is a retrospection which is right and wise. To "talk with our past hours" has always been regarded as an obligation, and one which is urgently pressed on our notice by inspiration itself. In Bristol Cathedral, Prudence is represented, on a stained-glass window, as a maiden holding a mirror in her hand, and attentively gazing at her own countenance. To examine ourselves is well and good: by all means bring up the day or the week for review. Moral balance-sheets have been found advantageous by better men than we are. But this, like everything else, may be terribly abused; it may become a positive hindrance instead of a help. A despondent poring over bygone failings is mischievous to the last degree: neither peace nor purity is promoted by it. Few practices are worthier of deprecation than morbid brooding over our previous follies and defects. What good can it do? The "wise woman" of Tekoa was sound and correct on this point at any rate, whatever she might be in other respects. "We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground, which cannot be gathered again." No amount of anguish and regret can alter that *which is done*. Make the best of it, but don't waste precious time

and energy in vain bewailing. The vulgar proverb is genuine common sense: "Don't cry over spilt milk." "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forth to those things that are before," is the true idea for life's guidance.

PARTIALITY has, again and again, proved an obstacle to the highest interests of the good; that is, they have been endangered and needlessly troubled by exaggerating the importance of some one grace or excellence. Growth ought always to be symmetrical. As Jonathan Edwards puts it, there should be "a certain proportion between the affections." Some years ago a fossil-tree was discovered, which was perfect wood at one end and perfect mineral coal at the other: the work of transformation had advanced equally. So should it be with our virtues; but he would be bold, indeed, who ventured to declare that it is. We, too, much resemble those curious portraits which, in these days of eccentricity and sensationalism, sometimes appear in illustrated weekly journals, or in children's nursery-books—certain parts of the body are ludicrously and unnaturally bigger than the others.

Thus, active service may be unduly exalted. Unduly, we say, for exalted it has a right to be. Doing is the complement and evidence of believing. All hail to vigorous, ambitious Christian endeavour! Would God that we had a thousandfold more of it than we have. Many of our churches are languishing, disgraced, and discomforted for lack of it. A believer who has not distinct, definite work in hand is an anomaly and a scandal. Supine, indolent people mar the effect of many a homily, weaken men's faith in the reality of the spiritual, and, in fine, become centres of influence almost as evil as they ought to be good.

But never let it be forgotten that aid as real, as effectual to the highest welfare of humanity, may be rendered in another way—by those to whom active service is denied. Milton says truly that "Peace hath her victories not less than war," and it may be added with equal truth that suffering has its triumphs not less than toil. At the Battle of Hastings it was "the right" of the men of Kent to advance on the adversary, and to strike the first blow; it was also "the privilege" of the men of London to remain behind, guarding the king and defending his standard. He who reads the fine description given by Paul of "the fruit of the Spirit" will do well to notice the fourth item which he names—"long-suffering." Yes, there may be as much of the Spirit in long-suffering and well-suffering as in "love, joy, peace."

These considerations, however, palpable as they may be in print, and intelligible enough under ordinary circumstances, are exactly the thoughts which we forget when we most need to ponder them. How common it is to find the afflicted depressed and disheartened about their usefulness. Here, for example, is an invalid who has for years been confined to the house, and, perhaps, the bed-room. What does

she tell her pastor? What is it that she complains of to her more confidential friends? "Oh!" she laments, "I am so useless; I am doing no good. Other people can busy themselves every week in the glorious work of the Saviour; what can I do?" What can you do? Nothing, perhaps. If so, be sure of it that it is not expected of you. But you can suffer—you can suffer well; and is that nothing? Think, oh think, of the great honour which God has put upon suffering; the world's redemption was accomplished by it! Try to be brave in the endurance of pain; do your best at genuine, habitual patience; acquire the blessed habit of trusting the Divine wisdom and love, even in the darkest, dreariest hour. And do you think, for a moment, that all this will be lost, and "cast as rubbish to the void?" It cannot be. Some one will be benefited by it. Perhaps your faith will rebuke the doubts and misgivings of some; or, your submission may silence the petulant murmurings of the discontented; or, it may lead such as have thought religion to be a formal, impotent creed, to see that it is a genuine force in daily life. At any rate, you must admit that sickness arouses sympathy, and always necessitates more or less of self-denial on the part of those in its vicinity; and is not each of these things morally healthful? Let not the lighthouse, rooted to the rock, and passionately smitten by the angry gale, repine because the adventurous and courageous lifeboat goes forth to rescue the shipwrecked crew. Both are honourably—yea, indispensably useful.

We close with a striking passage from the works of one who, having witnessed much suffering, alleviated it considerably, and pondered it deeply, has now come to that world of light of which it is said, "Neither is there any more pain." The words are those of the late James Hinton:—"Let us suppose that there existed an island of which the climate was so unhealthy that every one of its inhabitants became in his infancy affected with rheumatism, causing all motion of their limbs to be a source of pain. And let us suppose also that this island had been without communication with the rest of the world, so that its inhabitants had never come into contact with any people free from their own affliction. They would have found walking always a painful thing; the thought of it would be to them a thought of pain; and, since we call things that are always painful *evil*, they would call walking an evil. But in this their thought would be false. They would be feeling a good thing painful because their life was marred, and calling it evil only because they did not understand their own condition. And if it could be explained to them that the cause of their pain was not anything bad in walking, but only their own disease, that itself would be a gain to them. Even if the conditions of their life could not be changed, it would still be a benefit to them to know the true source of their evil plight, and learn in what direction they must look for their relief. Besides, *how many* strange and mysterious things in this life it would make

clear, to know that this walking, which they dreaded, and called bad, was a natural delight and food of man; what vain endeavours it would save them from; what higher apprehension of possible delight in life, even for them, it would afford. . . . Things which we have inevitably called evil may yet be truly good. All which we feel painful is really *giving*—something that our fellows are better for, even though we cannot trace it. Giving is not an evil thing, but good—a natural delight; and we feel it painful only because our life is marred. Is it conceivable that God should give to some, whom He blesses with health and vigour and large gifts of influence, the privilege of greatly serving Him, of doing a wide work of use for others; and that this privilege, which none else can equal or supply, He withholds from others from whom He takes health and strength and every gift but that of suffering? Does He give the one the blessedness of serving, and refuse it to the other? 'Behold, My ways are *equal*, saith the Lord.'" The wise man will pause ere he denies all this.

THE EARLY YEARS OF SAINT PAUL.

I.

WHEN the city of Bristol was favoured with the ministrations of Robert Hall, several clergymen of the neighbourhood thought it an honour to sit sometimes at the feet of that renowned sacred orator. One of them, we are told, was so often seen at Broadmead, that he brought upon himself the censures of his bishop. To these episcopal expostulations, the culprit made what he deemed a sufficient reply:—"When the Divine Being goes out of His way to produce so great a man, it cannot be wrong in me to see and hear him." The moral of the incident is obviously applicable to our present subject. Robert Hall was undoubtedly a "great man," and St. Paul was confessedly a far greater one; in studying the latter, therefore, we turn aside to see a "great sight," and the place on which we stand is "holy ground." The life and labours of the apostle have always occupied a prominent place among "the Evidences" of Christianity; and their great importance was truly, though quaintly, stated by "old John Ryland," when he said, "As soon as Satan heard of the conversion of Saul, he ordered the devils into deep mourning." We need not hesitate to affirm that the apostle was the greatest man who ever bore the Christian name; and being such, he well deserves our frequent, reverential, and grateful study.

First, let us speak concerning his *birth-place*. He is frequently termed

"Saul of Tarsus," from the undoubted fact that the apostle was born there. The place does not seem to be mentioned in the pages of the Old Testament, but it occurs at least five times in those of the New, and the passages are as follow:—Acts ix. 11, "Enquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul of Tarsus;" Acts ix. 30, "And sent him forth to Tarsus;" Acts xi. 25, "Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus, for to seek Saul;" Acts xxi. 39, "But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus;" Acts xxii. 3, "I am a man which am a Jew, born in Tarsus, in Cilicia, yet brought up in this city at the feet of Gamaliel." We may remark in passing that Ταρσός is the Greek word for *hoof;* and some think that the birth-place of St. Paul took its name from an ancient fable, which tells that the winged horse, called Pegasus, left one of his shoes there. The city was in the province of Cilicia, which is the south-eastern part of Asia Minor, and is now included in the unfortunate dominions of the Turks. In apostolic times, Cilicia was under the dominion of the Romans, and in the preceding century had for one of its governors the famous orator Cicero. The country, when possessed by the Romans, was divided into two districts of about equal extent, but of very different character. The western portion, called *Rough Cilicia*, was a collection of the branches of Mount Taurus, which come down in large masses to the sea. During times of unsettled government the seaboard of Cilicia was terribly infested with pirates, who of course rendered that part of the Mediterranean utterly unsafe. The anger of the Romans being aroused, short work was made of them, as in a similar case, in 1816, by Lord Exmouth. These pirates having carried on the appropriate vocation of slave merchants, and found ample encouragement for that nefarious traffic among the opulent Romans, their depredations became at last so formidable, that Pompey was invested with extraordinary powers for their suppression, which he accomplished in forty days. The eastern, or *Flat Cilicia*, was a rich and extensive plain. It has always been famous for its prolific vegetation, which blessing it has not lost even under the neglectful government of the Turks. Owing to its geographical situation, it was in ancient times the highway between east and west, both for commerce and war. "Through this country Cyrus marched to depose his brother from the Persian throne. It was here that the decisive victory was obtained by Alexander over Darius. This plain has since seen the hosts of Western Crusaders; and, in our own day, has been the field of operations of hostile Mohammedan armies, Turkish and Egyptian. The Greek kings of Egypt endeavoured long ago to tear it from the Greek kings of Syria. The Romans left it at first in the possession of Antiochus. But the line of Mount Taurus could not permanently arrest them; and the letters of Cicero remain to us among the most [illegible]resting, as they are among the earliest, monuments of Roman [illegible]

[illegible] infant Saul was therefore born into the world a subject of the

great Roman Empire, just as a child born in Calcutta to-day is a subject of the great British Empire. His grand-parents were familiar with the name of Cicero, as the grand-parents of the Calcutta child were familiar with the famous name of Warren Hastings; and the relatives of Saul felt towards their own rulers that mixture of fear and dislike which many millions of India probably feel towards the all-conquering British power. The talented governor several times, in all probability, visited Tarsus, and the grand-parents of Saul must have seen his somewhat emaciated face, and perhaps heard his persuasive voice; perhaps, also on returning home, they made notes in the "Hebrew tongue" of the impressions made upon them by the great proconsul. If these "notes" could be brought to light they would well repay perusal. Till that time come, we must content ourselves with Cicero's own letters, in which we find a portrait of himself as ruler of St. Paul's native Cilicia. "This correspondence represents to us the governor as surrounded by the adulation of obsequious Asiatic Greeks. He travels with an interpreter, for Latin is the official language; he puts down banditti, and is saluted by the title of Imperator; letters are written on various subjects to the governors of neighbouring provinces—for instance, Syria, Asia, and Bithynia; ceremonious communications take place with the independent chieftains. The friendly relations of Cicero with Duotarus, King of Galatia, and his son, remind us of the interview of Pilate and Herod in the Gospel, or of Festus and Agrippa in the Acts. Cicero's letters are rather too full of a boastful commendation of his own integrity; but, from what he says that he did, we may infer by contrast what was done by others who were less scrupulous in the discharge of the same responsibilities. He allowed free access to his person; he refused expensive monuments in his honour; he declined the proffered present of the pauper King of Cappadocia; he abstained from exacting the customary expenses from the states which he traversed on his march; he remitted to the treasury the moneys which were not expended on his province; he would not place in official situations those who were engaged in trade; he treated the local Greek magistrates with due consideration, and contrived, at the same time, to give satisfaction to the publicans. From all this it may be easily inferred with how much corruption, cruelty, and pride, the Romans usually governed, and how miserable must have been the condition of a province under a Verres or an Appius, a Pilate or a Felix. So far as we remember, the Jews are not mentioned in any of Cicero's Cilician letters; but, if we may draw conclusions from a speech which he made at Rome in defence of a contemporary governor of Asia, he regarded them with much contempt, and would be likely to treat them with harshness and injustice." The renown of Cicero is still great, but that of the despised Jew of Cilicia is far greater—filling, as it does, the whole world with its beneficent brightness.

It was with pardonable pride that Paul terms himself "a citizen of *no mean city*;" for the apostle did not exaggerate when he spoke thus of the fame of his native place. It was the metropolis of the province of Cilicia, and coins struck in its honour are still in existence. It was situated in a wide and fertile plain on the banks of the River Cydnus—from bathing in which Alexander the Great caught a fever, and on which Anthony and Cleopatra sailed together. As this river flowed through the city the place was sometimes called *Tarsoi*—"the two-fold Tarsus":—just as, for a similar reason, the Holy City is called in Hebrew the *two* Jerusalems, because the upper and the lower part of the city were divided by the Valley of Jehoshaphat; or as ancient Egypt was called *Mizraim*, which means the *two* Egypts, because the country was divided by the grand River Nile. Tarsus was not only "beautiful for situation," but it was favoured with extensive commerce. Being situated on a river, and not far from the sea-coast, it was naturally the resort of those "who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters;" and, many years after St. Paul's time, St. Basil describes it "as a point of union for Syrians, Cilicians, Isaurians, and Cappadocians." It also possessed great political privileges. In the civil wars of Rome it took Cæsar's side, and, on the occasion of a visit from him, had its name changed to Juliopolis; Augustus made it a "free city," and years afterwards it was constituted a *colonia*, which was the highest honour to which any city out of Italy could attain. It was also famous as a seat of learning, as Oxford and Cambridge now are; "being considered by some superior to Alexandria or Athens itself. Its glory is now departed, but it is not so much fallen as other once great cities of Asia Minor, for it still contains about 30,000 inhabitants, who live and move among many ruins of their ever-renowned city." The plain, the mountains, the river, and the sea still remain to them. "The rich harvests of corn still grow luxuriantly after the rains in spring. The same tents of goats' hair are still seen covering the plains in the busy harvest. There are the same solitude and silence in the intolerable heat and dust of the summer. Then, as now, the mothers and children of Tarsus went out in the cool evenings, and looked from the gardens round the city, or from their terraced roofs, upon the heights of Taurus. The same sunsets lingered on the pointed summits. The same shadows gathered in the deep ravines. The River Cydnus has suffered some changes in the course of 1,800 years. Instead of rushing, as in the time of Xenophon, like the Rhone at Geneva, in a stream of 200 feet broad, through the city, it now flows idly past on the east. The channel which floated the ships of Anthony and Cleopatra is now filled up; and wide, unhealthy lagoons occupy the place of the ancient docks. But its upper waters still flow, as formerly, cold and clear from the snows of Taurus; and its waterfalls still break over the same rocks, when the snows are melting, like the Rhine at Schaffhausen."

We have said that some scholars derive the name of Paul's native city from the "hoof" of Pegasus, while others say that Tarsus is a Phœnician word signifying strength; and if we were of an imaginative turn we might suggest that, while the former derivation points to the literary genius of the place, the latter is a prophecy of its enduring fame. It is a curious fact—linking past ages and present together—that, about the year 669, a Greek ecclesiastic, Theodore of Tarsus, became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Concerning the place of the apostle's birth we can speak with certainty, but not so concerning the *time*. We have no secular history to refer to in the matter; and, as the sacred writings have not spoken definitely, we are left in uncertainty. There are at least two passages bearing upon the subject upon which we will briefly remark. In the Acts—vii. 58—we read, "And the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul." But the words "young man" are not very definite, as the term was applied among the ancient Greeks to any man who was under forty years of age. The martyrdom of Stephen took place probably in the year 37, and at that time, therefore, Saul was under forty years of age. In his beautiful letter to Philemon—9th verse—the apostle says, concerning himself, "Being such an one as Paul the aged;" but the Greek word which Paul uses—πρεσβύτης—generally signified a person between the ages of fifty-two and sixty-four, and, therefore, tells us nothing as to the exact time of Paul's birth. Practically, we shall not go far wrong in adopting the convenient supposition that he was of the same age as the Apostle John, and that both were born near to the time of their Incarnate Lord.

We may now say a few words in reference to the *names* of this illustrious man. His first name was Saul, but why he received it does not appear. Perhaps it was a patriotic feeling which led to the adoption of the name. Saul, as is well known, was the name of the first King of Israel; and, as the infant belonged to the tribe of Benjamin, to which the royal Saul also belonged, it might be that his parents, out of respect to their tribe, adopted the royal word. Or a feeling of piety might have suggested it. Saul and Samuel are names of similar signification—the former meaning "Asked for," and the latter "Heard of God"—both involving the idea of earnest prayer. And perhaps, as in the case of Hannah, so also in the case of the parents of the future apostle, the name points to the fact that the birth of the babe was received, and gratefully recognized, as a gracious answer to oft-repeated supplication. To the question, Why was Saul also called Paul? several answers have been given. Some think that the apostle was called by both names from the first, and that the Gentile one was given out of respect to some member, acquaintance, or benefactor of the family. Many such cases are on record; a well-known example of which is supplied by Josephus, the Jewish historian, who termed himself Flavius in honour of the

Emperor Vespasian and the Flavian family. In Rom. xvi. 7, 11, 21, the apostle refers to his "kinsmen," two of whom, "*Junius*" and "*Lucius*," have Roman names, and the others are Greek, from which it is certain that Paul's family had Gentile connections, out of respect to one of whom the apostle's Gentile name might have been given to him. We may remark in passing that two of the apostles are known to us only by their Gentile names—Andrew and Philip—the latter meaning "a lover of horses," and the former "a manly person;" both of which were probably superadded to their infant names out of respect to some Gentile relations, who were named Andrew and Philip respectively.

As the word Paulus (which in Greek is *Paulos* or *Pauros*) signifies little, some commentators have conjectured that Saul was so named partly on account of shortness of his bodily stature, and partly on account of his deep spiritual humility. Tradition tells us that he was a short man, and of a sickly constitution,—of which we have some indications in the inspired Scriptures; but, probably, the first Christians were too polite to give a sort of nick-name to the apostle derived from his bodily defects. St. Augustine and other Fathers of the Church were fond of seeing a spiritual meaning in the word. As King Saul was a head and shoulders taller than other people, and as the apostle was first called Saul, Augustine sees in the name an emblem of great spiritual pride; and as he was afterwards called Paul—the little—he finds in that a prediction of the spiritual character of the man, who said of himself, "I am the least of the apostles;" "I am less than the least of all saints." The Fathers were fond of this play upon words, which Thomas Fuller termed "happy conceits;" but the results of which the less reverent critics of modern times are apt to call "mares'-nests." St. Gregory is credited with one of these "happy conceits." While he was hesitating as to whether or not he should go as a missionary to Britain, he one day lay down upon the grass to consider the matter; and, while considering, he heard near to him the chirping of a locust, which brought him to a decision. The Latin word for locust is *locusta*; and as *locusta*, by the change of one letter, becomes *loco sta*, which means keep your place—stay where you are—Gregory considered that the insect had an inspired message for him, resolved to remain at Rome, and sent St. Austin to the shores of Kent to convert our Saxon forefathers to the Faith.

OUR NEW EMPIRE.

LORD BEACONSFIELD will certainly be admired by posterity as the man who led the English nation by the nose. Time, the remorseless analyst, though it will strip him of the attributes of solid statesmanship with which he is now invested by his devotees, will leave him that repute. Perhaps this is all he cares for. Human nature is so constituted, that the statesman who confers real benefits on the people will not be as vividly remembered in history as the political conjuror who makes his countrymen believe that he produces cabbages out of a hat. Posterity may think that England in our time had more nose than penetration, and that legerdemain with a hat and cabbages was not a very elevated form of government; but it will none the less applaud the politician who was able to persuade the country that this folly was part of its destiny as the apostle of civilisation.

It is very probable that this infatuation will be dispelled when the Premier's policy comes to be better understood. There are some inevitable consequences of a British Protectorate of Asiatic Turkey which are likely to damp the popular ardour in favour of our new mission in the East. Certain considerations connected with the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer may dispose the public mind to look at the affair in a different light. But it does not argue a very promising aptitude for politics on the part of the nation at large that the fact that the heaviest responsibility contracted by England during the present century has been imposed upon us without our knowledge has excited less dissatisfaction in the country than the obnoxious provisions of a Cattle Bill. We allow the Executive a certain freedom of action—a liberty of initiative—in its dealings with foreign States; but it is a gross abuse of that liberty to commit the country, without its consent, to a policy which contains the seeds of more complexities, embarrassments, and humiliations than have accumulated in all our political annals. At present, Parliamentary control over the Government is a mummery. For all that the people seem to care about their dearest privileges, they might as well instal Lord Beaconsfield as a sort of Great Mogul, and crown him with peacock's feathers. The Opposition, deprived of its natural leader, and led by a marionette, has practically suspended its functions. The Conservative majority grows restive only when the Government has a brief interval of moderation. A condition of things more favourable to personal rule could scarcely be contrived; and accordingly the Premier translates his Oriental dreams into solemn treaties, which the nation meekly subscribes. We can compare England, in her relations with Lord Beaconsfield, to nothing

better than one of those convenient, but not very spirited, hacks which may be ridden to hounds or driven in harness.

Another example of the indifference of the Government to an emasculated public opinion is afforded by the secrecy with which the Prime Minister's plans have been carried into effect. Nothing excited more virtuous indignation in this country than the "insidious diplomacy" of Russia. Very different was to be the conduct of England. The ministers arrayed themselves in a panoply of candour. They would have no private bargains; they would bring everything before the open tribunal of the Congress, and settle it in the light of day. Then they put their precepts into practice by making one secret agreement with Russia and another with Turkey. They declared that they would do no business save in the sunshine, and then they made treaties in the cellar. Lord Beaconsfield posing as the champion of the public law of Europe, and Lord Beaconsfield poring over schemes of spoliation with a dark lantern, is not, we submit, a personage of whom Englishmen have any reason to be proud. The wonder is that anybody should have been deluded by these professions of frankness. A man can act with decision only according to his nature, and if he is accustomed to gain his ends by trick and artifice, he will not adopt any other method, no matter what may be his pretence of openness and fair dealing. The fox will not visit the farmyard at noon, though he has no objection to people looking for his advent at that hour instead of at midnight. Lord Beaconsfield's disposition is to pursue the crooked path, and his colleagues follow submissively at his heels. At his bidding they can even stoop to equivocation, and to the use of "official" language, which bears no appreciable relation to the truth. Yet, though all this is as plain as the sun, the country continues to confide in the Government, and when any writer ventures to point out the discrepancy between the ministerial words and acts, he is denounced by polished instructors of the public as "indecent."

Lord Beaconsfield's bargains, as may be inferred from the manner in which they were effected, do not betray a very lofty sense of political morality. The meaning of the Anglo-Russian Agreement was that Russia was to retain her conquests, practically destroy the Turkish power in Europe, and wrest Bessarabia from Roumania, on condition of making no opposition to a British protectorate of the remnant of the Sultan's Asiatic dominions. The Government which was so indignant that Roumania should be plundered in defiance of European law, quietly consented to that act of aggression before the matter was brought before the Congress. A clause in the agreement makes it plain that the scheme of an Asiatic protectorate was fully understood by Russia, and, therefore, nobody need be told that the Anglo-Turkish Convention was no surprise to the Russian representatives at Berlin. The moral character of the bargain with Turkey is best illustrated by the attitude of the English Plenipoten-

tiaries towards Greece. British protection is no doubt very gratifying to the Sultan, especially as Lord Beaconsfield has cheerfully helped to deprive his Majesty of three of his provinces, but we may be certain that the Turks did not agree to the acquisition of Cyprus by England until they had received implicit assurances that whatever territory it might be necessary to surrender to one or another of the Great Powers, nothing should be given to Greece. That the Greeks should have any of the spoil was a humiliation to which Turkish pride was not disposed to submit; and so Lord Beaconsfield, with that delicate consideration for the feelings of the downtrodden, which is one of his brightest characteristics, undertook to nullify the claims of Greece in the Congress. We are not asserting a positive fact, it is true, but this is the most natural deduction from the Prime Minister's conduct. If ever a great nation was pledged to support the legitimate aspirations of a struggling people, that nation was England and that people the Greeks. By promises explicit or implied the Government prevented Greece from declaring war upon Turkey at a time when the latter was distracted by the conflict with Russia. The Greeks looked to England to champion their interests in the Congress; to liberate from Turkish misrule provinces which, by ties of sentiment and nationality, are bound to the Hellenic kingdom. What is the result? The Greeks have got nothing. Having made his Convention with Turkey, Lord Beaconsfield could not present Greece with anything more substantial than his kind regards. Bulgaria is independent, because Russia insisted upon it. Bosnia and Herzegovina have been handed over to Austria, because Austria objects to disturbances on her frontier. England takes Cyprus, because the Premier thinks it necessary for the protection of something, particularly that which is not in danger. But Montenegro must not have a flag or a ship of war, because that would interfere with the dignity of Austria; and Greece must be content with the information that the Congress has "recommended" Turkey to rectify the Greek frontier. To suit the whims of Lord Beaconsfield, England has been made to break her faith, and to play the most grossly selfish part in this mockery of justice. The Cretans and the Thessalians are left to the tender mercies of the Turks, because the Prime Minister has resolved to set up in Asia the fetish of Turkish "integrity" which has been knocked down in Europe. This treatment of Greece is a page in our history which may be profitably studied by those who cant about the "disinterestedness" of Great Britain.

And what is the value of this protectorate of Asiatic Turkey? Russia might well consent to a measure which impairs neither her power nor her reputation, and which places a possible adversary at such a disadvantage. If some future Russian sovereign should attempt an invasion of India, we should find Asiatic Turkey a burden, and not a barrier. The route to India which an invading army would pursue does not lie through the Sultan's dominions, and

yet, pledged to defend these, we should be compelled to keep thousands of troops in a country remote from our true line of defence. It cannot have been forgotten by the public with what asperity Lord Salisbury rebuked the alarmists who, during the late war, affirmed that the establishment of the Russian power in Armenia was a danger to our Indian Empire. Lord Derby was equally as emphatic in his condemnation of that theory. The *Times*, which now with glib servility applauds every freak of the Premier, could not then understand how any sane person could believe in the possibility of such a danger. The *Quarterly Review* demonstrated in a powerful article that the defensive policy of the Indian Government should be to allow a Russian army of invasion, in the event of so mad an enterprise, to approach the Indian frontier where we should concentrate a force with which the Russian troops, exhausted and decimated by a miserable march through the deserts of Central Asia, would be unable to cope. People who talk about a Russian invasion of India seem to be totally ignorant of the existence of the Himalayas. Until they had forced a passage through those tremendous mountains the Russians could not penetrate into India, and if anybody imagines that this achievement is probable, he must have a very low opinion of the military skill and courage of his countrymen. But as Lord Salisbury and the *Times* have been converted, no doubt the *Quarterly Review* will follow suit, and stultify itself with the assertion that the Himalayas are no defence at all, and that it is sound policy to take up positions thousands of miles from our frontier—positions which Russia may attack with far greater forces than any we can put there, and under conditions favourable to the assailant, instead of to the assailed. We know that this wild scheme is defended on the ground that it will increase our reputation with the Mohammedans of India. Why, any missionary could tell Lord Beaconsfield that it is the fixed belief of the Indian Mussulmans that Queen Victoria is the vassal of the Sultan. Is this delusion likely to be dissipated by the news that England pays tribute to the Khalif for being permitted to govern Cyprus? That, we suspect, is the only light in which our new acquisition of territory will be regarded in India. As for enlisting the sympathies of the Mohammedans by our protection of the Sultan, history exposes the futility of any such idea. After the Crimean War came the Indian Mutiny.

"But we are to civilize Asia Minor!" is the cry. Even if that were true, it would be no justification for this launching of the country into a sea of responsibilities which has no conceivable limit. The Anglo-Turkish Convention provides that the Sultan shall undertake to put into force the reforms which shall be agreed upon by the two Powers, and that England shall have the right of insisting upon these reforms being executed. How are we to insist? The Sultan will undertake to do everything, and the Pashas will refuse to do *anything*. What will happen then? The Times, which preserves a—

small shred of its former sentiments, says that in that case we shall declare ourselves exempt from our obligation to defend the Sultan's Asiatic territories against aggression. Very likely! It is not cynicism, but the lesson of painful experience, which makes us sceptical of any such moral repudiation in view of the Defensive Treaty with Turkey for the supposed protection of our Indian Empire. We cannot force the Pashas to amend; for the spectacle of English troops acting against those they were employed to protect would excite the derision of Europe. Consequently the old vicious system of sacrificing principle to assumed expediency in our relations with Turkey will flourish in Asia as it once did in Europe. Our consuls will not be too ready to send home reports of Turkish misgovernment. Insurrections will be suppressed, and English soldiers will be agents in the suppression. Every revolution at Constantinople will be directed against us. The Pashas will intrigue with any Power which wishes to do us an injury; and it is not difficult to conceive France and Italy, as well as Russia, in that frame of mind. Meanwhile, to maintain our military authority, the burdens of the people at home will have to be enormously increased. Already the national expenditure exceeds eighty millions, and there is every reason to fear that Lord Beaconsfield's Asiatic proclivities will at no very distant date raise it to a hundred. If at the cost of no man can tell what bloodshed and sacrifice of many kinds, we are ultimately compelled to suppress the Turkish authority, and rule Asia Minor ourselves, the strain upon our resources will be such as, it is very probable, they will be unable to bear.

Let us not deceive ourselves with the idea that this policy is but an act of humanity on a grand scale. It is the wildest folly for a nation to attempt to carry out a harum-scarum project, pregnant with the gravest disasters, simply because some benefit may result to other people in the long run. As Christians, we must desire the blessings of righteous government for the races in Asia Minor; as citizens, we must condemn an enterprise which will involve us in immeasurable difficulties, from which it is uncertain that any substantial good will result to those races after all. A policy which would have made Greece content and have given autonomy to a considerable part of Asiatic Turkey, under the guarantee of all the Powers, would have commended itself to all rational men. As things have been ordered, Greece is left to meditate a new struggle for that which is justly hers, and England has taken upon herself a task which she cannot perform, and in which the other Powers are selfishly thanking their stars that they have no participation.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

The Phonograph.

In our last month's issue we made a note of the Microphone. The invention of Mr. Edison, of New Jersey, by means of which the voice can be impressed on a thin slip of metal, preserved, and reproduced, is not less worthy of our notice. Phonograph, Phonautograph, Telephonograph, are the respective names by which this wonderful instrument has been designated; the former is, however, both for sound and shortness, most convenient, and, consequently, the name universally adopted.

The following description is from the *Times* newspaper:—"The Phonograph is composed of three parts mainly—namely, a receiving, a recording, and a transmitting apparatus. The receiving apparatus consists of a curved tube, one end of which is fitted with a mouthpiece, for the convenience of speaking into it. The other end is about two inches in diameter, and is closed in with a disc or diaphragm of exceedingly thin metal, capable of being thrust slightly outwards, or vibrated, upon gentle pressure being applied to it from within the tube. To the centre of this diaphragm—which forms a right angle with the horizon—is fixed a small blunt steel pin, which, of course, partakes of the vibratory motion of the diaphragm. This arrangement is carried on a table, and is fitted by a set screw, by means of which it can be adjusted relatively to the second part of the apparatus—the recorder. This is a brass cylinder, about four inches in length and four inches in diameter, cut with a continuous V groove from one end to the other, so that in effect it represents a large screw. Measuring along the cylinder from one end to the other, there are ten of these grooves to the inch, or about forty in the whole length. The total length of this continuous groove, or screw thread, is about forty-two feet—that is to say, that would be the length of the groove if it were stretched out in a straight line. This cylinder is mounted on a horizontal axis or shaft, carried on bearings at either end, and having its circumferential face presented to the steel point of the receiving apparatus. The shaft is prolonged for four inches or so beyond the ends of the cylinder, and one of the prolongations is cut with a screw thread and works in a screwed bearing. This end terminates in a handle, and as this is turned round the cylinder is not only revolved, but, by means of the screwed spindle, is caused to travel its whole length in front of the steel point, either backwards or forwards.

"We now see that if the pointer be set in the groove in the cylinder *at its commencement*, and the handle turned, the groove would be

traversed over the point from beginning to end, or, conversely, the point would always be presented to the groove. A voice speaking in the receiver would produce waves of sound which would cause the point to enter to greater or less depths into this groove, according to the degree of intensity given to the pressure upon the diaphragm set up by the vibrations of the sound produced. This, of course, of itself would mean nothing; but in order to arrest and preserve these sound-pressures, a sheet of tinfoil is interposed, the foil being inelastic and well adapted for receiving impressions. This sheet is placed around the cylinder, and its edges lightly fastened together by mouth-glue, forming an endless band, and held on the cylinder at the edges by the indiarubber rings. If a person now speaks into the receiving-tube, and the handle of the cylinder be turned, it will be seen that the vibrations of the pointer will be impressed upon that portion of the tinfoil over the hollow groove and retained by it. These impressions will be more or less deeply marked, according to the modulations and inflexions of the speaker's voice. We have now a message verbally imprinted upon a slip of metal. Sound has, in fact, been converted into visible form, and we have now to translate that message by re-converting it into sound. . . . To do this we require the third portion of Mr. Edison's apparatus—the transmitter.

"This consists of what may be called a conical metal drum, having its larger end open, the smaller end, which is about two inches in diameter, being covered with paper, which is stretched taut as is the parchment of a drum-head. Just in front of this paper diaphragm is a light flat steel spring, held in a vertical position and terminating in a blunt steel point projecting from it, and corresponding with that on the diaphragm of the receiver. The spring is connected with the paper diaphragm of the transmitter by means of a silken thread, which is placed just sufficiently in tension to cause the outer face of the diaphragm to assume a slightly convex form. This apparatus is placed on the opposite side of the cylinder to the receiver. Having set the latter apparatus back from the cylinder, and having, by turning the handle in a reverse direction, set the cylinder back to what we may term the zero point, the transmitting apparatus is advanced towards the cylinder by means of a set screw until the steel point rests without absolute pressure in the first indentation made by the point of the receiver. If now the handle be turned at the same speed as it was when the message was being recorded, the steel point will follow the line of impression, and will vibrate in periods corresponding to the impressions previously produced on the foil by the point of the receiving apparatus. Vibrations of the requisite number and depth being thus communicated to the upper diaphragm, there will be produced precisely the same sounds that in the first instance were required to produce the impressions produced on the tinfoil. Thus the words of the speaker will be heard issuing from the conical drum in his own voice, tinged, however, with a slight metallic or mechanical

tone. If the cylinder be revolved more slowly than when the message was being recorded, the voice assumes a bass tone; if more quickly, the message is given with a childish treble. These variations occur according as the vibrations are more or less frequent."

Mr. Tegg, in his charming book on "Posts, Telegraphs, and Telephones," says that a heavy royalty precludes the sale of this instrument in England, but that in America and Germany it is rapidly coming into use. Prince Bismarck's study at Varzin, in Pomerania, is telephonically connected with head-quarters, 230 miles distant, at Berlin. The conjectures that arise in the mind on the contemplation of such an agency as this are startling. It is quite feasible, not only that the words and tones of departed loved ones should be preserved, but that audible messages should be transmitted by post to any distance, and simultaneous sermons be preached and simultaneous concerts held in divers places.

Wonderful emblemature of another transmitted far-sounding Voice which declared ages ago, "Knowledge shall be increased!"

Crippled Charity.

"The Royal Hospital for the Cure of Strabismus is entirely dependent on the charitable contributions of the public, having no funded property. Its present limited dimensions compel the directors to turn away hundreds who apply for relief from this distressing complaint. The secretary is happy to announce that an old and attached friend of this charity will give a thousand pounds towards the enlargement of the Hospital for Strabismus if *nineteen* other donors can be found to contribute each the same amount."

"The Baptist Church at Middleton-in-the-Marsh is encumbered with a debt of £500. Mr. A. has promised to give £50 if four others will do the same; or if the church will raise £400 in six months Mr. A. will generously contribute the remaining £100."

We have noticed other eccentricities of the kind, but these two very familiar illustrations are quite sufficient for our purpose. We have no suspicion of the motives of the excellent persons who thus strain "the quality of mercy," but there is that in their method which requires a *caveat*. We do not find that David advertised his intention to purchase the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebuzite on condition that somebody else would make a similar investment for the furtherance of the temple work. Barnabas did not sell that freehold (on the island which our gallivanting Premier has attached to the British crown) in the interests of the Jerusalem church provided that half a dozen others could be found to imitate his example. Nor was the alabaster box whose fragrance is to fill the Church till the end of time one of a dozen possible alabaster boxes which the *civilised* world might have been ransacked in vain to find. Christian

liberality is a grace—an endowment of God—and, like all grace, is glorious in the freedom of its action. Its supplies flow like those of a river, not like those of a canal. It is impatient of artificial restrictions, and recognises no conditions but those of meritorious need in the recipient and capacity in the donor. Its moral worth is determined, not by earthly arithmetic, but by the spirit of love of which it is the outcome.

The anonymous friend of the hospital, whose love can wait the forthcoming of nineteen coadjutors, is not likely, to say the least, to die of zeal for the hospital, and Mr. A.'s contribution of £50 to the chapel debt does not seem to be of the same mint as the widow's mite. Some very excellent men have adopted this conditional style of giving, but it is a mistake. In such matters the more we escape what is conventional, and detach ourselves from the influence of our fellow men, the nearer we shall approach the only right rule which should regulate our action—a regard to God and His approval. We know that the Apostle of the Gentiles stimulated the liberality of the Corinthians by reporting the munificence of their poorer brethren in Macedonia. The force of a good example is undeniable, but the forcing of an example, however good, upon others is questionable. These conditional gifts, moreover, often inflict great injury where they are intended to benefit. We know of more than one faithful, honoured minister at the present time struggling, almost hopelessly, to raise large amounts in order to avail themselves of such hypothetical promises as we have indicated. It had been better for them, better for their churches, better for the donors themselves, that a free gift of a definite, though even smaller amount had simplified their generosity. There is plenty of room for ingenuity in the developments of Christian love, but they must be in the direction of freedom. The "willing mind" had better not even seem to be clouded by reluctance, and the actions of Christian liberality are too precious to be hampered by a yoke that is not easy to be borne.

THALASSA! THALASSA!!

This is the present-day subject *par excellence*. Even to the most loyal of our readers the August *Bradshaw* is likely to possess a fascination it would be difficult to impart to the pages of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE. Ever since the vernal equinox the claims of rival watering-places have been discussed at the domestic congress with all the animation which has characterised the proceedings of the plenipotentiaries at Berlin. In vain does Paterfamilias plead the stagnation of things in the commercial world, in vain does the shadow of increasing income-tax project a gloom across his brow—the nursery is adorned with the spades and pails of last year's expedition, the apparel suited for the Feast of Tabernacles is being overhauled by the maternal fingers, the boys have their fishing tackle as carefully set in order as

if they were bound for an Antarctic whaling cruise. The hope of the household, who has for two or three years past assumed the *toga virilis*, alternates in choice between the Engadine and Norway; in either case he and Cousin Jack will do exploits with their knickerbockered legs and well-booted feet. Pater and Mater have occasionally thought of a visit to the Trocadero for themselves, whilst the juveniles were engineering on the shore, but virtue triumphs—and he will go and read the "Life of George Moore" or "Through the Dark Continent" at Broadstairs, and sketch the course of the Livingstone river—with his walking stick on the shore, with as much glee as he did the Malakoff nearly a quarter of a century agone.

The facilities of locomotion in recent times have wrought many wonders in social life, but none more widespread or beneficial than this of the annual outing. A hundred years ago none but the very rich could afford a yearly change of residence; now, none but the very poor dispense with it. The mere ventilation of the accustomed dwelling-place is no mean advantage, but the lessening of brain-pressure and the going-out-to-grass of all the thought-processes is a priceless boon. All joy to the myriads of our British folk who in this octave of the year will revel in the sea breezes and the sea beauties! To no class of the community is the annual holiday more necessary than to the pastors of our churches. "Such work," says John Pulsford, "drains the spinal cord, and all its offshoots and ramifications down to the soles of the feet." Now is the time for the wealthy in our congregations to show the riches of their liberality and to quicken their own enjoyments by a loving thoughtfulness for the over-wrought but not over-paid pastor. Happily, such instances of forethought are not rare; we would fain see them universal. May those who go out, "go out with joy, and be led forth with peace," and those who tarry at home "divide the spoil" in a plenitude of spiritual good and the light of His countenance who is the source of all enjoyment and the sole security for all content!

Return of Earl Beaconsfield from Berlin.

"Welcome, welcome, Moses: well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—Mrs. Primrose's salutation of her son may not inappropriately represent the congratulations addressed by his supporters to Her Majesty's Prime Minister, and the vexation felt by the vicar's household at the sight of the "gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases, will be more than reproduced when the costs of the Treaty of Berlin are presented in the next year's income-tax. "Two years ago," says the Earl of Derby, "any man would have been thought insane who should have proposed that which we have done; and when the bill comes in for payment, and the English people understand what they have bound themselves to, *I am not* at all sure that two years hence we may not find that

public opinion on these questions is pretty much what it would have been two years ago." In the atmosphere breathed by ordinary mortals it is difficult to discern any adequate motive for the eccentric statesmanship which is plunging the country into perilous pecuniary obligations, and that in the face of a falling revenue and declining commerce. "*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre*," observed one of the French generals on the charge of the Six Hundred in the Crimea; and we fear that a graver objection than its not being *en règle* may be brought against the Eastern policy of the Earl of Beaconsfield. But whatever the merit or demerit, the success or failure of the Premier's schemes, we agree with a writer in the *Daily News*:—"Only very thoughtless admirers can long continue to feel really satisfied with an arrangement which reverses the whole principle of modern England's foreign policy on the mere decision of a Prime Minister. No pleading that the thing may turn out well is of any avail here. The policy of Louis XIV. or Napoleon III. might often have turned out well; often certainly did flatter the self-love of a people in a manner which Lord Beaconsfield himself might regard with envy. But in this country we do not choose to be governed on the principles which might have suited the subjects of Louis XIV. or Napoleon III. Our especial pride has been that we were not like the peoples who could be ruled in such a way. We at least cannot enter into rejoicings which, if they were at all likely to be long-lived, would only show that England was growing indifferent to the maintenance of the principles of Parliamentary government, and was ready to take up with any showy semblance of success won in her name by a bold and clever dictator."

The Eurydice.

After nearly four months' submersion this unfortunate ship has been lifted, and is in a fair way of once more bearing the English flag. It is gratifying to find that the scientific skill of the officers engaged in this work has not been foiled by the formidable resistance of such a dead weight as that with which they had to deal. The mere tonnage of the frigate and her stores were an appreciable item in the undertaking; but the unknown increment caused by accumulations of sand, and the prehensile power of the clay in which she was locked fast, were factors in the calculation of the required force, only to be ascertained by experiment. We have no sympathy, therefore, with the disparaging remarks that have been made on the skill of the dockyard authorities, but congratulate them on what promises to be a complete success. When, however, the gallant ship has been overhauled and thoroughly refitted, will she "plough the distant main" once more? Sailors are notoriously seperstitious, and it would not surprise us if difficulty presented itself in finding a crew for such an exceptional vessel.

REVIEWS.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL: Described and Explained According to its Peculiar Character. By Christophe Erust Luthardt. Vol. III.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE APOCALYSE, and its Relation to the Doctrine of the Gospel and Epistles of John. By Pastor Hermann Gebhardt. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1878.

THE successive issues of the Foreign Theological Library are invariably welcome. More than any other English publishers. Messrs. Clark have laid Biblical students under obligation for the extent to which they have facilitated an acquaintance with the best and most useful literature of the Continent. The Foreign Theological Library contains the ablest works in apologetics and exegesis which have yet appeared. They are, almost in every instance, scholarly and profound, liberal in tone and evangelical in doctrine, combining the reverence, the acumen, the fearless love of truth, and the strong faith which are essential to the highest interpreters, but which, alas! are so often sundered. With very few exceptions, this series of works comprises all that is of permanent worth in the biblico-theological literature of Germany and Holland, and the student who is well versed in the series need scarcely go beyond it.

Luthardt's volume is, as we have previously stated, of the highest value. It has not the rich imaginative glow of Godet, but it is not a whit inferior in its masterly exegesis, its subtle penetrative insight, and its wonderful power of tracing *links* (often hidden) which bind the various verses and sections of the Gospel into a beautiful and symmetrical whole. No commentator has more completely understood the peculiar character of the Gospel, or given us purer gems of exposition. In proof of our assertion we point to the Notes on Chapters xv. and xvii. Our Lord's High Priestly prayer is handled both reverently and suggestively.

Gebhardt is an author here introduced to English readers for the first time. His work cannot fail to secure a welcome. To say that it is well worthy of a place in the Theological Library is no small praise, but the excellence of the volume demands it. Its aim is somewhat unique. The author comes before us as exclusively neither an exegete, a commentator, or an apologist, but in all three characters. He has endeavoured, by a process of careful and elaborate induction, to collate the teaching of the Apocalypse on all the great subjects of the Christian faith, to show their harmony with the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and especially to exhibit their relations with the doctrines of the Gospel and the Epistles of John. The work is a very valuable contribution to the Johannine literature, and refutes the opponents of the Apostle's authorship both of the Fourth Gospel and of the Apocalypse, in a style which appears to us absolutely conclusive. But the main worth of the book (in our estimation) arises from the fact that it is a perfect storehouse of vigorous and original thought on the doctrinal teaching of this marvellous book. Preachers who wish to make their sermons at once interesting, instruc-

tive and edifying, will delight in the work, and give it an honoured place on their shelves.

We have only to add, in conclusion, that the translators—Dr. Caspar Gregory and Mr. Jefferson—have done their part of the work excellently.

THE HOMILETIC QUARTERLY. July, 1878. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street.

WE are glad that the editor has so ably utilised the idea of the "Symposium," as originated by *The Nineteenth Century*. The first thirty-eight pages of this number are occupied with a discussion of the question, "What method of preaching is most calculated to render divine truth effective in this age of popular indifference and philosophical scepticism?" The members of the Symposium are Professors Blaikie, Reynolds, and J. G. Murphy, Canon Perowne, Dr. De Pressensé, and Mr. Clifford. Their contributions are vigorous and spirited—there is not a dull article in the series—and though they occupy different ecclesiastical standpoints, there is a remarkable agreement in their views of the preaching demanded by the peculiarities of the age. The position which most writers assume is identical with that so eloquently enforced by Dr. Maclaren from the Chair of the Baptist Union, in his well-known address on "The Gospel for the Day." We shall look for the completion of this discussion with eager pleasure. Dr. Bruce's exposition of the parables of Christ is itself worth the price of the entire publication, and, in addition, there are in the successive numbers of the periodical, exegetical commentaries on the Book of Judges (by Mr. Fausset), on the Epistle to the Hebrews (by Mr. Watkinson), and the Epistle of James (by Mr. Roberts of Holloway), all of which are fully abreast of the scholarship of the day. There are sermonic outlines of various worth, and other features, which render the *Homiletic Quarterly* one of the most valuable serials of its class. It has, in fact, no rival.

THE DOMESTIC WORLD. By the Author of "Enquire Within." London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. Price two shillings and sixpence.

THIS is a book which contains very much useful information, even for the most thoroughly furnished of domestic economists. To young and inexperienced housekeepers it will prove to be of the greatest value.

WHAT IS THE "ETERNAL HOPE" OF CANON FARRAR? By J. Russell Endean. London: Kirby and Endean, 190, Oxford Street.

MR. ENDEAN has challenged Dr. Farrar to produce any scriptural authority for the views advanced in his sermons on "Future Punishment." The correspondence which ensued is given on the civilian's side *in extenso;* but under five successive dates the Canon thus forbids the publication of his reply:—

"Dear Sir,—Canon Farrar forbids the publication of his letter. The law gives him this power, and I desire not to disobey the law.—Yours faithfully, F. W. FARRAR."

Mr. Endean should have been more merciful than to publish such a remarkable specimen of the Canon's epistolary composition. The divine should be more considerate than to publish theological hypotheses which he is not prepared to defend, and more cautious than to threaten legal proceedings on light provocation.

POSTS, TELEGRAPHS, THE TELEPHONE, AND PHONOGRAPHS. By William Tegg, F.R.H.S. London: W. Tegg & Co., Pancras-lane, Cheapside. Price Four Shillings.

MR. TEGG has the happy art of selecting topics which are sure to attract popular attention, and he discusses them in a manner so agreeable that he is equally sure of gratifying his numerous readers. The English Post Office is, as Macaulay said, "a splendid triumph of civilization," and its history presents a rich field to the lover of anecdote or of the graver study of statistics. Mr. Tegg has availed himself of vast and varied stores of information both from published and unpublished sources, and he has included in his interesting volume the practical as well as the merely pleasing. The second part of the work contains the rise and progress of telegraphy both by land and sea, and in the third part the later wonders of the telephone and phonograph are brought within the comprehension of the intelligent reader.

THE CHILDREN IN THE SCRUB: A Story of Tasmania.

NURSE SEAGRAVE'S STORY.

STEENIE ALLOWAY'S ADVENTURES. London: Religious Tract Society.

EXCELLENT for the nursery bookcase.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Leytonstone, Essex, July 1st.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Lee, Rev. J. (Manchester College), Idle, Yorkshire.
Matthews, Rev. J. W. (Regent's Park College), Preston.
Turner, Rev. W. (Wakefield), Sheffield.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Coleford, Rev. T. Williams, B.A., June 24th.
Keynsham, Rev. C. Fellowes, July 8th.
Stoke Green, Ipswich, Rev. J. Mostyn, July 9th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Angus, Rev. H., Church, near Accrington.
Atkinson, Rev. T. G., Hornsey, Middlesex.

DEATHS.

Liddell, Rev. W., Cheltenham, aged 75.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

NORTH-WESTERN AFRICA.

THE aching voids in the map of Africa, of which geographers have long complained, bid fair to be soon supplied, and that, not as Swift describes them, when furnished by the ancient map-makers—

> Geographers in Afric's maps,
> With savage pictures fill their gaps,
> And o'er unhabitable downs
> Place elephants, for want of towns,

but with the physical features of the great continent which includes within its boundaries nearly a fourth of the land area of the globe. The magnificent discoveries of Livingstone and Stanley have attracted universal attention to Central Africa, but its northern regions have also an equal claim upon the regard of the civilized world. The teeming population, and the ancient cities of Soudan, demand the best efforts of the enterprising merchant and the Christian philanthropist; the remarkable structure of the great desert Sahara, and the proposals which have been recently made to submerge its vast sandy wastes with the waters of the Atlantic, furnish a tempting theme to the scientific student. The lover of antiquities will not be less interested in the sculptured obelisk of El Juf and the collection of ancient MSS. in the town of Tirshit. It is cause for wonder that none of the literary societies of Europe have employed means for the attainment of these treasures, which, if not relics of the Carthaginian libraries, are at least ancient in their origin and of unquestionable value. We are under the impression of having gathered from Dr. Barth, or some other authority on African topics, the possibility of their including duplicates of the treasures lost to the world in the Alexandrine Library. Mr. Donald Mackenzie* is the latest

* "The Flooding of the Sahara," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co.

entrepreneur of African discovery in the north-west. He has surveyed the coast and has collected valuable information, which, in the volume before us, he presents to the consideration of the mercantile and the Christian world. Mr. Mackenzie's first proposal is to establish a commercial station at Port St. Bartholomew, Cape Juby, with a view to a more direct communication with Soudan; but he also advocates the flooding of the great desert, so as to make a navigable sea of the dreary wastes which now all but exclude the many millions in the precincts of the Upper Niger from the commerce of the world. Cape Juby, on the south-west of Morocco, in close proximity to the Canary Isles, is only 1,600 miles from the English coast, and has a climate which rivals that of Madeira for its healthfulness. The nearness of Cape Juby to the Wadan route renders it a very eligible site for a commercial port. An Alexandria for the west coast will in all probability some day be established here. The caravan tracks by means of which the products of Europe are conveyed into the populous regions of the Niger are the Wadan and Tawat routes, both of which communicate with Mogador;—the Agades route, which connects Cairo with Sokoto, passing through nearly thirty degrees of longitude; and the Murzuk-Bilma route, which connects Tunis with Abeshr. Various junctions and intersections bring the ports of Tripoli, Algiers, and Tangier into this ancient system of communication, which was traversed by the Carthaginian merchants more than two thousand years ago. In the great caravan which starts from Mogador in the autumn of every year, as many as ten thousand camels are employed; but a large number of them remain unladen for half the journey, when they have to deviate from the main route and repair to the great salt mines of Taudeny, and obtain that invaluable commodity for the Soudan market. On this Tawat line of country the great waterless desert of Tanezruft presents all the horrors of the poet's vision:—

> Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
> Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
> In vain ye hope the green delights to know
> Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales bestow:
> Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
> And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

These caravan routes "are mere tracks on the sod by the naked foot of man, and the tread of the camel, horse, or mule. They are often so narrow that two persons cannot walk on them abreast. Consequently, if travellers and caravans meet, the one takes to the right, and the other to the left. If an Arab is turned out of his track for a time, he hastens back to it as soon as possible; but when the caravan comes to the sands of the open desert, even these pathways *disappear*. The wind soon effaces the footprints of the passenger,

d they seek in vain the long, white track which guides the traveller. bush, the *white* top of a sand hill, the summit of a distant mountain these are the way-marks which guide the traveller across many rts of the Sahara. Where nature has not provided a mark, the tives have raised pyramids, each traveller adding a stone to the ap as he passes. The wells on the route are preserved with the eatest care by the inhabitants. A bucket is left by the side of the ll to enable the traveller to quench his thirst. At each large town the route there are hotels corresponding with the principal points commercial intercourse, and these not only serve as resting-places, t as a rendezvous and starting-point for the caravans which quent them. The day and hour of starting of each caravan is made own by the chief driver, and every information in reference to the ravans is supplied at the hotels to any one who wishes to join. The leteers and camel-drivers form the nucleus of the caravan, and gulate its movements. The length of a day's journey is generally out twenty-four miles, but in countries destitute of water, or infested th robbers, it may extend to forty miles. Travellers who join a ravan are not obliged to submit to any discipline. There is no mmunity except that of dangers to be escaped, and an end to be ained; if they sustain an attack, each one consults his own courage, d does what in him lies to repel or escape the enemy. It rarely ppens that any regular disposition of force is made either for the ack or the defence, and occurrences of this nature always produce con- lerable disorder. The caravans are composed of men whose principal upation is commerce; but women are not excluded, and it is no common thing to see widows, having no other support, carrying on traffic of their deceased husbands. Among the strangers who n the caravan, there are generally found some destitute creatures, o, on the day of departure, know not how the bread of to-morrow to be obtained. But they are not disheartened; they trust in ovidence, and not in vain. Scarcely has the cavalcade started but ey find opportunities of making themselves useful, either in loading guiding the camels—for which little services they receive their daily d, and it is all that they desire. Thus they accomplish a long rney without expense on the one hand, or privation on the other. is in this way that numbers of poor husbandmen and labourers, not ding their toil sufficiently remunerated in the oases, make their way the coast, where they form the most intelligent, the most industrious, d the best-conducted portion of the community. One cannot mpare the habits and the wants of one of these camel-drivers of the sert with those of European wagoners, without being struck with contrast. The latter requires, as every night closes in, a f to shelter him, should it be only that of a hovel, d a bed, though but of straw. He needs nourishing d to support his strength, and his necessity is rendered more perious by the use of alcoholic liquors. But the Arab camel-

driver asks no bed but the sand, no roof but the sky; a fountain of pure water is his most luxurious tavern; his sustenance is moistened meal; and for these he offers thanks to Heaven. Five times a day he prostrates himself on the ground, laying his forehead on the sharp stones of the desert, if such be the paving of his route, and pours out his prayers to his Heavenly Guide, Protector, and Provider. The provisions generally used for a journey are roasted barley, dates, and butter, if one is desirous of luxury; if not, the only article is roasted barley." There can be no doubt that the cultivation of these African markets would favourably stimulate the depressed commercial interests of Great Britain. The scientific project which Mr. Mackenzie advocates is one which, for its magnitude, dwarfs even the exploits of M. Lesseps. It is no less than flooding 60,000 square miles of the Sahara from the Atlantic. The extensive depression of the plains of El Juf affords incontestible evidence of its having been formerly a vast inland sea 500 miles in length, and having at its greatest breadth a measurement of 120 miles. What Tanganyika and Nyassa are to the south centre of the continent, El Juf was to its northern centre—Sahara is, after all, a physical accident, and not the normal condition of the country. Boca Grande, or the Great Mouth, which was the entrance to this great sea, is slightly to the north of Cape Juby, and is formed between perpendicular rocks rising to a height of about 200 feet above the sea, with a width of about two miles and a half, having a sand-bar across, about thirty feet high at the south end, and ten feet at the north, and about 300 yards across. In stormy weather the waves break furiously against this bar, there is also a strong current setting continually against the shore, which caused the accumulation of sand that ultimately separated El Juf from the Atlantic Ocean. The Sakiet El Hamra Channel appears to widen considerably inland; a range of mountains at a long distance from the shore stretches from north to south; but opposite the Boca Grande there is almost a perpendicular break of about fifteen miles. The bed of this channel is said to be encrusted with marine salt. Captain Riley, who travelled over many miles of this region, says there could be no doubt in the mind of any one who should view it, that the bank of this valley was washed down by the sea at a comparatively modern period. "He also states that the channel was not more than ten miles wide where he passed it, but was very broad within, and extending a great way into the country, which seems clearly to prove that this valley was the north-west extremity of the great basin of El Juf, which got narrower as it approached the ocean. It is also stated that the banks of this channel rise to a height of about 500 feet, in some places perpendicular, with overhanging cliffs. It would appear from these observations that the bed of the channel is about 200 feet below the sea-level, in which the sailors of Canary, who *know the* place, concur. It does not appear that much difficulty *would be* encountered in clearing away the sand-bar at the mouth,

and admitting the ocean once more to cover its former bed. : . . It would open up a navigable highway for the commerce of England and the whole world to the heart of Africa from a point in close proximity to our own shores. The North African slave trade, with all its horrors, would disappear for ever in the face of legitimate commerce and civilization; the door for Christian missionaries would be opened, by which they could reach with effect the most intelligent races of Africa." The consular authorities in the African ports endorse the representations of Mr. Mackenzie, and speak enthusiastically of his proposals, and we should be glad to learn that he is sufficiently sustained by the home authorities to enable him at least to develop the Wadan route; but it is far easier to get money for torpedoes and Armstrongs than for projects which are intended to secure the commercial advancement of the country and the moral elevation of whole races of men. We would warn Mr. Mackenzie not to expect too much from the gratitude of his countrymen. Too well do we remember the neglect which our fellow-townsman, Waghorn, experienced, and his unrequited services for opening, at great personal peril, the Overland Route to India.

THE PATRIARCHAL SABBATH.

By the Rev. R. Cameron, Leeds.

MAN is a complex being, having great variety of requirements. He *must* labour, and requires periodical rest. He is an intelligent being, and needs knowledge. He is a spiritual being, and needs for his spiritual aliment the contemplation of spiritual things. Nor can it be supposed that one day in seven is more than enough for man, in any condition of life, to bestow upon the cultivation of his intellect and his heart. But, as it would be a great disturbance to the social system for each man to choose the day for himself, it is not too much to expect that the appointment should be made by an authority to which all might rationally be expected to bow. As it would only create confusion for each man to be allowed to choose the weather that he might deem most convenient, so there is an antecedent presumption in favour of a particular day of rest being prescribed by competent authority. That the patriarchs lived under such an appointment we do not doubt, but it may be of use to point out, at the outset, that there is a distinction to be made between the appointment of *one day in seven*, and the appointment of any one *day of the week* in particular to be that one, and, though both may be of Divine appointment, the

grounds of that appointment may be different in each case, as well as the evidence given us for each respectively. Thus, the reason annexed to the Fourth Commandment is a sufficient ground for observing periodically one of the seven days of the week "holy unto the Lord," in imitation of the Divine example; but it can hardly, with our knowledge of the slow process of the world's formation, be considered a sufficient reason for the appointment of one particular day in the week more than any other. What the fourth commandment enjoins is six days' labour, and after that one day's rest. "Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh day is the Sabbath!" What seventh? The seventh day *of the week?* It does not say so. If we work any six days consecutively, the next will be the seventh. The Jews kept an appointed day, but that day is not mentioned in the fourth commandment, nor is any reason there given that may not apply to any one day *of the week* as well as to any other. For the observing of one day in seven—the seventh day, the day that comes next after six working days—we can claim the authority of the fourth commandment, but not for the particular day of the week to be observed. For *that* we must draw our information from other sources. This, however, by the way. What we are concerned at present to notice is this, that there is a clear distinction between the periodical observance of a *seventh day rest*, and the observance of one particular day *of the week* as that rest day. For the former, we have a Divine example and command applicable to all ages of the world; for the latter, we have one set of indications applying to the old, and another set of indications applying to the new dispensation.

But passing from this distinction, our present business is to endeavour to show that a periodical seventh day rest was instituted by Divine authority in the earliest ages—that the institution was at first well known, and that, if at any time it was lost in the prevalence of a universal idolatry, it was again revived and observed by the worshippers of Jehovah as part of their religious service. In proof of this we observe—

I. That the Sabbath is a benefit to mankind in general, and has been gratefully received by the godly in particular as a boon from Heaven. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." In proportion as our minds are engrossed with earthly things, things earthly become more important in our eyes, until we cling to them by preference, and continue in them without interruption, and then we are not far from idol worship. The rest of the holy Sabbath to the Lord has a mighty counteracting influence upon the gravitating force of material things.

It is but too probable that the Sabbath was little known to the Antediluvians, but it is equally probable that the fact goes a great way to account for the Deluge. It is no less probable that the observance of the Sabbath, so far as it was observed by Israel in the wilderness, *accounts* in great measure for the fact that, in a single generation, a *horde of* slaves became an army of hardy conquerors, and surely there

can be no reasonable doubt that the universal observance of a weekly rest from unnecessary labour would be a benefit to the world at large. In so far as it is observed, it is an oasis in the wilderness of life's business—it is, to use the words of Dr. Winter Hamilton, "the chart of poverty and the shield of helplessness; it is the bow of promise and the anchor of hope; it is the best advantage and immunity of man; it is the respite of toil, the lull of strife, the down of weariness, the balm of woe. What" (says this eloquent preacher) "has ever tended so to prolong life, to raise civilization, to refine character, to excite reflection, to bind society, to cheer labour, to honour virtue, to repress exaction, to quicken liberty, to consolidate religion? The original blessing breathes around it still."

If not in the Patriarchal ages, the godly in all other ages have received it gratefully and profited by it. The Levites, in their confession of God's goodness at their return from the captivity, praise Him for His kindness to Israel, for deliverance from Egypt, for dividing the Red Sea, for the cloudy pillar, for manna from heaven, for water from the rock, and, amongst all other benefits, for "making known to them His holy Sabbath." Coleridge looked forward with great delight to the return of the Sabbath, the sacredness of which is said to have produced a wonderful effect on his temperament. To a friend he said one Sabbath morning, "I feel as if God had, by giving the Sabbath, given fifty-two springs in every year."

If these things be so—if the Sabbath is a benefit to mankind in general, and a delight to the godly in particular, is it likely that such a boon would be withheld from the Patriarchs, especially when we consider that the name which Jehovah has declared to be His memorial to all generations is "the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob"?

II. We notice next the saying of the Saviour that "the Sabbath was made for man." If Jesus, when He spoke these words, knew that He was the "Lord of the Sabbath," He knew for whom the Sabbath was made, and, if He knew that it was not made till the time of Moses, He ought to have said "the Sabbath was made for *men*," not *man*. Or if we insert the article as it is in the original, and translate "the Sabbath was made for *the* man, and not *the* man for the Sabbath," we have, as it would seem, a still more definite assertion of its universal applicability to men in all ages of the world, and it would almost seem to suggest that what was made for *the* man was made at a time when there was but *one* man. But, however this may be, the use of the article with a singular noun leaves no room to doubt that the Saviour meant that the Sabbath was made for humanity at large, and that, if it was given to the Jews by Moses, it was "not because it was of Moses, but of the Father." Hence the Levites (Neh. ix. 14), in their grateful acknowledgment for the gift, speak of it, not as the injunction of a newly-appointed ordinance, but

as the revelation to them of a previously-existing institution—"Thou hast *made known* to them Thy holy Sabbath."

III. What makes it more probable that the Sabbath was instituted in the earliest stage of human history is the fact of the Divine example set before us in the inspired narrative. This example is set in bold relief in the reason assigned for the institution of a weekly rest. "Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work." "*For* in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it." Now the reason here given is as applicable to one age of the world as to another, and what adds to the probability that the Sabbath dates from the completion of Creation is the early division of time into weeks. A revolution of the earth on its axis forms a day; a revolution of the moon round the earth a month; a solar revolution, a year; but nothing in nature marks the hebdomadal period. Whence is derived the division of time into weeks? Can any other origin be assigned to it than the Bible account of Creation? And for what purpose was such a measurement of time at first made, if not as a means to enable man to imitate the example of his Maker? Why should God's six days' work be set forth as an example for man to work, unless God's seventh day rest was also intended to be an example for man to rest?

If anything is needed to set this in a clearer light, it is the use of a word that has been the occasion of much unnecessary banter and scorn. In Exodus xxxi. 17, it is said in respect to God, that He rested on the seventh day, and was *refreshed*. The same word is used in Exodus xxiii. 12, in reference to man's Sabbath "that the stranger may be *refreshed*." And whatever the Divine refreshing may mean (for God's words have often a fuller meaning than they seem to have), the expression is used as the fittest for our training, and makes it demonstrably evident that the main object of the form into which the account of the Creation is cast is to teach us by way of example. Now, if God, in the works He performed "after the foundation of the world was laid," set an example for human imitation, and time from its commencement was measured by weeks, as if to furnish man with a facility for imitation, can it be supposed that He would allow twenty centuries and more of human history to elapse without a hint of His purpose? Was Adam, in his primitive purity; was Abraham, in his sublime devotion, ignorant of the conspicuous example set by the Divine Creator? Of course we do not mean to say that such men were bound down to the letter of the Jewish law. But the Sabbath law has a spirit as well as a letter. In the earliest stage of Jewish national history it is declared to be "holy unto the Lord," and in the prophets it is coupled with "delighting one's self in the Lord." Surely there is nothing *here of the* letter that killeth. If the letter was a sign between

God and "Israel after the flesh," the spirit is no less a sign between God and the "Israelite indeed."

We do not say, indeed, that the example set us in the account of Creation week has a definite reference to the day when our work should begin and the day on which it should end—for our days, though analagous to God's, are not of a piece with His, and do not join on to His. There may be some ground elsewhere for determining which day begins the week and which ends it, but there is none here; and therefore all that we can argue from this example is that our day of rest, like His, should be the day after six consecutive working days; but this is quite enough for our present purpose. What we have endeavoured to show is that the measurement of time by weeks in the earliest stages of the world's history can be accounted for (so far as we can see) in no way whatever but by supposing that man was put under an obligation to copy the example set him by his Maker in the revealed account of Creation week.

It has often been said that the Sabbath was instituted as a memorial of Creation. But there is nothing either in the account of Creation in Genesis, or in the reason annexed to the fourth commandment, to justify this inference. Creation is its own best memorial. "Si vis monumentum, circumspice." The fourth commandment does not mean "remember creation," except in the sense of "remember to imitate the example it furnishes." It takes for granted that there are points of resemblance between God's day and ours; but it does not say, "Your day is the same as Mine," any more than it says "Your work is the same as Mine."

IV. There are certain incidents recorded in Bible history, before the giving of the law, which imply the existence of a pre-Mosaic Sabbath.

1. When Paradise was lost there was still one hallowed spot to which man might resort, and find himself in "the presence of the Lord." Of what took place there from time to time, we are left in ignorance. But *one* scene is recorded—one, if not two. Two men have come to worship—brothers. They may have been there before—very likely. The younger brother comes to God's altar, and presents his gifts with an humble confession of sin, and acknowledgment of its desert. The elder brother has a gift also, but presents it without such dispositions. God, unto whose "presence" they have come, signifies His acceptance of the former with his gifts; but of the latter, He can neither accept the gift nor the giver. A voice from within, if not also from without, whispered to him of his error, and all might have been well if he had listened to that voice. But pride forbids, and anger urges him on to imbrue his hands in his brother's blood. And yet once again he comes into "the presence of the Lord," possibly this time with the additional gift of a "lamb of the flock, and the fat thereof." But this time was not like the last. *Then*, Abel was by his side, where is he now? If Cain puts forth his hands to offer

sacrifice, can he expect acceptance when these hands are full of blood? No; the voice of his brother's blood is loud within him, and has entered into the ears of the "Lord of Sabaoth." So he went out from "the presence of the Lord." He went out, and perhaps came no more. But *why should he have come at all?* Had he any liking for "the presence of the Lord"? Especially, why should he and his brother—two such opposite characters—have come *together* into "the presence of the Lord"? How can we explain this but by supposing that a particular time and place of worship had been appointed by Divine authority? The place was a place hallowed by "the presence of the Lord," the time—must it not have been the day the Lord had blessed?

2. Noah was in the ark twelve months; yet, at the end, as at the beginning, he reckoned his time by weeks. How was one week marked off from another? Something would be necessary—and necessary at the dividing of the weeks. Was it a ceremony? If so, would not such ceremony naturally connect itself with that God before whom Noah had walked till now, and who was now his potent Protector? And what form but the form of a Sabbath would the day assume on which such a ceremony was observed? Nay, are we not compelled to acknowledge that the week and the Sabbath must have had the same origin? And as the Jews began *formally* to count by Sabbaths from the time when the feast of weeks was instituted, and often afterwards substituted the word Sabbath for the word week, so there can be little doubt that counting by weeks in Patriarchal ages was *virtually* (what in process of time it became *formally*) counting by Sabbaths. The Sabbath is the spirit of the week, without which it cannot live. In confirmation of this remark we need only refer to Romme's New French Calendar that was adopted during the Revolution, and continued in force for twelve years. This Calendar, as Carlyle says, "instead of the world-old week or Se'ennight, substituted a Tennight, or Decade, not without results. There were three Decades in each month, and the Décadi, or tenth day, was to be a day of rest." Here, then, we have the week and the weekly Sabbath despatched with one and the same blow. The complete abandonment of the one is the obliteration *of* the other. Now, no one needs to be told, that a week was a common measure of time in Patriarchal ages. The inference is easily drawn.

3. Dr. Heylin argues, from the absence of direct allusion to the Sabbath in the history of the Patriarchs, that none existed in their day. But there is evidently much that is passed over in the sketch given us of the Patriarch's lives. Of Abraham's, for instance, in the record of his instructions, a selection is made of the most memorable. "Get thee out of thy country," "Offer up thy son," "Walk before me," complete nearly all recorded injunctions, except the law of circumcision. The Divine revelation made to him must have included many details not recorded; for Jehovah, in speaking of him to Isaac (Gen. xxvi. 5),

says, "Abraham obeyed My voice, and kept My *charge*, My *commandments*, My *statutes*, and My *laws*." What all these are we are not told, and it is not unlikely that the Sabbath law was one of them, especially as we find Abraham halting in his journeys, building an altar, calling on the name of the Lord, and then proceeding (Gen. xii. 7, 8, 9, and xiii. 4). It is not indeed said that he halted to sanctify the Sabbath, but these haltings are always connected with extraordinary devotions, and such devotions are the natural result of the Sabbath institution. Abraham's general conduct is in perfect harmony with the Sabbath idea. The quality of the fruit speaks of the soil that grows it.

4. We now come to the time of Moses. There is an incidental allusion to rest from labour connected with the mission of Moses into Egypt, which seems to show that the Sabbath was not unknown to the Jews before their exodus from the house of bondage. It is clear from Josh. xxiv. 14, as well as from Ezek. xx. 8 and xxiii. 3—8, that the Israelites in Egypt became steeped in Egyptian idolatry. But a time came when the galling cruelty of their taskmasters extorted from them an appeal to the God of their fathers (Numb. xx. 16), and God, who "knew their sorrows, sent an angel to deliver them." It might naturally be expected that, when they began to think of the God whom they had forsaken, they should also begin to think of those traditional institutions, the recollection of which had not quite faded from their memory. A revival of religion among the Jews was generally accompanied by a revival of religious institutions, and such a revival seems to have been taking place at the time of the incident we speak of, which is that recorded in Exod. v., where Pharaoh is reported as taxing the people with idleness, and expostulating with Moses and Aaron for interrupting their work. In the 5th verse Pharaoh is represented as saying—"Why do ye, Moses and Aaron, cause the people to rest from their burdens?" Now, the word here translated *rest* is the very word that is used throughout the Pentateuch to denote the *keeping of a Sabbath*. But, without laying undue stress on the ordinary meaning of this word, seeing that it is *occasionally* used in the sense of mere cessation or interruption, we may inquire, had Pharaoh's alleged grievance against the people and their leaders no colour of plausibility? We can hardly think so. The people he stigmatised as "idle," and the leaders he accused of causing them to "rest from their burdens." This accusation might very well have had some foundation in fact. Tacitus, long after, preferred the same accusation against the same people, and founded his accusation on their practice of Sabbatizing. Might it not be that, at this time, the people, who seem to have been working as much by the "piece" as by the "day" (Exod. v. 18), had begun to throw additional energy into the week's work in order to secure the privilege of the Sabbath rest, and that Pharaoh, taking a one-sided view of this fact, argued himself into the belief that the Sabbatizing to which they were stimulated

by Moses and Aaron was a proof of idleness, and that all his previous oppression had not exhausted their capacity for labour?

But, however this may be, the supposition of Israel's previous knowledge of the Sabbath is the only key to the understanding of the circumstances connected with the gathering of the manna, as related in Exod. xvi. 16—26. It was not in ignorance of the Sabbath that the elders of the congregation came to consult Moses, when every man gathered a double quantity of manna on the sixth day. Had they been ignorant of the Sabbath, there seems no reason why they should have consulted Moses at all. They might have said, "Oh! it is only beginning to come more plentifully." But they thought there was more than that in it. They knew that "to-morrow was the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord," but what they did not know was whether the manna would corrupt if kept over night, as it did before; what they did not know was whether the day of rest was to be so rigidly kept as to forbid gathering and cooking their food. And these were the questions settled by Moses' answer. For what does Moses say? Does he say, "To-morrow is the day you are now to begin to sanctify as a weekly rest"? No. He says, "A Sabbathōn, a Sabbath holy to the Lord, is to-morrow." And this word Sabbathōn is explained by Moses Stuart, in his Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, to mean "Sabbath by way of eminence," like the Sabbatismos of Heb. iv. 9. The people had already been instructed concerning the feast of unleavened bread. On the first day and on the seventh day of that feast no manner of work was to be done, "*except that which every man must eat*" (Exod. xii. 16). Was the same exception to be made in regard to the *weekly* Sabbath? No, says Moses. "To-morrow is a Sabbathōn"—a Sabbath by way of eminence. "You will find manna on any other Sabbath, but on this there shall be none?"

V. One remark yet remains to be made in respect to Creation week, and the reason annexed to the fourth commandment. We have already noticed that the six days' work of the Creator and His seventh day rest are adduced as an example to us, though His days may be as different from our days as His thoughts are above our thoughts, and that this example, being set at the very commencement of human existence, is an example to all to whom the knowledge of it comes. What we have now to notice is that the rest in both cases is *Sabbatic* rest. In the case of the Creator, His seventh day rest cannot mean *that* rest which belongs to Him as an Eternal and Unchangeable Being, but rest (as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews describes it) "from the works which were done after the world was founded." Now, this Sabbatic rest is not merely rest from labour. God's Sabbatic rest has an aspect manwards. It was entered upon immediately on man's creation. No sooner had the Creator finished the work of building and furnishing man's abode, and *breathing* into his nostrils the breath of life, than He gave to man

His Fatherly blessing, rejoicing over him as His new-born child, whilst "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Then it was that He entered into His rest (and here perhaps we may catch a glimpse of the meaning of that word "refreshed"); then, having blessed this Master-workmanship of His hands, and breathed into it His own living Spirit, He entered into a joyous rest, made His seventh day a blessed day, and hallowed it as a day of rejoicing—not a day as we count days, not a day like the foregoing six, which each had its evening and its morning, but a day in which God rests in His love to man, unfolding eternally new aspects of that glorious attribute, and ever being to those who trust Him "an exceeding great reward." God's Sabbatic rest has an aspect manwards, and so man's Sabbatic rest has an aspect Godwards. God set aside His seventh day for rejoicing in man, and what should man do less—supposing even no Divine appointment—than set aside *his* seventh day for rejoicing in God? If no positive precept had been given us requiring us to love God with all the heart, yet the fact, when known, that "God so loved the world as to give His Son to save it," *imposes an obligation*, as well as furnishes a motive for doing so. And so, if the most essential element of the Sabbatic rest is the resting of God's love on man on the one hand, and the resting of man's love on God on the other, as we cannot doubt it is, it follows from this that in hallowing His own Sabbath day, God hallowed also a day of rest for those in ALL AGES who should observe it, as well as that Eternal day—day without night—in which a full knowledge, appreciation, and enjoyment of His love is experienced by those who, their labours being ended here, enter into His everlasting rest.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

XIV.

THE reader of Mr. Foster's "Observations" will remember the part in which he adverts at some length to Mr. Hall's prayers as wanting in consecutiveness of thought, and that "the succession of sentences appeared almost casual, or in a connection too slight to hold the hearer's mind distinctly, for a time, to a certain object." But he adds, with strong emphasis, "the reverse was conspicuous in his preaching. He surpassed, perhaps, all preachers of recent times in the capital excellence of having a definite purpose, a distinct assignable subject in each sermon." * The structure of all

* "Works," vol. vi. p. 152.

his discourses was exceedingly simple, the parts naturally arranged, with the entire absence of any intention of taking the audience by surprise by some unexpected ingenuity; and, from the simple statement of the subject, few persons, if any, except regular hearers, would anticipate that a sermon of unusual brilliance and power was to follow it.

In those instances where he had fixed on a topic, and had arranged the treatment of it in his mind, without reference to any particular passage of Scripture, the text would not always indicate the subject which he intended to discuss. I remember one sermon of unusual excellence and solemnity on evil thoughts, and the necessity of a strenuous resistance of them, was founded on Gen. xv. 11—"*And when the fowls came down on the carcases, Abram drove them away.*" Occasionally he would fix on some passage without taking the precaution of ascertaining its place in the Bible. If, however, his brother-in-law, Mr. Isaac James, formerly the classical tutor in the Academy, who was jocosely styled "a living Concordance," happened to be at hand, no difficulty arose, for he would say in a moment where the passage was to be found. I was told that, on one occasion, Mr. Hall had prepared a sermon "On the uncertainty of life and the nearness of death," associating the subject with the words "In the midst of life we are in death." But while turning over the Bible in the vestry, and unable to find them there, he said—

"Mr. James, I cannot find my text; where is it?"

"If you will tell me, Mr. Hall, the words of it, I will try and help you."

"Why, sir, that wonderful passage, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'"

"Do you think, sir, that passage, fine and striking as it unquestionably is, is in the Bible?"

"Of course I do, Mr. James. It is my text, and must therefore be in the Bible, sir."

"I don't see that, Mr. Hall. You may have been thinking of a topic to which those words are suited; but they are not in the Bible, sir, they are in the Prayer-Book."

"Whatever am I to do, sir? That is my text, sir, and you know I cannot preach without a text."

"There are plenty of passages in the Bible, Mr. Hall, which express the sentiment of those words, with far greater distinctness and force. What think you of David's language to Jonathan—'*There is but a step betweeen me and death*'?"

"That is very striking, sir, and will suit most admirably. Wherever is it, sir?"

"We can find it in a moment if we look into the history of David and Jonathan. Here it is, Mr. Hall—1 Sam. xx. 3."

"Thank you, Mr. James. I don't know what I should have done

if you had not happened to be here, sir. But it is strange that the other passage, which you say is in the Prayer-Book, isn't in the Bible, too. It sounds exactly like the language of inspiration; and I question if it be not the finer of the two."

"No, Mr. Hall, not so. Your mind has been running on it, and connecting every part of your sermon with it, until it sounds and seems like Scripture. You will think differently after you have preached."

To attempt any analysis of the structure of Mr. Hall's mind, or to indicate the influence which it had on the preparation and delivery of his sermons, or to discuss, at any length, its leading characteristics, would be an impertinence, considering with what pre-eminent insight and ability that has been done by Mr. Foster in his "Observations on Mr. Hall's character as a preacher." I will only venture on some general remarks, intended, principally, for those who may not have had an opportunity of reading that extraordinary production. There was one circumstance which may be appropriately mentioned first, and which Mr. Foster would be sure to notice with sympathetic emphasis. "In the most admired of his sermons, and invariably in all his preaching, there was one excellence of a moral kind in which few eloquent preachers have ever equalled, and none ever did or will surpass him. It was so remarkable and obvious, that the reader (if having been also a hearer of Mr. Hall) will have gone before me when I name —oblivion of self. The preacher appeared wholly absorbed in his subject—given up to its possession, as the single actuating principle and impulse of the mental achievement which he was, as if unconsciously, performing;—*as if* unconsciously—for it was impossible it could be literally so; yet his absorption was so evident, there was so clear an absence of every sign betraying vanity, as to leave no doubt that reflection on himself, the tacit thought, 'It is I that am displaying this excellence of speech,' was the faintest action of his mind."

Besides this high moral attribute, there was another characteristic not less remarkable—his habitually refraining from all attempts to penetrate the unknown. He never passed the limits of ascertainable truth. "Speculative processes of thought seemed to have no attraction for him if they ceased to be susceptible of proof." However ardent his progress towards the end he proposed to himself, or however great the excitement of his mind at the time, he was aware, in a moment, when he approached the limit, and stopped without the least sign that he felt suddenly checked in his career, or any indication of a desire to hazard an incursion beyond the ground of evidence into the region of the unknown. "He would indicate how near, and in what direction, lay the shaded frontier; but dared not, did not seem even tempted, to invade its 'majesty of darkness.'" Hence, unlike many other men of genius, he did not indulge in visionary modes of thought, nor mere dreams of fancy. The desire to pass the limits which necessarily surround all finite beings, when it has become a passion

with men of lofty intellects, may be a luxury, but it is oftener the bane and curse of their lives.

No one who heard Mr. Hall with any frequency, or studied his writings with any care, could fail to be struck with his *style*. There was, indeed, no very great difference between his written and his spoken style. It was the reflection of his own thoughts and feelings. It can scarcely be said to have any marked peculiarities, and no writer of any eminence, that I am aware of, has tried to imitate it. When the peculiarities of a great writer are strongly marked, inferior writers will try to imitate them. But no one can successfully imitate Mr. Hall, but one who thinks and feels as he did. Gilfillan, whose recent sudden death at Dundee has deprived Scotland of one of her foremost public men, and literature of a writer of varied and remarkable power, describes his style as a compound of Addison, Johnson, and Burke. The facilities and fulness of the English language were greatly increased by these writers. But these advantages were shared by all who came after them. Mr. Hall used playfully to admit that in his earlier efforts he *did* try to imitate Johnson, but the effort was soon abandoned, and we see no traces in his writings of any imitation of these or any other eminent writers. His style is what Fénélon declares a good style should be—"like the glass through which an object is seen, but itself so transparent as to be unnoticed." Mr. Hall's writings are among the noblest specimens of the strength, precision, elegance, and force of the English tongue.

The structure of his compositions is perfectly musical. A late friend of mine has remarked * that great writers are great composers. To them the sound of words is what the sound of notes is to the musician. They combine words, as the musician combines notes with strains that are lively or solemn, sprightly or sad, pathetic or triumphant. Mr. Hall's sermons are like grand lyrics, each separate paragraph a melody, and the periods like bars in some lofty movement. Some one has observed that his written style "trembles on perfection." But what he spoke had a higher charm. The substance and form of his discourses were doubtless carefully and conscientiously prepared, but for the expression of his thoughts he was able mainly to rely on his wonderful power of extemporaneous utterance. He was so great a master of language that it may be questioned, whether the most careful elaboration could have improved the extempore utterance of the most abstract thinking when he was under intense excitement. He possessed so copious and splendid a vocabulary, ready at all times for instant use, that he was rarely at a loss for the most appropriate terms, and, under the impulse of intensely fervid emotion, they were strung together in forms of power and beauty not to be attained by the cool and silent elaboration of rhetorical art. Mr. Hall's verbal opulence was almost boundless.

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* Mr. Thomas Garland: Lecture at Redruth.

Why, then, did he not write more? is a question which has often been asked. Considering that to such a mind, and to one whose sufferings were so constant and acute, the mere act of writing greatly aggravating them—composition must have been a great restraint; rather is it wonderful that he wrote and published so much. Whitefield could send none of the fire of his tongue into his pen. It has been said that the celebrated Bradburn published only one sermon, and that no one who read it wished to see another. Coleridge groaned when chained to his desk; and Mr. Spurgeon is said, some years ago, to have described writing as the work of a slave.

It is not, however, so much a question of quantity as of quality. Some writers have acquired an undying fame who have published far less. His great sermon on "Modern Infidelity" excited almost universal attention among persons of intellect and culture; that on "The Death of the Princess Charlotte" stands pre-eminent among the multitude which that melancholy and disastrous event called forth. The closing pages of "Sentiments Proper to the Present Crisis" will bear comparison with any passage of equal length, in any work, ancient or modern. His work on "Terms of Communion" is a perfect model of controversial writing; and the latter part of "Christianity Consistent with the Love of Freedom" sweeps the reader along by its eloquence and force, and seems to have some of the grand elements of the prophetic. Even in the smaller productions of his pen there will be found numerous beautiful thoughts and ideas expressed in language of exquisite purity and elegance. These writings are of so high an order as to be incorporated with our classical literature, and are placed among the highest productions of the national intellect.

His political writings are not surpassed by any in the English language for force of thought and brilliance of expression. They are all aglow with his own ardent love of freedom, and his intense abhorrence of tyranny; of which we have striking examples in his splendid vindication of the principles of the British Constitution, and his solemn denunciations of all attempts to trifle with them, or set them aside. Considering Mr. Hall's position at Cambridge, and the condition of public affairs during the greater part of his life, when Toryism in its worst forms was rampant, his manly defence of Muir and Palmer, and of Drs. Price and Priestly, victims of the blind fury of mobs, and the machinations of an unprincipled Government, who had covered the land with spies, and artfully lured men to their destruction, making their ruin the reason for passing oppressive and iniquitous laws, was perfectly heroic. Let any one read his defence of village preaching, or his withering exposure of Bishop Horsley's attempt to uphold the odious doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and the divine right of kings, and he will be filled with admiration of the marvellous ability displayed in these performances, and Mr. Hall's devotion to the interests of freedom and

truth. The power which Pitt wielded over the nation was only equalled by his vast abilities. When he maintained the right of the king to land foreign troops in any part of the kingdom at his pleasure, the only check on this unconstitutional exercise of the prerogative being his inability to support them without the aid of Parliament—a doctrine recently revived and acted on, and defended in a similar manner, but by men who can lay no claim to the intellectual grandeur of Pitt, in whose honour pæans were sung, "as the pilot that had weathered the storm"—it required no little courage to rebuke the national infatuation, and to portray the idol of popular worship "as a veteran in frauds while in the bloom of youth, betraying first and then persecuting his earliest friends and connections, falsifying every promise and violating every political engagement, ever making the fairest professions a prelude to the darkest actions, punishing with the utmost rigour the publisher of the identical paper he himself had circulated, are traits in the conduct of Pitt which entitle him to a fatal pre-eminence in guilt."* All through his political writings we find the same tone of fearlessness, and the same force of expression; and it will be admitted by every candid reader that the principles set forth are founded in justice, and maintained with the earnestness and fervour of an ardent lover of freedom and truth. It was on these grounds that Mr. Hall so constantly and vigorously asserted the doctrines of Nonconformity; for it was an axiom with him that an establishment of religion by law was necessarily persecuting and unjust.

Not long ago a very intelligent friend, on whom I was urging the careful perusal and study of Mr. Hall's works, assigned as his reason for not doing so, "they were so easy to read and understand; they were not rough enough; there were no hard nuts to crack; and they were not original!" I ventured to reply—"You could not have uttered a higher eulogy; for Mr. Hall does the thinking for you, and you have only to look at the expression of the thought to see it almost without mental effort. The effort is his, and, consequently, he leaves you little else to do but to see and believe." I am persuaded that the charge of a want of originality does not fairly apply to Mr. Hall's writings. Clear thinking and clear expression are surely not incompatible with originality. I verily believe that many persons, who ought to know better, confound originality with obscurity, for the authors they most admire place their thoughts down so far, and so remote from sight, that it is with the utmost difficulty one can dig them up and bring them into the light. I shall indeed be glad if these few lines should induce my junior brethren in the ministry and in our churches to peruse and study Mr. Hall's works. These are times when our younger friends need to have their love for our principles renewed and strengthened—when they are not to be apologized for as

* "Works," vol. iii. p. 65.

if we were half ashamed of them, but when they are to be stoutly defended and gloried in—since they are identical with national progress and honour, and have been the primary instrument in extending "Civil and Religious Liberty all the world over."

The moral qualities of Mr. Hall's writings must never be forgotten. Whether we regard those that are secular, or those that are more strictly religious, they are invariably cast in the mould of truth and justice. The promotion of liberty and religion is their constant aim, while his unfaltering faith in evangelic doctrine, his impassioned love for the grand verities of the Gospel, his profound reverence for the authority of the Word of God, are elements which pervade all his publications, and impart to them undying interest and value.

Newport, Isle of Wight. F. T.

THE EARLY YEARS OF SAINT PAUL.

II.

ALTHOUGH several opinions are held as to the reason why, and as to the time when, the name Paul was given to Saul of Tarsus, we are in no doubt as to the period *from* which he is so designated in the inspired Scriptures. In the earlier verses of the 13th chapter of the Acts the word Saul occurs for the last time as the only name of the apostle; and in the 9th verse we read, "Then Saul, who also is called Paul." Thenceforth, in the Acts of the Apostles and in all the apostle's letters, the name Saul disappears, and the thrice-honoured "Paul" takes its place. The words just quoted occur in the narrative of the conversion of the Roman Governor, Sergius Paulus, to the Christian faith; hence many have supposed that it was in honour of the Proconsul, and in memory of his conversion, that Saul for the future bore his name. But this reasoning is defective; for the words, "who is also called Paul," may mean, "who has been called Paul for a long time," and, therefore, state nothing clearly as to the reason why he received the name at first. A note of Dean Alford upon this 9th verse is worth quoting:—"This notice marks the transition from the former part of his history, where he is uniformly called Saul, to the latter and larger portion, where he is, without exception, known as Paul. I do not regard it as indicative of any change of name at the time of this incident, or *from* that time. The evidence which I deduce from it is of a different kind, and not without interest to inquirers into the character and authorship of Luke's history. Hitherto, our evangelist has been describing events, *the truth of* which he had ascertained by research

and from the narratives of others. But henceforward there is reason to think that the joint memoirs of himself and the great apostle furnish the material of the book. In those memoirs the apostle is universally known by the name Paul, which superseded the other. If this was the first incident at which Luke was present, or the first memoir derived from Paul himself, or, which is plain, however doubtful may be the other alternatives, the commencement of that part of the history which is to narrate the teaching and travels of the Apostle Paul, it would be natural that a note should be made identifying the two names as belonging to the same person."

We may now proceed to speak concerning the *relatives* of St. Paul. Of these the records are scanty—the names of his parents being entirely unknown. A tradition is mentioned by St. Jerome that they came originally from Giscala, a town in Galilee, when it was stormed by the Romans, and, in the opinion of some, this tradition throws light upon Phil. iii. 5, in which the apostle terms himself "a Hebrew of the Hebrews"—Paul meaning by the phrase, not only that both his parents were of the Jewish nation, but also that they were both born in the dear and sacred land of Palestine. We know for certain that Paul was not the only child of his parents, for in Acts xxiii. 16 we read of "Paul's sister's son," but as to his sister's character, whether or not she became a Christian, and whether she and Paul were the only children of their parents, we are left in entire ignorance. In Rom. xvi. 21, St. Paul writes, "Lucius, and Jason, and Sosipater, my kinsmen, salute you," and in the 11th verse of the same chapter he says, "Salute Herodion my kinsman," but whether they were near or remote relatives we are not informed. The same remark applies to "Andronicus and Junia my kinsmen, and my fellow-prisoners, who are of note among the apostles, who also were in Christ (converted) before me." In the 13th verse the apostle also writes, "Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and *mine*," but the word "mine" was, in all probability, used in a figurative sense to express his spiritual esteem for her on account of acts of kindness received from her in former days. We are quite certain as to the Jewish tribe to which the apostle belonged—"the tribe of Benjamin." In Gen. xlix. 27, we have the record of Jacob's inspired prediction concerning this tribe—"Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Some interpreters see in these words the prophecy of St. Paul's Jewish and Christian life; for he ravined "as a wolf," they say, when, like a fierce wild beast, he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the flock of Christ, and in the evening "he divided the spoil," when, after his conversion, he so often triumphed over the powers of darkness, and laid at the feet of his Divine Leader so many trophies of spiritual victory. The tribe of Benjamin was never very distinguished in the ancient annals of the Hebrew nation. It is true that *it* gave the first king to Israel, but the royalty of "Saul, the son

of Kish," does not add much to the renown of his nation. However, its shortcomings are more than compensated by the production of Saul of Tarsus—the greatest name in Jewish history, and, perhaps, the foremost in the annals of the whole human race.

Although "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," the apostle was not unwilling to be termed "a Roman," and more than once we find him claiming the privileges connected with the latter distinguished name. For example, when he and Silas were unjustly scourged and imprisoned at Philippi, with what patriotic indignation comes the utterance of the noble words, "They have beaten us openly and uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? Nay, verily; but let them come themselves and fetch us out." What volumes of history are contained in the words that follow:—"The magistrates feared when they heard that they (the prisoners) were Romans." We also know that the apostle inherited this great privilege of Roman citizenship; for when the chief captain of the temple said to Paul—Acts xxii. 28—"With a great sum obtained I this freedom," Paul said, "But I was free born." The apostle's Roman freedom was therefore derived from his father, but how his father obtained it is not certain. It is possible he may have purchased it, as the chief captain did, just mentioned; or he might have obtained it as a reward for services rendered to some distinguished Roman. A third conjecture is contained in the following quotation:—"Great numbers of Jews were made slaves in the civil wars, and then manumitted. A slave manumitted with due formalities became a Roman citizen. Thus it is natural to suppose that the apostle, with other Cilician Jews, may have been, like Horace, *libertino patre natus*—born of a father who was a freed man."—Sat. I., vi. 45. If this last opinion be correct, it will throw some light upon Acts vi. 9, where a synagogue of the Libertines is mentioned in connection with Paul's native province of Cilicia. These Libertines, or freed men, were among the bitter opponents of St. Stephen—probably taking part afterwards in his cruel martyrdom. We may suppose that Saul of Tarsus joined himself to these Jewish bigots of Cilicia, took part with them in their contentions concerning Stephen, as he was certainly afterwards one of the promoters of his death.

The following sentences from Conybeare and Howson's valuable Life of St. Paul, condense all that is known in reference to St. Paul's Roman "freedom":—"We have good reason to believe that at the period of the apostle's birth the Jews were unmolested at Tarsus, where his father lived and enjoyed the rights of a Roman citizen. It is a mistake to suppose that this citizenship was a privilege which belonged to the members of the family, as being natives of this city. Tarsus was not a *municipium*, nor was it a *colonia*, like Philippi in Macedonia, or Antioch in Pisidia, but it was a 'free city' (*urbs libera*), like the Syrian Antioch and its neighbour city Seleucia on the sea. Such a city had the privilege of being governed by its

own magistrates, and was exempted from the occupation of a Roman garrison, but its citizens did not necessarily possess the *civitas* of Rome. Tarsus had received great benefits both from Julius Cæsar and Augustus, but the father of St. Paul was not on that account a Roman citizen. This privilege had been granted to him, or had descended to him, as an individual right; he might have purchased it for 'a large sum' of money; but it is more probable that it came to him as a reward of services rendered, during the civil wars, to some influential Roman. We should not be in serious error if we were to say, in language suggested by the narrative of St. Stephen's martyrdom (Acts vi. 9), that St. Paul's father was a Cilician *Libertinus*. That Jews were not unfrequently Roman citizens, we learn from Josephus, who mentions in the 'Jewish War' some even of the equestrian order, who were illegally scourged and crucified by Florus at Jerusalem; and (what is more to our present point) enumerates certain of his countrymen who possessed the Roman franchise at Ephesus, in that important series of decrees relating to the Jews, which were issued in the time of Julius Cæsar, and are preserved in the second book of the 'Antiquities.' The family of St. Paul were in the same position at Tarsus as those who were Jews of Asia Minor, and yet citizens of Rome at Ephesus; and thus it came to pass that, while many of his contemporaries were willing to expend 'a large sum' in the purchase of this freedom, the apostle himself 'was free-born.'"

It is natural to ask the question—In what class of society was Saul of Tarsus born? A question, however, more easily asked than answered, there being in the inspired Scriptures no direct information concerning the matter. Some persons have conjectured that the parents of the apostle were rich, judging from the fact that he was sent from Tarsus to Jerusalem to study, and remained in the Holy City probably for several years. But the reasoning is not conclusive. We all know that in the various parts of Europe very poor youths begin their education in grammar schools, pass on to the universities in straitened circumstances, and obtain, notwithstanding their poverty, the very highest honours there. It might have been so in Saul's case, for Tarsus abounded in schools of learning. The future apostle, from his native mental power, could not but distinguish himself as a scholar, and, as such, a rich relative or neighbour would readily supply the pecuniary means to enable the gifted young student to take his place "at the feet" of the renowned Gamaliel.

The fact is indisputable that Saul in his youth learnt the trade of a "tentmaker," and hence some have argued that he was born in poverty. This fact is worth dwelling upon, that the illustrious apostle learnt a trade in his youth, and in his after-life sometimes worked at it, prompted by the most pious motives. In Acts xviii. 3 the nature of his trade is referred to—"And, because he was of the same craft, he abode with them and wrought, for by their occupation *they were* tentmakers." There is a striking reference to this manual

occupation of the apostle in his address at Miletus to the elders of the church at Ephesus—"Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." It is well known that in ancient times Paul's native province of Cilicia abounded with black goats, and that, from the shaggy hair of these animals, the coverings of tents were made. These goats still abound in that region, and travellers tell us of the black tents which are still to be seen. The hair shirts mentioned in the life of Thomas of Canterbury, and that of other monks, were probably manufactured there; the Latin name for this penitential garment being *Cilicium*, and obviously the same as the word Cilicia. But as the studies of Saul at Jerusalem are no proof of his father's wealth, so the learning of a trade by Saul is no proof of his father's poverty. It is an admitted fact among the biographers of the apostle that anciently even rich Jews caused their sons to learn some mechanical trade, to which they might have recourse for a livelihood in case adverse circumstances came upon them, and the following proverb upon the point is often quoted from the writings of the Rabbis:—"He that does not teach his son a trade, teaches him to become a thief." In the absence of direct proof we may conjecture that the father of Paul was neither rich nor in penury, but blest with that happy means which Agur desired when he prayed "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

One fact seems certain, that Saul of Tarsus belonged to the humbler ranks of life; and thus affords a notable illustration of the oft-repeated truth that, as the sun rising from a lowly horizon, scales the sky and scatters the gloom of night, so from the cottage, rather than from the palace, come forth "the lights of the world"—the great mental leaders and spiritual benefactors of mankind.

COMPLETENESS IN CHRIST;

OR, RITUALISM AND SPIRITISM JUDGED BY ST. PAUL.

"Ye are complete in Him."—Col. ii. 10.

THE Churches of the apostles' days were not so perfect as is commonly supposed. They started with earnestness, strong faith, and self-denying zeal; but, to a great extent, they were soon drawn away from every one of these. Large numbers of the early Christians left their first love—had a name to live, but were dead—kept the form of godliness, but denied the power—and were even

moved from the faith of the Gospel. The pride and boast of the apostles were, that they were able to offer to every man a perfect Gospel, the whole truth, and complete salvation. Their favourite theme was the fulness of Christ, and the unfathomable depths of wisdom, knowledge, and love that were to be found in Him. His riches were unsearchable, and His power infinite. But their followers did not always attain to this perfect confidence. Some of them, still clinging to their early trust in meritorious works, let go their faith for the ordinances of Judaism, and the fasts and ceremonies of an outward law; while others, stimulated by a curiosity which the Gospel failed to satisfy, attempted, by methods of their own, to "intrude into things which are not seen." The effect of both these movements was in one respect the same: they led away from Christ.

This was peculiarly the case with the Church at Colosse. That Church is supposed to have been founded by Epaphras, who visited Paul in his imprisonment at Rome. Epaphras had brought to Paul the gratifying intelligence that the Church, as a whole, still retained its faith in Jesus, and love to all the saints. But this did not hold good of all. There were certain disturbers of the Churches who had unsettled the minds of many of the believers, and shaken their faith in the sufficiency of Christ. Among the things which these newcomers affirmed, were the necessity for circumcision, the binding obligation to observe feasts, new moons, and Sabbaths, and the virtue of fasts, as the true means of holiness. They also wrought upon the natural curiosity and love of mysticism, which were so common in that region, by pretending that they could obtain new revelations through the invocation of angels. All this, introduced as it was under the name of Christianity, had begun to make havoc in the Church, and there were, at any rate, some of its members who were in imminent danger of being "spoiled by philosophy and vain deceit after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." The Apostle Paul was troubled by the intelligence, and wrote at once to this Church in danger. Christ, he maintained, was all-sufficient. They could not get beyond Him, or rise above Him, though they might forsake Him. Their listening to these teachers was a sign of declining faith. If they followed them, they would soon cease to "hold the Head," and nothing could compensate for the loss they would sustain. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and ye are complete in Him."

Let us examine—

I.—*The fact which is here affirmed.*

"Ye are complete in Christ." These words are too often quoted as meaning nothing more than the imputation to the believer of the completeness of Christ, and the prospective perfection of all His disciples. But a careful reading of the whole chapter will show that the intention of the apostle is to give a direct denial to those false teachers

who were attempting to persuade the Colossians that Christ and His Gospel were not sufficient to ensure perfect safety or perfect sanctity, and that they themselves could procure, by means of angels, a superior revelation to that which the Gospel of Christ had put into their hands. In the face of all such assertions, and in direct denial of all such claims, he boldly affirms that in Christ are hid all treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and we are "complete in Him."

What is the completeness we have in Christ? The field is a very wide one. We shall confine ourselves to the three things at which the Colossians were aiming, about which they had misgivings, and which Paul, therefore, had in his mind. They were beginning to question the sufficiency of Christ to give to those who believe complete safety, complete sanctity, and complete illumination. Paul affirms His sufficiency for all these; and hence our completeness in Christ.

1. In Christ we have complete security.

The longing for safety and for the assurance of safety is inherent in us all. "What must I do to be saved?" is the instinctive cry of all who are conscious of danger. The Gospel meets that want, and with unfaltering confidence replies, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But whilst this expresses the creed of the Church, it does not express the assurance of every Christian. The history of the Church is the history of constant additions made by the Church itself to the essential pre-requisites of salvation, as taught by the Lord. Enlarged confessions, additional articles, outward ordinances, rites and ceremonies, confession and penance, are but a few of the things which have been introduced to increase the security of those who believe. And just because there is always some danger that even Christians should lose their perfect confidence, and try by other means to add to their safety, it is not a useless thing to go now and then beneath the surface, and survey for ourselves the foundations of our faith. What is it, then, that makes our security complete?

(1) The completeness of Christ's atonement. Christ has not only atoned for sin, but atoned for all sin: not for the sins of one generation, but for the sins of all. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree." "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." Words could not add intensity to the assurance, and surely nothing can be needed to add to the fact. However crimson may be your sins, there is the Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and they shall be as wool. However deep the stain may penetrate, the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Bold, indeed, must any man be who can ever affirm that he can add to such an atonement, or that, without his absolution, the sin cannot be

removed. And timid must be he who, with this fact before him, cannot look alone to Christ, and in the cross of Christ find perfect peace.

(2) The completness of His power to save. We are saved by faith, but it is not faith that saves. The power that saves is the power of Christ, and it is His hand that delivers. We are safe, not because of the strength of our faith, but because of the power of our Saviour's arm. And if we have the feeblest faith, faith only as a grain of mustard seed, He is able to save to the uttermost, and none can pluck us out of His hand. "All power is given to Me, in heaven and earth." Omnipotence is engaged in saving all who believe. To that Omnipotence what mortal can add? From it who can take away?

(3) The completeness of His own guarantee. We are not left to draw our own conclusions, either from what He has done or what we have seen. We have His own express declaration: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall never come into condemnation." "I give to them eternal life, and they shall never perish." Could words be plainer, or guarantee more sure? What could make the foundation of our hopes more firm, or give us greater security than these facts and words contain? Surely the attempt to add can only diminish the safety of those who, because they believe in Christ, are already complete in Him.

2. In Christ we have the fullest provision for our perfect sanctity.

There is a great difference between perfect safety and perfect sanctity, and however men may admit our safety in Christ, it is just because they cannot see our sanctity that they offer, with so much plausibility, a more excellent way. We admit without reserve the defects of the Church, and the grievous failings of even Christian men. The Church is not what it might be, nor what it ought to be. The sufficiency of Christ to give strength of principle, purity of feeling, uprightness of character, is not shown as it ought to be by those who believe. But no conclusion could be more erroneous than that we must, therefore, give up our faith and look elsewhere. If your faith fail, it is from the falseness of your faith, not from the insufficiency of Christ. No remedy for sin can be more potent than this, and no sanctifying power be found except in Him. Not only can He destroy the power of sin, so that it shall have no more dominion over us; but to the very roots can that power go—take away the love of sinning and cleanse from all sin. Perfect we are not; but there are spirits of just men made perfect, and that perfection they derived from Christ. Angelic spirits are not purer than they. And the power that lifted them so high is not exhausted. Christ wants no human help to supplement His failing power. Still *is He mighty* to save, and that from all sin. Heaven is not too pure

for Him to make us meet to enter it, nor His throne too holy for Him to enable us to grace it. "To him that overcometh will I give to sit down upon My throne." "He will present you faultless before the presence of His glory." Can anything increase this power, or can you need to go elsewhere for holiness of any kind, when you are thus complete in Christ?

3. In Christ we have a perfect revelation.

We have no more perfect knowledge than perfect holiness. The diversities, controversies, and errors of the Churches have often been a byword in the world. We admit all this, but are we, therefore, to say that the fault is in the defective revelation, and not rather in ourselves? Are we to leave the Bible because we fail to interpret it, and pronounce it insufficient because our faculties are defective? The question is not whether we can see clearly, but whether the sun is shining brightly; not whether we are infallible, but whether in the treasure-house of Christ we can find all the truth. And to this it is that the apostle gives so clear and confident a reply. "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." "And ye are complete in Him."

First, then, we have in Christ *the only complete revelation of God.* "The heavens declare His glory; the firmament showeth His handiwork;" but Christ alone has shown God, or could ever say, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." To this revelation no words could add; for in Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead, and God was manifest in Him. Then, again, we have in Christ *a complete revelation of the way to God.* "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." The shorter ways that men have opened have never reached to God. The helps that they have devised have always hindered in the end. In this clear path all men can walk; the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein; and we, pointing to Christ, may always say, "Behold the way to God." And, lastly, we have in Christ *a complete revelation of immortality and heaven.* "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," but God hath revealed them to us. Jesus Christ has brought life and immortality to light. All that we could understand He has made plainly known. There are depths and heights that cannot be shown till we have passed within the veil. Paul, when caught up, heard words, but when he came down to the atmosphere of earth they could not be uttered. And when Lazarus returned, if his own sisters asked him, "Where wast thou, brother, those four days?" we are sure he could not tell. The very pretence of speaking the unspeakable and showing the unseen is its own condemnation. No revelation has ever surpassed the revelation that Christ has given us here. The eye could see no more of the realities of heaven, whatever picture might pass before it; spirits of air could tell us no more, with whatever eloquence they might discourse. The revelation is perfect; science

can add to new discoveries, and modern inspiration supply no defects. Thus all is complete; a perfect Christ, a complete atonement, a fountain of holiness, and all the truth. "And we are complete in Him."

II.—*The twofold error by which this fact had been obscured.*

If we carefully read this letter to the Colossian Church, we shall find that under the name of Christianity two very different movements were going on in the Church, which were altogether opposed to the teaching of Paul, and may fairly be classed under the modern names of Ritualism and Spiritism. On the one hand, it was plainly affirmed that, however important it might be to have faith in Christ, this alone could never be enough to ensure salvation. Circumcision was still essential; "meats and drinks" were questions of vital importance; "holy days, new moons, and Sabbaths" must be rigidly observed, and true holiness could only be promoted by abstinence and fasts: "touch not, taste not, handle not" (vv. 11, 16, 21). These were the things which this new school had taught as things of vital importance, if not even more essential than faith. On the other hand, a very different movement was making its way in the Church. The craving for light had been satisfied for a time by the revelations and truths of the Gospel. The preaching of Christ had been like a fountain to a thirsty traveller, so thoroughly had it met their wants and satisfied their longings. But new teachers had arisen now, whose boast was that they had left Christianity behind. They had found out the way to obtain new revelations, and discover still further truth. Angels came at their call and revealed the secrets of the unseen world. They had but to invoke (*Angl.* worship) angelic beings, and they opened a world that Christ had left closed, and so enabled them to intrude into things not seen (ver. 18). We are not told whether these new teachers formed two schools or only one; nor does it really matter. It is enough to know that while the one sought, by means of ritualism, to increase the safety of the believer in Christ, the other pretended, by means of spiritualism, to add to the revelation that Christ had already made. The one point of agreement was unbelief in the sufficiency of the Gospel, and the completeness of the believer *in Christ*. This, then, is the twofold evil with which Paul here sets himself to deal, and against which he so earnestly bids the Christians of Colosse to be upon their guard. He assures them that they cannot admit it in either form without forsaking Christ. Once admit that the work of Christ is insufficient, or that the revelation of Christ may be surpassed, and, however you may still profess to regard the Gospel with veneration, and Christ Himself with esteem, you are seeking elsewhere for security and light, you are drifting away from Him, and, whatever creed you profess, you no longer hold the Head.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since these words were written. *Judaism* has long been buried in its grave; and the worship of angels

is a thing of the past that no one could ever expect to see revived. But the old errors are not dead, and under new names they perpetually reappear. The works of Paul were written for his own century; they might have been written for ours. The two modern movements in the religious world that are attracting the most attention, and apparently meeting with the greatest success, bear the most striking resemblance to those which had disturbed the Colossian Church; and our only reason for introducing the subject at all is, that they are not only shaking the faith of some, but are striving hard to push their way in the Church, and are regarded on every hand with anxiety and alarm.

Ritualism, so far as we can understand it, has no other footing for its pretensions, and no other ground for its claims, than the insufficiency of faith in Christ and our incompleteness in Him. However it may clothe its doctrines in guarded words, and affirm the steadfastness of its faith, the whole spirit of the movement is the insufficiency of Christ. The exaggerated worth attached to outward ceremonies, the emphatic assertion of sacramental efficacy, the importance given to confession, absolution, and every function of the priest, all teach the same thing—namely, that we are not complete in Christ, and that these alone can make us really secure. And this is the only point at which we need care to look. We have nothing to do with the mode of worship which ritualists or others may prefer to adopt. It does not concern us at all that they burn incense in their churches, intone their prayers, place a cross upon the altar, wear coloured vestments at the communion, and seek to give effect to their worship by imposing music and gorgeous processions. But when all this is but the attractive drapery of the most pernicious doctrines, of priestly power to bind and loose, of sacramental efficacy, which is both essential and sufficient for salvation, and of that which is the worst of all, the offerings by the priest of a continual sacrifice for sin, so completely does it throw Christ and the Gospel of Christ into the shade, that we cannot pass it by. Seek your salvation by such means as these, and the priest becomes your saviour, sacraments the foundation of your hope, and the ritual your guide. They lead inevitably away from Christ, and you will soon cease to "hold the Head."

Spiritualism, as it is now called, leads to the same results by a very different road. If it were nothing more than a new mode of scientific research, we should neither care to deal with it, nor desire to stop it. The spirit of inquiry is honourable in all, and all thoughtful research is to be highly commended. But this professes to follow up the revelation of truth, not by the researches of man, but by the invocation of spirits unseen. As the Colossians were taught that by invoking angels they could obtain new revelations and further insight into the spirit-world, and thus it would be possible to intrude into things not seen; so do modern spiritualists maintain that by the invocation of spirits they can discover what Christ

led to teach, and leave His revelation far behind. And in this respect we can see no difference between the movement of the first century and that of our own. The spirit of both is the insufficiency of the Christian revelation, and the tendency of both to lead away from Christ. Spirits are invoked to tell what Christ has told far better before, and revelations professedly obtained which will not bear a moment's comparison with those which He had made. And yet the effect is too obviously just the same as in the days of Paul. Christ is left for lesser lights; the Bible is neglected for newer revelations; and, under the stimulus of an unhealthy curiosity, the belief gains ground that we can advance beyond the Gospel, and are not complete in Christ.

III.—*The spirit of unbelief out of which both these errors sprang.*

It is worthy of notice that the things mentioned by Paul as practised by the false teachers of Colosse were nearly all of them such as he had at other times pronounced to be quite harmless in themselves. He saw no necessary harm in circumcision, for he had taken Timothy and circumcised him. He could not see any real harm in holy days, or Sabbaths, for he both went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and went up to Jerusalem to the feasts. He maintained at other times the right of every man to regulate his own diet, and to eat meat or herbs as he pleased. And, inasmuch as some of the holiest men had been visited by angels, and he had received a visit from the angel of the Lord, it cannot have been in the fact that angels' visits were desired that the real evil lay. He knew well that the zeal of both teachers and disciples sprang out of a deep-seated distrust in the sufficiency of faith in Christ, and in the completeness of the Christian revelation. The importance attached to all these things was proof enough of this. Their faith had little root. Belief was the profession of their lips, but the real groundwork of the whole was growing unbelief. And are we wrong in saying that it is so still? If the ritualism, which is unquestionably on the increase, and of which so much is heard, were nothing but the expression of a desire for a more æsthetic worship, a more refined taste, and a more impressive and attractive service of praise, we might even wish it success in its enterprise. This is no doubt to a great extent the secret of its power, and no mistake could well be greater than to suppose that the way to meet it is to keep our own service dreary and our singing bad. But this is not the meaning of the whole. That exaggeration of the worth and power of sacraments, that claim to priestly power, that perpetual round of holy days, with their ritual services and fasts, that incense and procession, all spring from a desire to add to the work that Christ has accomplished, to increase the safety which simple faith [illegible] words, from unbelief in the fact that we are com-

And the other movement too truly indicates the same. No doubt the crowd are attracted still by vague curiosity and the old desire of the Athenians to hear some new thing. But there are men more thoroughly in earnest, who are either seeking, or think they have found, a new revelation. And what explains the earnestness they manifest? How is it that men will spend whole evenings in listening for the revelations of a spirit, who have never spent half the time in reading or studying the revelations of Christ, and who welcome as a God-sent message some feeble echo of the very words of Christ which they possess in their Bibles, and might read for themselves? Is it not that the Bible has lost its hold, that they think they have outgrown its teaching and exhausted all its truths? We could confidently appeal to the candour of many, and ask, Was not Paul right in his judgment? You have really ceased to "hold the Head." You are drifting away from Christ. You are not satisfied that in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. There is a strong latent unbelief at the bottom of the whole. You are hiding Christ from yourselves by your invocation of spirits, and seeking to get new revelations for yourselves, just because you do not believe that we are complete in Christ.

IV.—*The true safeguard against all such evils.*

"Ye are complete *in Christ*." These words denote not merely the completeness of Christ in relation to us, but our own personal union with Him. "*In Him.*" This was the emphatic statement of Christ: "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in Me." And hence the earnest desire of Paul that his readers should be "rooted and built up in Christ," and that they should hold "the Head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God." This was, and still is, the true secret of all stability. Our fickleness or firmness, our being satisfied with Christ or seeking satisfaction elsewhere, all depend upon the reality of our own union to Christ, and the extent to which we "hold the Head."

And this explains the apostle's mode of dealing with both these questions. Had he been some modern theologian, he would no doubt have met them in a very different way. He would have gone into the whole question of the repeal of certain canons of the Mosaic law. The existing force of the Old Testament ritual would have been thoroughly discussed, and the binding nature of certain ordinances would have been all passed in review. He would also have taken up the question whether the angels referred to were real or fictitious, good or bad, and whether the phenomena were produced by magnetism, machinery, or spiritual power. He does nothing of the kind. He goes at once to the point: real or unreal, repealed or unrepealed, one

thing condemns them all—they lead away from Christ. This is enough for him. You cannot seek for new revelations, intrude into things not seen, go to angels for new light, without becoming dissatisfied with Christ, and going quite away from Him. Nor can you seek, by any means whatever, to secure greater holiness and truer safety than Christ gives to those who believe, without showing that already your faith in Christ is giving way, and losing eventually all your hold. This was to him the only thing worth contending for at all. The one thing needful is that you yourself should be in Christ, rooted and built up in Him. If you are, you will never need or wish to go elsewhere for safety, sanctity, or light. Abide in Him, and you are complete in Him; for it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell.

And this is the great point still. We have no anxiety to settle the question whether certain canons have been repealed, or whether certain sounds and signs proceed from spirits, real or unreal, good or bad; but we are supremely anxious that neither the one nor the other should draw you away from Christ, or weaken your desire to abide in Him. "Ye are complete in Him." Have faith in Christ, and your salvation is sure. Abide in Him, and nothing can be needed to add to your safety, nor can anything diminish it or take it away. Build on the foundation He has laid, and nothing can destroy your security or peace. But go away from Him, and look for greater safety to either sacrament or priest, and soon your peace will be broken, and your security gone. Abide in Christ, and the nearer you live to Him the more will you discover that in His Word there are depths of wisdom you have never fathomed yet; and that by the more earnest study of that Word, where you behold as in a glass the glory of the Lord, you may be led into all the truth. The Spirit of God, taking of the things of Christ, will open before you fields unexplored, and deep mines of glorious truth into which you have never gone, and unlock many a treasure of wisdom and knowledge that has hitherto been hid in Christ. But search elsewhere for new revelation, and wherever you are led you will assuredly soon be led into darkness and not into light—you will be led away from Christ, in whom is all truth.

We are complete in Christ. Let us, therefore, guard our hearts with all diligence against the entrance of unbelief. No power can strengthen the foundations He has laid, no new sacrifice enhance the worth of the atonement He made for our sin, no priestly absolution enlarge the range of His forgiving love, and no priestly hand confer a holiness that faith in Him will not secure. His work is perfect, and His Word complete. Spirits of air, however called, can lead us no farther than the Spirit of Christ; and all the spiritual light that we shall ever get on earth is the light that has yet to break forth from His Holy Word. And whoever may pretend to show *me* a better foundation for my hope, and a better revelation to

throw light upon my road to heaven, it is enough for me that I am complete in Christ, and all my desire in life and death is to abide in Him.

"Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the Gospel to my heart."

—"*The Christian Mirror,*" *and other Sermons. By the late Rev. James Martin, B.A., Melbourne, Victoria.*

THE AGE OF MAN: THE BONE CAVES: THE SUPPOSED "FLINT IMPLEMENTS."

LET us leave the subject which has occupied us so long, and turn to another and more modern chapter of controversy. Many geologists of high name and reputation have manifested a most eager desire to have it believed that man has existed a great deal longer on the earth than the Bible account declares—even when the different numbers of the Hebrew text, the Samaritan Pentateuch, and the Septuagint have been compared and digested, and set down as extending not simply to 7,000 years, but possibly to 10,000 years.

Boucher de Perthes, a French gentleman of Abbeville, may be considered as giving the start to the very wild fancies about the age of man on the earth which have become so common with leading geologists. He first observed in 1841 what he regarded as a flint hatchet made by human hands, among some Mammalian petrifactions; and soon after found other chipped or split flints which he also believed to be the work of early men. In 1846, he published a book affirming that he had discovered *human implements* in the Drift; and in the next year he put forth another book, with drawings of the flints. Most people looked upon him as a mere enthusiast, and did not hesitate to say he was "cracked." In 1859—the year of the publication of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species"—Dr. Falconer went to see the collection of what M. de Perthes called his "human implements"; and then persuaded Evans and Prestwich to go to the valley of the Somme, and give the matter their consideration. Although they were by no means very enthusiastic believers in M. de Perthes' theory, it seems that they induced Lyell, Murchison, Lubbock, and others to follow, and examine the beds on the Somme where these "implements" were found. The search soon began in England, and an abundance of these split or chipped flints were

found in the Isle of Ely, and all over the Eastern Counties, in Bedfordshire, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight, and in Cornwall.

Be it understood, that, in all these cases, the chipped or split flints were always rough; they were never polished. That the polished flints exhibited in our museums are of human workmanship, no man thinks of doubting; but—except the people who deny that there is any proof of contrivance in an eye or a limb—nobody imagines it to be so very palpably and pellucidly clear that countless split flints found *in* the ground, or *on* the ground, must have been split by human hands. I must confess that it seems to me to be one of the queerest facts ever met with, that our "grand top-sawyers" in science should insist, so valorously, that *Mind* has been employed in making what they insist on calling "flint implements," and yet they cannot discern that *Mind* is traceable in the formation of the human hand or eye.

Mr. Whitley, a surveyor living in the neighbourhood of Truro, and a practical geologist, has been protesting against this *craze* of our leading geologists, for the last dozen years or more. In 1865 he issued a pamphlet exposing the false reasonings and conclusions of Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Ramsay, and others, respecting the "Antiquity of Man," drawn from these chipped or split flints. In 1874 he was at a meeting of the Victoria Institute in London, and, in the presence of several scientific men, again exposed their mistaken conclusions; and last year the Victoria Institute issued "A Critical Examination of the Flints from Brixham Cavern, by N. Whitley, C.E.," in which the same author has shown up the infatuation of men of science respecting the "human implements" said to have been found in that cavern in 1858 and 1859.

Sir John Lubbock has published an imposing, big book, to establish what he fondly considers to have been the "Palæolithic" and "Neolithic" Ages, as well as the Bronze and Iron Ages of Man. But the American geologists are already proclaiming that they see no truth in Sir John's fanciful distinctions of "Palæolithic" (or ancient flint) and "Neolithic" (or modern flint) Ages of Man. That ancient men used sharpened flints, nobody doubts. The wife of Moses, and also Joshua, used "knives of flints" for the rite of circumcision. And we cannot wonder at this. The split flints are so numerous in the Arabian Desert, that a part of it is called "the Desert of Flints;" and the most intelligent travellers hold that these abundant flints are split by the change of temperature. In those countries, it is often piercingly cold when you awake in the morning; and by high noon the fierce sun peels the skin off your face.

These split or chipped flints have not only been found by millions in our own country, but they are found in France and almost all over Europe, in India, in Australia, in Terra del Fuego, in Japan, in Palestine, in Algiers, on the great Sahara, on the Lybian desert, and on the sterile terraces and slopes which border the Nile, but not o

its alluvial soil," says Mr. Whitley. The common-sense question is, Where did all the men come from, who, according to Professor Ramsay, and Sir Charles Lyell, and Sir John Lubbock, must have lived so many thousands of years ago, and fashioned so queerly these millions of millions of flints which nobody could imagine were fashioned at all by man—except somebody who "had a soft place in their head," as they say in Yorkshire? The high scientific people call these chipped flints and gravels "arrow-heads and spear-heads and knives"; but when you look at many of them, you cannot help thinking that these same high scientific people must have very strange notions of tools.

One of the most conclusive facts that have been brought to bear against the truth of this wild theory of the flints is—that when they are put into a stone-breaker, the flints come out of the very forms and shapes which our geological Solomons call "knives and spear-heads and arrow-heads." Mr. Whitley has shown this. "A flake," says he, "is the result of the natural fracture of the flint, and a nodule of flint mechanically crushed by a stone-breaker produces as perfect flakes as are now referred to human workmanship."

When Keltic tumuli are opened, it is usual to find some chipped flints with the rude bronze tools and pottery which accompany human remains. No one can doubt that ancient men made some use of split flints; but to assert that wherever the split flints are found there men must have lived, is "quite another thing," as we say. Why are not petrifactions of the men found with the millions of flints, if men *did* split and chip them? They have been collecting these flints, and raving about them, for years; but no human petrifaction can be found among them—although a *new* human jaw, placed among the gravel by a grave-digger, deceived one French enthusiast in a ludicrous way.

Nor does the discovery of the human relics at Engis, or Cro-Magnon, or Mentone, aid the high scientific people in their attempt to discredit the Bible account of the late introduction of man by the Creator. Although they will have it that these relics have been found in sites which prove a high antiquity, nobody asserts that the skulls show we are closely related to apes. Huxley himself says the Engis skull might have been the skull of a philosopher; and the other skulls are very large, and the parts of skeletons found with them show that the skulls must have been worn on the shoulders of men more than six feet high. This cannot surprise us. The Bible assures us that men of great stature lived in ancient times. Principal Dawson contends that these may be relics of antediluvian men.

Let it be observed, too, that so far from the finding of a few chipped flints in caverns, along with parts of the bones of the mammoth, proving a great antiquity,—the finding of a score, or one hundred, perfect petrifactions of men, in the same situation, ought

not to lead us into the mistaken conclusion that *therefore* the human petrifactions must have lain there several thousand years. I am talking to-night in the hearing, doubtless, of many general readers, and some of you must be familiar with a fact which has been mentioned again and again in various publications. The body of a mammoth entire was reported to have been seen by an English traveller at the close of the last century, on the fall of a mass of ice, on the banks of the Lena, in Siberia. Mr. Adams, in 1803, went and found the mammoth. Part of its body had been devoured by wolves, and the Yakut hunters, who showed him the skeleton, informed him that they had given some of the flesh to their dogs. Such of its skin as remained was covered with black bristles, thicker than horse-hair, with a warm covering underneath of reddish wool and hair. The skeleton of this animal is now in the St. Petersburg museum.

Now, I appeal to your common sense,—Can you believe that wolves and dogs could eat flesh which had been enclosed in ice for several thousand years? Can you believe they could eat it, if it had been so enclosed one thousand years? I confess to you that *I cannot.* My humble conclusion is that mammoths were existing in Siberia *not* one thousand years ago. Pallas, the great traveller, obtained the body of a rhinoceros which had been frozen up in the same manner. And when the mass of thick hair was seen on the head and foot, which were taken also to St. Petersburg, the beholders said it must have lived in Siberia by its clothing. I should say that some of these huge animals not only lived there—being fitted by the Almighty Maker for the climate—but it is not so very long ago that they lived there.

There has, no doubt, been a most eager and uneasy snatching at every straw which they imagined would support their long-age-of-man theory by leading geologists; but they are, ever and anon, found to be *only* straws, and no real supports. The fibula of a man, which, it was triumphantly proclaimed, had been found in the Victoria Cave, near Settle, is now declared to be part of the leg-bone of a bear! And so it has been with other judgments pronounced in haste, at the dictate of the will, and not of reason.

It is affirmed that the late creation of Man, recorded in the Bible, does not afford time enough for the growth of such civilisations as those of the ancient Egyptians and Assyrians. I have not time to go into such a question now; but I humbly think, if you make the due inquiry for yourselves, you will not come to that conclusion.—*Evolution, The Stone Book, and the Mosaic Record of Creation. By Thomas Cooper.*

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

Remarkable Effects of the Recent Hot Weather.

A MEMORABLE fortnight in the July last past is not likely soon to be forgotten, on account of the abnormal heat and its disagreeable consequences. Day after day the mercury scored figures that were the envy of the Australian batsmen, and existence was threatened to be reduced to endurance *minus* enjoyment. We attribute to this cause the lack of that equanimity and self-possession which are the boast of British statesmen, manifested by some of our political leaders. For instance, the Prime Minister's description of his illustrious predecessor in office—"A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent, and to glorify himself."

Had the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G., intended only a Johnsonian diatribe to be employed in a Pickwickian sense, we could scarcely have congratulated him on the construction of this sentence. It is over-weighted with epithets and obscured with dependent expressions. Æsthetically considered it is too spasmodic for so old a statesman, and decidedly too pronounced for so young a knight. We find it scarcely possible to believe that any human being could accept such allegations as true of the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone. The only explanation that occurs to us is that the Premier was suffering from the tropical state of the atmosphere, possibly even from a mosquito bite. The accomplished Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to have fallen under a like visitation. It is quite true that the Royal prerogative has been of late strained to a dangerous extent, but Mr. Lowe must have writhed under poisonous irritation of the epidermis when he said, "The Queen has the power to confer honour, and can make an earl of every cobbler in London if she pleases." Both Houses have risen now, and on the heather and amongst the sea-birds better temper will prevail. It is to be hoped that it will never become necessary to emblazon the walls of our Parliament houses with the legend of William-de-Wickham: "Manners maketh man."

Bosnia.

Bosnia had to be annexed—or, politely speaking, occupied—and Austria was delegated by Europe to perform this duty. The first triumvirate gave to Crassus a most profitable province to govern, but it was an appointment which proved to be no sinecure. Austria, the

Crassus of Europe, has obtained Bosnia and Herzegovina by lot to administer, and these provinces do not unanimously desire to be so administered. The invading force has been roughly treated on one occasion—a detachment of hussars having been shot down or scattered by insurgent bands at Maglai. Altogether, in various contests, a thousand Austrian troops are said to have been put *hors de combat.* The work was harder than was anticipated. Victory will, no doubt, finally declare for the fortunate Government, and hand over a large territory to the conquerors—and by a mode of acquisition to which Austria has for centuries been a stranger. This is not the usual procedure of *felix* Austria, but then there is no princess legally dowered with the crowns of Bosnia or Croatia. If there had been, the invader's task would have been much easier. Suppose, however, the arduous campaign against a few handfuls of banditti happily concluded, and the whole territory pacified, what then? Austria will have won that very desirable triangle which jutted out from Turkey, between her Hungarian and Adriatic dominions. The land has lost its value to the Turks—the loss of intervening territory makes this isolated province of comparatively little worth to the Porte, and so let Austria take it. But this corner enables Hungary to communicate directly with the Dalmatian sea-ports. Zara, Ragusa, and Cattaro may be of smaller utility than the two other Adriatic ports, but the commerce of German Austria need no longer be cramped into Trieste, nor that of Hungary into Fiume. Perhaps even some second Pola may be formed for an iron-clad station of influence upon the Mediterranean. Nor is it clear that Bosnia will not gain by the transfer. However objectionable may be the manners of German generals or police-officers, they at any rate administer much better justice than has been known in North-west Turkey hitherto. To have one's person and property secure is something, and something very important. We hardly know how great a blessing this is, since we always enjoy that happy condition of security. Taxation is hardly to be evaded—but taxation is better borne when it is a known and certain burden, than when its amount depends upon the necessities, the ingenuity, or the brutality of the governor. And here a legalised system of regular administration will take the place of the previous irregular tyranny. The native Bosnians will gain in this respect. If Austria cannot be congratulated upon unselfishness, she is not engaged upon an unuseful work.

Cyprus.

Pirate and Greek, Roman and Jew, Venetian and Saracen, Turk and Briton, all have tried their hand on Cyprus and with great success in time past. The last-named colonist has yet to see whether he can out-do the commercial prosperity of his predecessors. The old marauder whom Pompey put down knew of many a fat village upon the island which paid well for an excursion from his Cilician harbour.

The Roman governor understood that Cyprus could be made to yield up much tribute either to Roman state treasury or Roman official cash-box. The Queen of the Adriatic established here such a market that the concourse of merchants astounded by their numbers and wealth the mediæval visitors to the island. The Turk then came and continued the *diminuendo* movement in the insular energy from the days of early Greek colonisation. Is the tendency to be checked by the influx of Anglo-Saxon vigour? The occupation of the island is not very much abused at present by the party hostile to our Government,—the trifle which it will cost us being dwarfed by the magnitude of the Asiatic responsibilities incurred,—and there is a fair chance of the prospects becoming remunerative. Cyprus, we think, will be a good investment, but will need a determined administration and must have plenty of capital sunk in it. We must make our systems known and respected. If we employ Oriental subordinates they must check their avarice in collecting rents, and learn business habits in the management of public revenue. By strict economy we shall secure a satisfactory income. This income for many years we must be content to spend upon the island itself, resisting in the meantime any plausible claim from Stamboul on the subject of crown territory and revenue. By such care the revenue seems likely to become large enough for us to hope to gain some of it as a profit.

But the greatest attention undoubtedly is required for the development of the resources of the island. We hear little in recent news about the mineral wealth, but minerals are apt to develop themselves wherever the English settle, and if Cyprus still possess her eponymous copper, be sure she will be made to give it up. It seems that improvement of the present system will allow cotton to be produced at a sufficiently remunerative profit. But Cyprus will very likely find the corn trade as lucrative as any commerce which yet remains to her. Fresh communications outside and the introduction of railroads in the island will push trade so as to force activity upon the Cypriots themselves. The site of ancient Salamis, which of old received the errant Teucer, appears likely to be the future seaport of the island, and we may expect to hear of this Famagousta as a great Levantine emporium as well as a third British fortress in the Mediterranean.

The New Knight of the Garter.

The most prominent present-day subject is unfortunately, as the nation will ere long find out to its cost, the Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G. He has, in fact, for the time a prominence which towers above even "the crowned heads" of Europe. During the last month he has had a series of "triumphs," which, according to some of his flatterers, are without parallel in the history of English statesmanship. For the credit of English statesmanship we are fain to believe that it is so. "His honour rooted in dishonour stood." A more shameless and

hollow triumph we cannot conceive. It is the result of empty bravado, of a vulgar defiance of Russia for the sake of British interests, which were never endangered; and of European peace, of which the Earl of Beaconsfield himself was the chief disturber. His popularity has been secured by an appeal to the blindest and most inveterate prejudices of the aristocracy, and the basest passions of the mob. He is the idol of the music halls, the lion of the "Jingoes." Never do we remember seeing in an English statesman so much secrecy, "political tergiversation," reckless abandonment of "vital points," and downright equivocation. The only parallel is furnished by incidents in the career of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli during the struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the discussions on the Reform question in 1866 and 1867. That so large a proportion of the English people should bow with abject servility before this brazen image is a lamentable sign of our political weakness and disorganisation. We can admire an honest Conservative, but with a trickster and adventurer we have no sympathy. Integrity, straightforwardness, and consistency are nowhere more imperatively demanded than in the conduct of public affairs, and in the transactions of the last few months they have been conspicuous by their absence. How long the people will continue to be deluded, we do not know. If the Government had been as "heroic" as its pretensions, we should not have had to wait many weeks for the removal of the mischievous glamour. The Supplementary estimates have been presented to the House of Commons, and there is—enormous as the year's expenditure has been—a final deficit of £4,307,000. To meet this deficit, the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to issue Exchequer bonds, which simply means that payment is to be deferred, so that the people may not at once feel the strain and show their impatience of the burdens which Lord Beaconsfield's "tall talk" has imposed upon them. His lordship's bark has cost us many millions; we may well be thankful that he has not made a successful attempt to bite.

The Dissolution of Parliament,

which it was thought would immediately follow the ratification of the Treaty of Berlin, has been apparently postponed, and there is a general impression that it will not take place during the present year; but of this we ought not to be too sure. The Premier is great in "surprises." His movements are always as far as possible shrouded in mystery, and he does his utmost to prove that the unexpected always occurs. Our advice to the Liberal, and especially to the Nonconformist electors is to be prepared. The Conservatives are evidently ready for whatever may come, and though we cannot expect the members of the Liberal party to be led mechanically, or like a flock of sheep, there can be no doubt that if we rightly organize, the chances of a Conservative victory will be powerfully diminished.

Largely the election—whenever it comes—will turn on the merits of Beaconsfield *versus* Gladstone; as they, after all, are the typical representatives of the opposing policies—the selfish and the humane; the (imaginary) British interests and the interests of humanity. *Apropos* of this subject, we may remark that the Beaconsfield cartoons published from the collection of Mr. *Punch*, are worthy of study. If we were at a loss for a conclusive vindication of the estimate in which we hold our Asiatic Premier, we should simply point to these cartoons. They do ample justice to his unrivalled cleverness and dexterity as the leader of a party, but they show also that he has gained his ends by means which every honourable man must condemn. He appears again and again as a showman, a cheap-jack, a juggler, and a poacher. We know of no man of whom it may be more truly said that his success is his heaviest condemnation. If the electors of Great Britain would honestly study *Punch's* cartoons, the Earl of Beaconsfield would speedily be dismissed from office; and for the credit of our country, both at home and abroad, the sooner that consummation is reached the better.

Nonconformists at the National Universities.

The old sneer that Dissenters are essentially illiterate, and incapable of attaining the highest culture, must soon be buried in utter oblivion. Even in the days when it was regularly used as an instrument of party warfare, its injustice was evident; but recent years have more clearly demonstrated its meanness. Scholarship and culture are no longer the monopoly of a favoured sect. The highest honours at the Universities have been won—not once, but frequently—by Dissenters. But for their Nonconformity, many of the sons of Congregationalists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Wesleyans would have gained more substantial rewards than the law accorded to them. We have but to mention the names of Bompas, Sterling, Aldis, Goodman, Toller, Wilkins, and Hopkinson, in confirmation of our statement. A change for the better has already taken place, and the just and beneficent legislation of Mr. Gladstone's Government has already borne fruit. Perfect religious equality does not yet exist, however, in the Universities any more than in the nation. Mischievous restrictions are still in force, and the work of the Liberal party needs to be completed. In the meanwhile, we are glad to note that Dissenters are well able to hold their own. At Oxford, Mr. Robert F. Horton, son of the Rev. T. G. Horton, of Bradford, who had a distinguished career, first at Tettenhall College, and afterwards at Shrewsbury Grammar School, has been elected President of the Oxford Union. And the *Congregationalist* for August contains a fine poem on Canada, by Mr. A. W. W. Dale, which obtained the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge Commencement, 1878. This is the second time the son of our learned and eloquent friend has gained this distinction.

Mr. Mackonochie's Suspension.

Tennyson may well speak of "the lawless science of our law." It seems impossible—even with the aid of Mr. Disraeli's "Public Worship Act," the purport of which was to put down Ritualism—to deal with recalcitrant ecclesiastics. Court is pitted against Court, and things are brought to a dead lock. The Queen's Bench has dealt a heavy blow, not only at Lord Penzance, but at the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It will be remembered that a short time ago Lord Penzance, in consequence of Mr. Mackonochie's disobedience to the law, suspended him for three years *ab officio et ex beneficio*. Mr. Mackonochie appealed against this decision and contended by his counsel that Lord Penzance had exceeded his powers, that there was no instance in which an incumbent had been deprived of his living for contempt, and that the "monition" not to pursue certain ecclesiastical practices ended the case against him. This view of the case was adopted by the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Mellor. A prohibition has therefore been issued to stay the sentence, and Mr. Mackonochie will be practically free to continue his Romanizing work. A similar writ will of course be issued in relation to Mr. Edwards' case, which is of a very similar nature. We observe that Mr. Justice Lush supported Lord Penzance and the Privy Council. He said that he deeply regretted that he was compelled to differ from his learned colleagues. He was of opinion that this Court had no jurisdiction to inquire whether the ordinary course of procedure had been adopted in this case by the Court of Arches. That was a matter within the exclusive cognizance of the Court itself, and if there had been any deviation from the ordinary practice, an appeal was given to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and not to this Court. He thought they were bound in this case by the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It was with much regret he stood alone on a subject of such general importance, but, after the best consideration he could give to it, he was of opinion that there was no excess of jurisdiction, and that the rule should be discharged. This is the common sense view of the subject, and will be generally endorsed. But the idea that the present Premier's championship of the Protestant faith would end all our difficulties in dealing with the Ritualists is altogether chimerical. The only remedy lies in a complete separation of the civil and the ecclesiastical courts. We must sooner or later adopt the policy of Disestablishment.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I have observed that for some time past the attention of the churches at home has been directed to the spiritual needs of small and scattered populations. The best means of supply appear to have been very fully discussed at Union meetings and elsewhere. Not the least of the difficulties appears to us to be want of brotherly feeling between the denominations and the consequent want of co-operation.

In these colonies the small communities without the means of grace may be numbered by thousands, while the number of ministers is totally insufficient to meet the wants of the centres of population.

Every scrap of intelligence from home that has any bearing on what may be termed outside work is interesting to us. Perhaps, also, any little effort of ours in that direction may not be beneath your notice. This must be my apology for troubling you with this letter.

Rockhampton is a small but growing town, of about 6,000 people. It has places of worship for all the leading denominations, and the various Protestant ministers have the habit of working in harmony with each other. On the north side of the river there are several hundred people, but hitherto there has been no chapel. The Primitive Methodists have for some time past been holding a Sunday evening service in an old public-house. The place is so ruinous, and inhabited by such disreputable characters, that it is difficult to get decent people to go there. Church members and others on the north side who wish to attend service have to cross the river in a ferry boat.

With a view to improve this state of things, the Baptist Church has erected a small, neat building, capable of holding about 100 people. It was opened on Sunday, 28th April, and a public tea-meeting was held on Tuesday, 14th May.

At present it is arranged that Divine worship shall be carried on, every Sunday afternoon, at 4 o'clock. In due time it is hoped that something more may be done. A Sunday-school is started also.

The peculiarity of our plan consists in a union of the Protestant ministers in the work. Each is to take his turn, and there seems every reason to believe that the plan will work well. By this arrangement the people there will have equal opportunities of enjoying the ministrations of their own pastors.

Thus, although the church is built by Baptists, and placed in trust as a Baptist church, it is practically unsectarian. What course it may be advisable to adopt when the place is far enough advanced to render the formation of a church desirable, must be postponed for the present. By that time the people may be able to support several

churches. But at present that is out of the question, and, therefore, the Baptist church here puts its distinctive character aside, in order to establish a preaching-station acceptable to all.

With your permission, I shall probably send further particulars shortly. There is much in connection with Christian character and work in the colonies that ought to be known in England. It will not do to judge of religious work here by the English standard, yet we have had only too many reasons for thinking that, as a rule, English churches have no other. A better understanding of the peculiar difficulties here would, I think, prevent some of them, and probably help us in a variety of ways.

Meantime, I must be content with subscribing myself, yours sincerely,

Rockhampton, Queensland, 18th May, 1878. T. W. I'ERSON.

REVIEWS.

REPORT OF MIDLAND ASSOCIATION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES, 1878. Secretary, Rev. G. Jarman, 84, Stratford Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

THE following extract from the address of the Moderator of the Midland Association, Mr. W. M. Fuller, of Wolverhampton, will interest our readers not only on account of the great importance of the subject, but because a resolution was adopted, by the messengers of the associated churches, recommending it to the autumnal meeting of the Union for consideration. We shall be glad to have been in the smallest degree instrumental in bringing about so desirable a result as that which Mr. Fuller's suggestions aim at:—

First of all respecting the ministry. I would that the churches of to-day more fully realised the value of Paul's teaching, as shadowed forth in the 11th and 12th verses of the 4th chapter of his letter to the Ephesians, the *spirit of* which, I believe, the Great Head of the Church designed to be her guide, and which I yet hope may be increasingly acted upon as she becomes more alive to her high and holy calling. But in a great measure the exigencies of circumstances have created the present position of the ministry, and from its present standpoint must we look at it, and I have year by year felt most acutely the anomalous position in which as a body our ministers stand to the churches, and months ago I determined that it should form part of the subject-matter of this paper; and I rejoice to see that it has also been brought prominently before the denomination in the BAPTIST MAGAZINE of this month (a Magazine, by-the-way, which I think is thoroughly worthy of the hearty support of the Denomination, and of which the most carping critic among us need not be ashamed).

What we lack, brethren, may be aptly termed a "Missing Link," a medium of communication between the ministers as such, and the churches in their corporate capacity. The present condition of things is baneful to the churches and unfair to the ministers. I am aware that in the

case of what are termed "Popular Preachers" the disadvantage is not so apparent, but there are many hundreds of men whose quiet earnest work for the Redeemer will at the last prove them to have been "workmen who need not be ashamed," who felt deeply the difficulty of their position, instances of which have come under my own notice through appeals to me in my position as Moderator. At the very lowest computation there are at the present time 150 brethren anxious to be actively working for Christ, and who from day to day suffer deep anxiety as to the future; while at the same time there are at least 500 to 600 churches in want of pastors, and who would gladly obtain the services of these brethren. Besides this there are many "godly, conscientious men" who feel that a change in their sphere of labour would be beneficial alike to themselves and their churches, but what can they do? They are bound hand and foot. If they speak of it to the church they are quite aware that they will create an unsettled feeling that may soon result in the absolute need of change without any prospect on their part of obtaining another charge; while movements made in other directions, without speaking of it, expose them in the estimatiom of some of their members to a charge of want of candour and straightforwardness. On the other hand, there are many churches who are seeking ministers, and who seek in vain. They first apply to one friend, then to another, and men are recommended to them oftentimes without any accurate knowledge of the needs of the church, or perhaps of some serious disqualification for its special service.

Ministers often introduce ministers from a feeling of pure sympathy, well knowing how acutely the brother feels his isolated position; and churches, in a sheer fit of desperation, wearied with their vain attempts to find the right man, invite ministers far less suitable than some whom in a more fastidious stage of their quest they ignored or rejected; and too soon a reaction sets in alike unfair to the minister and injurious to the peace and welfare of the church. I would have preferred to have drawn a veil over all this, but truth needs to be told sometimes, however unpleasant it may be, and it must be spoken again and again if needs be, till an attempt be made to remedy the evil.

What remedy can be applied to this state of things that would not entail evils greater than itself? I know it is a bold attempt on my part to suggest one, but I venture, in the hope that some wiser and more experienced heads may be induced to give it consideration. I know our friends the Wesleyans would suggest the adoption of the connexional system; but whilst I admit that it presents many advantages, I have seen enough of its workings to be alive to serious defects, and I have no desire to see it attempted in its entirety in our Denomination. No. We do not want a "Stationing Committee," but we want a "Recommending Committee," consisting, say, of twelve persons—six ministers and six laymen, who shall be elected every three years at the Autumnal Session of the Union. It would be desirable that half this number should live in London and its vicinity; the other half should fairly represent the provincial churches; whilst for Wales I would suggest a separate committee, wholly composed of residents in the principality, including the West of Monmouthshire. The men should be selected, not because they happen to be the influential men in the body, but with a special regard to their fitness for the work. A paid secretary will be required; a man whose well-known genial habits and fitness for the office would at once commend him alike to the confidence of the ministers and churches.

All communications between the secretary and his correspondents must be of a strictly confidential character. I will suppose that a church requires a minister. Let a communication be made to the secretary, and then let a carefully prepared form of questions be forwarded to be replied to (so as to arrive as nearly as possible at a knowledge of the kind of man required)—such as, type of congregation, size of church, salary guaranteed, capabilities of the neighbour-

hood, whether visiting be specially called for, or whether the pulpit stands first. These and such matters should be most carefully considered beforehand by the deacons of every church, as it often happens in the history of a church that a minister is wanted to stir the people from a state of lethargy,—to rouse the undecided,—and if such be accomplished the case may be that he will need to be followed by a man of different qualities of mind, whose *great* business will be consolidation, though of course not forgetting the other parts of his high calling.

A pretty accurate idea may thus be formed of what is required, and, if advisable, this may be supplemented by a visit from the secretary, who, if he preaches on the Sunday, will not only be gladly welcomed, but all his expenses cheerfully paid. On the other hand, ministers should be asked to state carefully the kind of church they desire to meet with, and from Association secretaries, and in various ways, a pretty faithful idea would be arrived at as to the sphere of labour that would be desirable.

This committee should always meet at the half-yearly gatherings of the Union, and as often as possible in the interim; the secretary and the members of the committee in London placing themselves in communication with those residing in the country who may be unable to attend. An effort also should be made to induce every church who might meet with a candidate other than through the medium of this committee, and with whom they are totally unacquainted, to seek to obtain from this committee some knowledge of his previous history. Our Denomination often suffers seriously from mere adventurers who, having failed at every other calling, as a last resort try their hand at the ministry.

I ask this assembly, if they deem this matter of sufficient importance, to recommend the subject to the consideration of the Union, with a view to the appointment of a special committee, to report at the next Spring Session.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN. By John C. Miller, D.D., Canon Residentiary of Rochester, Vicar and Rural Dean of Greenwich, &c. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1878.

THE only objection we have felt in reference to the publication of Canon Miller's "letters" is that we have recently had so many books of the same class, that there is no slight danger of "young clergymen" and others being lectured *ad nauseam*. During the last few years we have reviewed in these pages three series of "Yale Lectures on Preaching" by Henry Ward Beecher, one by Dr. Hall, another by Dr. Taylor, and yet another by Mr. Dale. Then we have the late Principal Fairbairn's "Pastoral Theology," "Addresses to Young Clergymen" by Dr. Vaughan; and, lastly, Mr. Spurgeon's inimitable "Lectures to my Students." It cannot therefore be said that this subject has been neglected, or that there is a lack of good books in regard to it. We do not, however, say that there is room for no more. Each of the writers we have named contributes to the discussion something peculiarly his own, which we could not well afford to lose, and certainly Dr. Miller is a man of marked individuality, whose words are wise and weighty. We have read his letters with feelings of sincere pleasure, and in most cases of hearty approval. His directions have naturally more force as applied to curates and young clergymen in the Established Church, but Nonconformist ministers and students will find them worthy of painstaking study. The letters are marked by a true insight into the aim of preaching, by deep sympathy with the manifold needs of hearers, and a wise appreciation of the various methods by which those needs may be met. The man who can read this

without profit must either be
ull and unable to appropriate
advice, or so nearly perfect as
) need it. The counsels in
ice to visitation, &c., are equally
ous with those on preaching.
ule, Dr. Miller is large-hearted
iberal. All the more do we
such a passage as the follow-
—"Error may be aggressive in
parish from infidelity, from
anism, from Romanism, from
t, from the specious sophistries
mouth Brethrenism." Is not
assification as ungenerous as it
ast?

TESTAMENT PORTRAITS. By
mingham Geikie, D.D., Author
"The Life and Words of
ist," &c. With fifty
strations, drawn by G. A.
van, &c. Strahan & Co.,
ited, 34, Paternoster Row,
don. 1878.

E sketches of Old Testament
ter originally appeared in the
f Rest, and have already ac-
l a degree of fame. In their
ine they are unique, and will
e to meet with general appre-
n. No book by the author of
Life and Words of Christ"
e received with indifference.
eikie is a Biblical scholar of
than ordinary power. The
t and thoroughness of his
ch are surprising. He has
himself familiar with all the
horities" on the subject of
he writes, and gathered valu-
esults from the most recondite
s of information. With the
German commentators and
ians he is thoroughly at
, although he is entirely free
their rationalistic weaknesses
artiality. His study of the
heroes of faith has been
cuted with a freedom, a reve-
rence and an enthusiasm which could not fail to produce a book of the first order. The sketches are necessarily brief, but they are invariably succinct and pithy, expressing in the happiest manner the central features of the characters described. Those on Abraham, Esau, Jacob, Balaam, Deborah, David, Job, and Jeremiah seem to us especially excellent. Ministers and teachers will find in them hints of great value, while for family reading we know of nothing equal to them. We trust that Dr. Geikie will be induced by the success of his "Old Testament Portraits" to undertake a similar series from the New.

We ought to add that the illustrations are decidedly good, and the general "get up" of the book singularly effective. It is in every way a handsome volume.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. 1. *Samuel Johnson.* By Leslie Stephen. 2. *Sir Walter Scott.* By Richard H. Hutton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

THIS series of books is intended to do for our great English authors what Messrs. Blackwood's "Ancient Classics" have done for the great writers of Greece and Rome. The idea in the main is a good one; for in our day the number of those who have to "run as they read" has been greatly multiplied, and leisure for prolonged research on the part of the commercial classes is becoming more and more scanty. In all cases where it is possible, it is unquestionably best to go direct to the works of our great writers. Secondhand study cannot be otherwise than superficial, and no such series as this ought to be allowed to supplant the perusal of our English classics. On the other

hand there are so many who know next to nothing about Johnson, Scott, Gibbon, Spenser, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, &c., that their ignorance can only be removed by some such plans as is here embodied. It is further desirable to have a convenient summary of the lives of our principal writers, and a reliable estimate of their works; and even such as are well versed in our literature may be grateful for the help here rendered. Of the two books named above, "Johnson" and "Scott," we can speak in terms of cordial praise. They are admirably written, catch the spirit of their authors, and give a good idea of their works. Mr. Hutton's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" will meet a want which has been long felt, but we have not the slightest doubt that the whole series will meet with a success equal, if not superior, to that of the "Ancient Classics."

THE PRINCIPLE WHICH REGULATES GREATNESS OR RANK IN HEAVEN. By John Pulsford. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

MR. PULSFORD'S theorem is "Every one's greatness in the Kingdom of God is precisely the amount of benefit that others receive from him." This he demonstrates with his accustomed clearness and force. Christian readers of every rank and age will find both profit and enjoyment in the perusal of this treatise, which will amply repay much perusal and assert its claim to be within constant reach of its owner.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Bailey, Rev. J. (Weymouth), Sheffield.
Coleman, Rev. E. (Rawdon College), Bromsgrove.
Raymond, Rev. J. (St. Neots), Llandudno.
Swaine, Rev. S. A., Brompton.

RECENT DEATHS.

Barker, Rev. G. V., Niton, Isle of Wight, August 1, aged 46.
Eccles, Rev. W. S., Toome Bridge, Co. Antrim, July 24, aged 62.
Ryland, Rev. J. M., Haddenham, Cambs., aged 47.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1878.

CHURCHES AND MINISTERS.

WE last month transferred to our pages an extract from an address by Mr. W. M. Fuller, of Wolverhampton, which he delivered as moderator of the MIDLAND ASSOCIATION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES. The subjects with which he dealt are all of vital importance, and his recommendations were marked not more by kindliness of feeling than by sound practical sense, and were evidently the product of prolonged thought and varied experience. The whole of the address is worthy of thoughtful consideration, but the part which stands out most conspicuously is that which discusses the relations of churches and their ministers. To effect a ministerial settlement is often a matter of extreme difficulty. Mr. Fuller has suggested a plan by which, as he conceives, the difficulty may be materially lessened, and the association resolved to recommend the subject to the consideration of the Committee of the Baptist Union with a view to ulterior action upon it. We trust that the question will be frankly and fearlessly discussed both by ministers and delegates, and that it will awaken an interest proportioned to its importance.

Ministerial changes are from various causes inevitable. Comparatively few of our pastors attach to the relation into which they enter with a church the idea of permanence. The union is scarcely conceived of as for better, for worse, nor do they pledge themselves to continue it until death do us part. Churches also are, in many instances, given to change, and so conduct themselves that their minister must, if he has a particle of self-respect, welcome a call to another sphere. Removals occur with what we cannot but consider disastrous frequency.

The advantages and disadvantages of long and short pastorates respectively have often been eagerly discussed in the lecture-rooms of our colleges, at our denominational gatherings, and in the religious press. Our American friends have perhaps devoted more attention to it than we on this side of the Atlantic. We have noticed constant references to it in the *New York Independent*, the *Christian Union*,

the *Watchman*, and several other papers, and the balance of opinion is, we think, in favour of the view we shall here advocate.

It is impossible to lay down a rigid and inflexible rule which must in all cases be persistently followed. Whether a pastorate should be long or short is a question that cannot be answered in an uniform or off-hand fashion. It altogether depends, and we must carefully take into account the conditions on which it depends. Each case must be judged on its own merits. A man who can work in a place with admirable efficiency for two or three years is at the end of that period incapable of prolonging his labours, either with ease or honour. Why should he not seek another sphere in which he can render honest and acceptable service? Another man, whose mental calibre is of a higher order, not only does not decline, but actually increases in power. His removal would, humanly speaking, be a calamity to the church, and if he removes it will only be to take a more responsible and influential position. He may outgrow the requirements of the church he has served, and see no possibility of its further enlargement. Could he be justly censured for yielding to the entreaties which reach him to accept the oversight of a larger church, in which he will find scope for all his powers, and be able to make fuller proof of his ministry? These are, of course, extreme cases, and the great majority of our pastors cannot, perhaps, be classed under either one or the other, and it is in their interest that the discussion has been raised.

Speaking generally, and in view of exceptions which we shall presently notice, we believe that long pastorates have a preponderance of argument in their favour. They are, as it seems to us, more in harmony with the apostolic conception of the office, with the true principles of Church-fellowship, and with the highest interests of both ministers and people. Frequent change has certainly a pernicious effect on ministers. On this point we will give not our own words, but the words of one whose name carries weight wherever it is known, and to whom every member of the Baptist denomination will listen with delight. In his address to the students at Bristol, our beloved friend, Dr. Stanford, said:—

"The Chinese have a method of rearing an oak from the acorn so that in may never be more than a few inches in size. At intervals the tiny seedlings are transplanted from place to place, tried in a variety of soils, and receive scientifically a succession of checks to their growth, so that in the end they may become trees in miniature—interesting curiosities of littleness. The mind may, after its nature, be brought under the action of a similar process, and suffer a corresponding fate. No unsettled life can thrive. Let a minister's life answer to that of a tree which is time after time plucked up and planted again, and his power will never grow. All the more harm will come to him, because he is not the mere victim of the

experiment but its agent, bringing it about by his own restless folly and busy contrivance. The neglected study, the divided heart, the self-centred thought, the petty feelings, the broken time, the temptation to repeat from each new pulpit the same old sermons, the habit of looking upon the pastoral relation as one that may lightly come and lightly go, the facility felt in the transference of pastoral affections, the force exhausted by the labour of setting all kinds of machinery in motion in order to reach some more advantageous rectoral charge—such are the frequent consequences of the disposition for change against which you are warned; it is therefore easy to see that this disposition in a minister will arrest the development of his influence, if not of his working capacity, and that a man who is under the dominion of what Bernard calls 'a vagabond and unstable heart' never can be great or strong."

With this utterance we cordially agree. It may of course be urged against it that occasional removals lessen the strain on a minister's mind by affording him an opportunity of using again the material he has accumulated. He can revise and preach his old sermons, and so allow himself time for more extensive reading and for the various other duties which so seriously interfere with his preparation for the pulpit. There is, no doubt, force in this assertion. And yet we hold that Dr. Stanford is right. The opportunity of preaching old sermons will be more of a temptation than a gain. It will, unless carefully guarded against, encourage intellectual indolence and lower the capacity for vigorous work. Sermons which a man may have preached with great fervour and success at the time of their composition, may be quite out of harmony with his dominant feeling at another time. He may repeat the *ipsissima verba* and find them lifeless and vapid. He can reproduce everything but the fire, but that surely is "the one thing needful." We know of more than one case in which men have sunk to a level of miserable common-place, simply through the habit they had formed of preaching in one pulpit after another their old sermons. They would have been immeasurably more successful if their manuscripts had, week after week, been ruthlessly committed to the flames. Their minds would have been kept in a state of greater keenness and activity, work would have become easier and more congenial, and they would have escaped that mechanical formalism which has proved their bane. Ministers ought sternly and conscientiously to set apart every week a fair proportion of their time for the acquisition of knowledge, for intellectual culture, and for pulpit preparation. In most cases they could do it without insuperable difficulty. It would maintain a continuous freshness in their sermons, and profit "both themselves and those that hear them." No doubt churches are sometimes so exorbitant in their demands in respect to pastoral visitation and public meetings as to render it impossible for a minister to make adequate preparation for the pulpit. Such demands should,

however, at all risks be steadily resisted, and the minister devote himself faithfully to the work which God has given him to do.

Long pastorates secure for a man who is otherwise fitted for his position the influence which can only be acquired by years of honest and faithful toil. The actual power of the pulpit depends on other than intellectual conditions. Large knowledge, fluency of speech, brilliance of style, however important, are not the only elements requisite to a successful ministry. Character is, after all, the main point. No man can so easily make an impression on the hearts and consciences of others as he who has already gained their affections. Proved consistency of principle, ready and generous sympathy, acts of kindliness, these are a minister's best helpers, and, other things being equal, the longer he remains in a church the more will he on such grounds commend himself to his people.

Whatever is of advantage to a minister, whether in the intellectual or the spiritual sense, brings a corresponding gain to the church with which he is connected. His loss is also the church's loss. Long pastorates are therefore, as a rule, good for the churches and conducive to a higher type of preaching and a more vigorous spiritual life. Frequent changes weaken the conditions of the noblest and most consolidating influence, keep up a more or less constant unsettledness of feeling, prevent steady work, and afford facilities for the creeping in of strife and bitterness. The party spirit which is not unfrequently begotten in connection with the appointment of a minister is a source of incalculable mischief.

Changes are, however, sometimes inevitable, and their results entirely good. We cannot always prevent them, and we would not if we could. In addition to the case at which we have previously hinted, where a man is not intellectually qualified for a pastorate of more than a few years, we have to take into our account such facts as the following.

A student on leaving college accepts the oversight of a small country church. He is attracted to it by the comparative quiet which he is sure to enjoy, the leisure he will have for the prosecution of his studies, and for his more complete equipment for ministerial work. He never intends to settle in so small a place for more than a few years, and we have no right to expect him to do so. By-and-by, if he is to make a proper use of the gifts which God has conferred upon him, he must remove to a larger sphere, where, be it remembered, such men as he are needed. He will wrong no one by removal. The church which has had his services for four, five, or six years, as the case may be, will perhaps suffer loss by the change, but the greatness of the loss may be the result of the service he has rendered. It is better for that church to have had even for a few years the ministry of a competent young man, whom, as a young man it could sustain than to have had the ministry of an older but less capable man.

In some instances the young man would be willing to remain in a small church if the church could adequately support him. But a salary which was more than sufficient for him in his bachelor days is

utterly incapable of sustaining his wife and family. The pecuniary power of his church does not and cannot keep pace with his domestic responsibilities, and, under the pressure of incessant anxiety as to ways and means, he is reluctantly compelled to cast about for a change. There are men now occupying good positions in our denomination who would gladly have remained in their early obscurity if they could have escaped pecuniary difficulties. To leave their first church, and sunder ties which were dear almost as life, was no light matter. A moderate addition to their income would have prevented them from accepting a position in which their income was doubled.

Again, the neighbourhood in which a minister settles may be uncongenial to his health. The atmosphere of the place may be keen and bracing, while his constitution requires a milder climate. Or it may be relaxing, when he requires bracing. If a minister is told by his doctor that the locality in which he lives is undermining his health, and that a change to another climate would, in all probability, be favourable to it, and prolong his life, there is but one course open to him. A similar assertion may be made when the health of his family is in question.

Many of our ablest and worthiest ministers are discouraged by an apparent want of success. Their sermons are carefully prepared and impressively delivered. They are acknowledged to be diligent students of Scripture and admirable teachers of truth. They conduct the business of the church with order and regularity. They are by no means backward in their visitation, and on all public questions they acquit themselves in a manner which secures for them general esteem. And yet for some reason or other their ministry does not succeed so as to satisfy their aim. The fault is not in them, and perhaps not in the people. It may be that they are intellectually above their people, dwelling in a world of thought with which their hearers are totally unfamiliar, altogether too refined and scholarly. There are congregations which cannot digest strong meat, but must be fed on milk. They require a constant presentation of the very simplest elements of the Gospel, are incapable of close and strenuous attention, have a keen relish for anecdotes, and steadily close their ears to all hard or abstract truth. There has been but one John Foster in our denomination, although there are many men of the same type. John Foster, however, had the misfortune to scatter congregations, while far inferior men increased them, and a similar phenomenon can no doubt be witnessed in many places to-day.

Even where none of the above causes are at work, changes are rendered inevitable. Some few months ago, one of our contemporaries opened its columns to a discussion on the subject, "How to get rid of a minister." However reluctant we may be to admit it, it is a fact that some churches do attempt to get rid of their minister. It may be that in rare instances the minister deserves to be got rid of, for the office brings no infallibility or exemption from infirmities; but more

generally the attempt is originated by one or two evil-minded men, who have taken a dislike to the minister. His preaching is objected to as too doctrinal or too practical, too orthodox or too liberal, too general or too pointed. His procedure is too independent, he encourages no cliques, he listens to no gossip, he forms his own plans and keeps to them, and this is an unpardonable offence. A writer in the paper to which we have alluded, says in a sarcastic vein, which numerous instances justify:—

"As a deacon of a Christian church and superintendent of a Sabbath school, I beg to solicit your Christian advice in a matter of extreme importance. We invited a young man from one of our colleges to take the pastorate of our churches for a specified term. Half of that time is now expired. Being the most responsible person in the church and very dissatisfied with the minister, I desire to adopt some sure and happy method of removing him. He reads too much of Bushnell and Robertson, preaches more from the Gospels than the Epistles, visits the poor much oftener than the rich, and his conversations *with* the sick are much longer than his prayers *for* them. His sermons bear too much upon how we are to *live*, and not sufficiently upon how we are to *die*. He often preaches a *living Christ*, instead of a crucified Christ. A living Christ was never heard of in our church before he settled here. My influence has been great for many years, both in the church and school, but now it is waning. The young people flock around him, much to my annoyance, and how I am to reclaim my former position I know not unless by his removal."

With the doctrinal principle of this letter we cannot sympathize, but even in churches in which there has been no departure from the old Gospel the closing part of the letter has received a painful illustration. The influence of many a faithful minister has been undermined and his position rendered insecure by the envious opposition of some local "Diotrephes who loveth to have the pre-eminence." Harsh and ungenerous criticism, cruel misrepresentation, readiness to take offence are not yet extinct. We have heard of professedly Christian men doing things of which common morality and honour should make them ashamed, and the expedients to which recourse is sometimes had—such as staying away from the services, and especially from the prayer meetings, endeavours often made in a very subtle manner to spread disaffection, withdrawal of subscriptions—are simply disgraceful.

So far we have looked at these facts from the ministerial standpoint. But it is evident that they have another side. The removal of a minister creates a vacancy, and the vacancy must be filled. Churches without ministers must find some means of supplying the lack of service, and, roughly speaking, the sooner they are settled the better. Either from the students in our colleges or from such brethren

as are willing for a change they must secure a pastor. As changes, therefore, are under some circumstances both good and inevitable, how can they be effected with the greatest ease and honour? At present matters are left very largely to chance, and proceed in a haphazard style. Ministers who wish to move, often find it difficult to take a single step towards the accomplishment of their wish. Students who were well known during their college career may, in the course of a few years, be almost forgotten. Having kept faithfully to their post, they cannot go away for a lengthened time without exciting suspicions. If they speak of their desire they are, as Mr. Fuller admirably expresses it, "quite aware that they will create an unsettled feeling that may soon result in the absolute need of change without any prospect on their part of obtaining another charge, while movements made in other directions, without speaking of it, expose them, in the estimation of some of their members to a charge of want of candour and straightforwardness." It is, in fact, difficult for a man to get an introduction to a church, difficult for him to go away on probation without unsettling his people, difficult for him when away to preach in his natural and, therefore, best style, and especially difficult when he has to go back without any prospect of receiving a call.

It is easier to acknowledge these evils than to suggest a remedy. It appears to us, however, that the first and most imperative necessity is the creation among both ministers and churches of a healthy Christian sentiment on the subject. No "letter of commendation" should ever be given, merely as a matter of compliment, or as a simple expression of friendship; it should be based on the writer's belief that the subject of it is fully qualified for the post to which he aspires, otherwise, it should be a simple request to give him a hearing, that the congregation may judge for themselves. Churches, again, should exercise the utmost care in the selection of a pastor. It is not wise to invite as a candidate a man of whom they have little or no knowledge. They ought, before committing themselves to such a step, to have very strong grounds for believing that he whom they thus invite is in every way qualified for the post. If they have not, they do a wrong to him, to his present church, and to themselves. To obtain the requisite knowledge may not be easy. From whom are churches to secure it? Testimony is not always unbiassed. If it happens to come from an enemy, it may be grossly unjust. The impression which a candidate has made on a church may be nullified by an opinion expressed of him by a candid friend in his old church: "Yes, he is a capital preacher, but ——"! Were the matter fully known, this opinion would go for very little; as it is, it works incalculable mischief.

Competitive preaching is wofully out of place. To hear a dozen or twenty candidates, as some churches do, is simply suicidal—a sure means of creating a division of feeling, and of separating very

friends. Common sense suggests that the proper method for a church to adopt is, after carefully looking about and making full investigation, to fix its attention on one man, and come to a decision with regard to him before hearing another. No minister who has any self-respect will knowingly take part in what are significantly called preaching matches. To do so would be hurtful to himself and unjust to his brethren. He would thereby give his sanction to a system which is generally as ineffective as it is degrading, and would at the same time run risks which he cannot lightly encounter. We recently saw a letter, in which a minister of some years' experience was invited to preach at a church on probation, in order that the people might decide whether he or another man were the more suitable. This is a method which must, by all means, be abandoned.

Churches should recognize the fact that their ministers may, from thoroughly conscientious reasons, believe that a change is necessary. A desire to leave them should not be regarded as an unpardonable offence, or create, as Mr. Fuller says, "an unsettled state of feeling that may soon result in the absolute need of change without any prospect" of securing a suitable one. It is an ungenerous thing to take umbrage, and to hurry a man away. Only the other week we heard of a young man who had for some years faithfully served a small church. When he accepted the invitation to it, he declined from a sense of duty a much more lucrative post. He had no intention of allowing his first pastorate to extend over more than three or four years. At length he felt that, for his own sake and the sake of his family, he must move, and candidly announced his decision to his deacons. From that moment his peace was gone. He was given to understand that the sooner he went the better. If he could have made up his mind to remain, all would have been forgiven. But as he could not do this, forgiveness was impossible. All churches do not act in this way—we have many conspicuous instances to the contrary;—but some do, and the evil is sufficiently common to warrant a word of protest against it. Let churches so placed be just and generous. No true-souled man will remain in his post to the detriment of a church, and it is an unchristian thing to outrun the providence of God.

It is in view of these considerations that Mr. Fuller suggests the formation by the Baptist Union of a "Recommending Committee," comprised of twelve men who have a special fitness for their work, with a duly qualified secretary. The communications between this committee and the churches would be strictly confidential. The churches should state "the type of their congregation, size of church, salary guaranteed, capabilities of neighbourhood," kind of man needed, &c. Ministers should make a corresponding statement as to their requirements and wishes.

The formation of such a committee would probably be welcomed by a large number of churches and ministers, and if it were well worked it would prove extensively useful. But would there, with our love of

independence, be a general acceptance of it? Our fear is that those churches to whom it would be of most service would be the least willing to communicate with it. Objections such as these will be urged against it—that it does not harmonize with the genius of congregationalism; that it would be difficult to preserve the confidential character of the communications; that ministers would hesitate to *declare* themselves movable, to submit their estimate of themselves and their capacities to a committee; and that it would do no more for us than the tutors of our colleges, our Union and Mission secretaries do now.

In some branches of the Presbyterian Church, when a vacancy occurs, the kirk session, which is practically equivalent to our diaconate, have to find a supply for the pulpit one week and the Presbytery find it the other week. But we have no Presbytery. Mr. Fuller's "Recommending Committee" would so far fulfil the functions of one. If the Union is unwilling to sanction this plan, it would be possible for the Association Secretaries in each county, with the Presidents of our colleges, and one or two other suitable men, to act in such a capacity for their county. The agents of the Home and Irish Mission, and those of the Scotch Highland Mission, are, we are told, able to effect a change when it is really desirable, without special difficulty. And, by a slight extension of our existing machinery, we may find means of remedying evils which all deplore. Our thanks are, at any rate, due to Mr. Fuller for ventilating the subject. His paper shows an admirable appreciation of the conditions of the problem, and will greatly aid its solution.

REMINISCENCES OF BRISTOL.

XV.

FOR several days previous to Mr. Hall's last appearance in Broadmead pulpit, I had been confined to the house by a sharp attack of bilious fever. Our medical friend, Mr. J. M. Chandler, forbade my going out on the Lord's-day. Now that he has passed to his rest, I may, without any violation of propriety, speak of him. He was endowed with considerable force and originality of mind, intensely thoughtful, of a highly-intellectual aspect, and, though somewhat brusque in manner, exceedingly kind. His professional reputation was high, and Mr. Hall and his family had great confi-

dence in his ability and skill. We saw a good deal of him in the Academy, and in private and social intercourse; and it is only an act of justice to his memory to state that his professional attendance on us, though free of all charge, could not have been more assiduous if it had been handsomely remunerated. We were not only grateful to him, but thoroughly enjoyed intercourse with him as a Christian gentleman of high intelligence and culture.

Have any of my readers felt, at any time, an unaccountable impulse to do that very thing which has been prohibited? One wonders how such impulses arise, and what is their cause, and why, notwithstanding some misgiving, we yield to them. That was just my case in this instance; so, in spite of Mr. Chandler's prohibition, I went to Broadmead. There was nothing in the state of Mr. Hall's health to awaken special concern. His appearance, on that day, gave no indication of unusual suffering; and, if one might judge from the character of the discourses which he delivered, his physical and mental powers were never more vigorous and active. How deeply I felt when thinking over this incident *after* his decease any intelligent reader will easily understand.

It had been previously announced that a collection would be made in behalf of BRICK STREET, in which Mr. Hall felt great interest, not simply on account of his regard for BLIND JONES, on whom the responsibility of carrying on the work there mainly rested, but also because it was an attempt to carry the Gospel into one of the poorest and most immoral districts of Bristol. The courage which the originators of this mission displayed, the zeal manifested by their successors, and the degradation and misery of the people living round about the place, excited his warmest sympathy.

The morning sermon was founded on Luke vii. 4, 5:—"*And when they came to Jesus they besought Him instantly, saying, He was worthy for whom He should do this; for He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue.*" Mr. Hall gave us a striking and graphic account of the origin and progress of the synagogue, its government, character, the influence of the worship carried on in it on the religious thought and habits of the Jews, and its tendency to prepare the way for the simpler forms of public worship under the Christian dispensation. He argued that any one helping to erect and sustain buildings where people could assemble to hear the Gospel, especially among the poor and destitute, was a public benefactor; and he, therefore, with unusual earnestness, urged all who were present to give liberally to this mission, for it was one well worthy of their hearty support.

The text of the evening sermon was Luke xii. 15:—"*And He said unto them, Take heed and beware of covetousness, for a man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth.* Just before the service commenced, a violent storm of lightning, thunder, and hail came on, which so sensibly thinned the congregation that the collection was

postponed. The smallness of the congregation, however, produced an visible effect on the preacher; for the sermon was of signal intellectual power, and one of the most brilliant and impressive of all that I heard from him. I never remember any occasion when he was more excited and vehement. He seemed to be utterly absorbed in the subject, and brought the whole force of his great intellect to its discussion. He could not have preached with greater earnestness and fervour had the place been filled to overflowing. It was one of those remarkable instances, which happened occasionally, of his being more excited by the subject of the discourse than by the audience to whom it was addressed; "when his ideas pressed into his view so much in the character of living realities, that he lost all distinct sense of the presence of the congregation, so that he had for awhile no more than a general and almost unconscious recognition of them as listening to him. His look at such times was that of a person so withdrawn to something within, that he is evidently taking no notice of what his eyes appear to fall on." * The reader must not suppose, however, that Mr. Hall was at all deficient in the most benevolent interest in his congregation, or that he did not regard the promotion of their spiritual welfare as the great end of preaching. The desire to secure this end "would often manifest itself expressly and even pathetically;" and the close of his sermons was almost invariably marked by appeals full of earnestness, and with inculcations of the most solemn import, delivered with a vehemence and passion as if he felt that the moment he was addressing them was an eventful crisis in their history, and that to them the Gospel must be *a savour of life unto life, or of death unto death.* I very much regret to have lost the notes which I took of this memorable sermon—memorable on account of its possessing all the qualities which shone out so brilliantly in his greatest efforts, but more memorable because it was his *last;* yet I can never forget one sentence which closed a series of most striking observations descriptive of the debasing effect of covetousness on the character of its victim—a sentence uttered with singular power and solemnity: "Yes, my brethren, this passion corrupts and hardens the heart, chains the intellect down to one idea, and that the most barren of all." During the services of the day, Mr. Hall seemed quite as well as usual, and there was no indication of the mournful event that was soon to happen.

"The last service at Broadmead in which he took any part was the church-meeting on Wednesday, February 9th. His closing prayer, on that occasion, was spoken of as most spiritual and elevated, exhibiting in its highest manifestation the peculiar union of humility, benevolence, and fervour, by which his devotional exercises had very long been marked." † On the following Thursday evening, the usual monthly sermon, preparatory to the administration of the Lord's

* Memoirs, Vol. VI. p. 159. † Memoirs, Vol. VI. p. 109.

Supper on the succeeding Sunday, was to have been preached. While we were waiting and wondering at Mr. Hall's non-appearance, tidings came that he had been seized with an unusually severe attack of spasms in his chest, which commenced in his study whilst preparing for the service. "He sustained it for some time time, expecting it might subside. On attempting, at length, to come down to the parlour, the symptoms were greatly aggravated by the exertion, which compelled him to remain half-an-hour on the stairs before he could acquire the power to proceed. He had endured the whole of this paroxysm alone, in the hope that he should recover without alarming his family, or disappointing the congregation; and had not some of his family discovered him in the painful situation in which he was placed, it is probable that no one would have been aware of its occurrence." * This was the commencement of the series of agonizing paroxysms which ended in his death.

It was very easy to see, the next day, that all Bristol was moved. The tidings of his alarming illness were soon generally known, and wherever we went we met with anxious inquiries, from persons of all ranks and conditions, as to its nature and progress. The following Lord's day was, to him, one of most intense suffering, and, accustomed as he was to bear severe pain without complaint, he confessed that the agony he then endured, exceeded, by far, anything he had previously felt. One of his professional friends, Mr. Addington, called early, and "found him in a state of extreme suffering and distress. The pain in his back had been uncommonly severe during the whole night, and compelled him to multiply, at very short intervals, the doses of his anodyne, until he had taken no less than 125 grains of solid opium, equal to more than 3,000 drops of laudanum. . . The opium having failed to assuage the pain, he was compelled to remain in the horizontal posture; but whilst in this situation, a violent attack in his chest took place, which, in its turn, rendered an upright position of the body no less indispensable. The struggles which ensued between these opposing and alike urgent demands, became most appalling, and it was difficult to imagine he could survive it. . . The whole of his demeanour throughout this agonizing crisis, as well as during the remainder of the day—a day of cruel suffering — exhibited, in a striking degree, the efficacy of Christian faith and hope, in supporting and tranquillizing the mind of their possessor, in a season of extreme and torturing affliction."†

During the next few days these distressing attacks increased in frequency and severity, and, when they at all subsided, he was so weak and exhausted as scarcely to be able to converse with his friends and attendants. But no murmur nor a word of impatience or irritation escaped his lips. His courtesy and kindness were evinced throughout his illness, and his solicitude for the comfort of those

* Chandler's Account, p. 19. † Memoirs, Vol. VI. p. 110.

who sat up with him during succeeding nights was very striking. His expressions, though often isolated, and often interrupted by acute suffering, invariably indicated a firm, unshaken trust in God, and humble reliance on Christ his Saviour. When the severity of these attacks was at all abated, he gave vent to his feelings in language replete with gratitude to God for His great goodness, and for the many alleviations of his distress in the increasing attention of Mrs. Hall and his daughters, and the affectionate sympathy of his friends. During one night of comparative ease the expression of lively gratitude and unfaltering faith in Christ was remarkable, and "he repeated nearly the whole of Robinson's beautiful hymn"—

> "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing!
> Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
> Streams of mercy never ceasing,
> Call for songs of loudest praise!"

A few extracts from Mr. Chandler's authentic account of Mr. Hall's illness and death will be necessary in order to bring this narrative to a close:—

"During the whole of this severe illness he read much in Campbell's translation of the Gospels, and, at intervals, one of his daughters read to him from this version—his favourite to the last. On the morning of the 21st, the day on which he died, he had it laid before him as usual, and read it himself in his ordinary recumbent attitude."

"When his medical attendants met in consultation, Mr. Hall seemed altogether better, as far as external appearances indicated. I left him between one and two o'clock in his usual position, leaning on his elbow, with apparently as much muscular vigour as ever. In a very short time, and before I had reached home, I was summoned to behold the last agonising scene. His difficulty of breathing had suddenly increased to a dreadful and final paroxysm. Mrs. Hall, observing a fixation of his eyes and an unusual expression on his countenance, and, indeed, in his whole manner, became alarmed by the sudden impression he was dying, and exclaimed, in great agitation, 'This can't be dying!' when he replied, 'It is death—it is death—death!' 'But are you comfortable in your mind?' 'Very comfortable': and then exclaimed, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come——' He then hesitated, as if incapable of bringing out the last word; and one of his daughters, involuntarily, as it were, anticipated him by saying, 'Quickly!' on which her dying father gave her a look expressive of the most complacent delight."

"On entering the room I found him sitting on the sofa, surrounded by his lamenting family . . . his frame in violent, almost convulsive heaving, sufficiently indicative of the process of dissolution. . . . As I sat by his side, he threw his arm over my

shoulders for support, with a look of evident satisfaction that I was near him. He said, 'I am dying: death has come at last: all will now be useless.' . . . On my asking him if he suffered much, he replied, 'Dreadfully.' The rapidly-increasing gasping soon overpowered his ability to swallow, or to speak, except in monosyllables; but, whatever might be the degree of his suffering, there was no failure of his mental vigour or composure. Indeed, so perfect was his consciousness that, in the midst of these last agonies, he intimated to me, very shortly before the close, a fear lest he should fatigue me by his pressure; and when his family, one after another, gave way, he followed them with sympathising looks, as they were obliged to be conveyed from the room. This was his last voluntary movement; for, immediately, a general convulsion seized him, and he quickly expired."

Thus was fulfilled a wish which he often expressed to his more intimate friends, that he might be spared a protracted illness attended with severe pain. He never manifested any fear as to the issue of the disease from which he suffered. In fact, there was nothing about which he had any fear except that of being wholly laid aside from public duty in the decline of life. It would be difficult to present, in words, an adequate idea of the general feeling of distress occasioned by this event. Not only the lamentations of the family and of his numerous friends fell on one's ear, but a gloom was cast over the whole city which was not lifted for many days.

Though Mr. Hall's closing days were not distinguished for those expressions indicating his state of mind in the prospect of a removal to another life which relatives and intimate friends ardently desire and expect, there were some things of far higher interest and value, which were striking indications of the real state of his mind. There was "a remarkable advance in simplicity of mind and devotional ardour" both in the family and in the church. His concluding prayer at the church meeting —the last public service in which he took a part—was noticed at the time as singularly elevated and devout, exhibiting a combination of humilty, affection, and fervour, which produced the impression on all who heard it that he was fast ripening for the great change. During this period his character and powers shone with a brighter lustre in his prayers than in his preaching.

Not often is it permitted to the servants of God to retain their consciousness, especially in times of very severe suffering, up to the very moment of dissolution. And what a moment *that* was! Those who were standing around paused for the next breath; "but it came not, and all was over!" How strong is our desire to know something of that state of existence which immediately follows the present! We try in vain to pierce the veil which conceals the future from our sight. I have often wondered when reading the story of our Lord's

recalling to life the dead son of the widow of Nain, and his beloved friend Lazarus, that no curiosity was manifested to learn what had passed in the interval, whither they had gone, and what they had seen and heard. None of their friends seem to have asked a single ques- question on these mysterious and awful subjects. How was this curiosity restrained or suppressed? Was it by some Divine influence acting on their minds and of which they were unconscious? Viewed in any light it was remarkable. But all conjecture is fruitless. Enough that we know from the Scriptures the transition which takes place in death is for the righteous from suffering and sorrow to glory and joy, and that *absent from the body they are present with the Lord.*

It was at Mrs. Hall's request that two of the students watched in the house while the corpse lay there, and this arrange- ment afforded her and the family much comfort in their distress. In company with my then fellow-student, long since deceased, the Rev. Enoch Williams, I discharged this duty one night—a night never to be forgotten! There is always a solemnity attendant on the midnight hours when watching—and especially in the presence of death. How distinctly the slightest sound is heard; the ticking of a clock even will strongly impress us with a feeling of awe.

While now and then looking on the inanimate form before us, it was striking to observe how all traces of suffering and pain had vanished. It was difficult to believe that he was not wrapped in profound sleep—so calm, so still, so majestic. A wonderful change of expression often comes over the countenance of those who die in the Lord—a sort of ethereal beauty never before observed, as if the opening prospect of eternal joy had left some indication of what the Spirit felt ere it entered on its full enjoyment. But those eyes which had so often expressed the intense force of Mr. Hall's vast mental capacity, and those lips which had given utterance to strains of eloquence almost unsurpassed, were now closed in death. There was only the mortal body—"the great inhabitant was gone"!

The *post mortem* examination showed that the pain which Mr. Hall endured almost from infancy to the close of life, was occasioned by renal calculi, of an unique conformation.

The immediate cause of his death was a softened condition of the structure of the heart, and "a chronic inflamatory process going on in the interior membrane of the great arterial trunk, which finally became actively inflamed and ulcerated." The laboured circulation of the blood produced greater agony than positive pain, and Mr. Hall often said to Mr. Chandler, that he could more easily suffer seven years of unabated pain in his back, acute as that was, than one half- hour of the conflict within his chest.

The funeral service will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Several gentlemen preceded the corpse, which was borne on

foot. The Nonconformist ministers of Bristol, with Mr. Foster and Dr. Carpenter, bore the pall. The students, and about three hundred ministers and gentlemen followed the mourners; most of the shops were closed, and the blinds of the windows of the houses which were passed were drawn, and the streets thronged with sorrowing spectators. There was an entire absence of all pomp and show. *Devout men carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him.* The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Crisp and Mr. Anderson, and the remains were interred in a vault behind Broadmead. Some years afterward they were removed by his son-in-law, Mr. W. R. Warren, to Arno's Vale Cemetery, and a beautiful and accurate medallion likeness placed on the tomb.

For some reason, which I could never ascertain, Mr. Hall had an insuperable objection to sit for his portrait. None of those likenesses, therefore, which have been published, do him full justice. That by Mr. Branwhite, taken *after death*, and prefixed to the "Life and Works," edited by Dr. Gregory, is, considering all the circumstances, surprisingly good. It fully expresses the wonderful force of his mind and character, but not the yearning benevolence of his heart. But for a delineation of the entire man, if one may so speak, I know no likeness that gives so complete an idea of him as the one published by the *Freeman*, where he is represented standing amidst a group of distinguished departed worthies.

Nor have I heard, since his death, any preacher who strongly reminded me of him, except the late James Parsons, of York. There was a similarity in their figure. In both cases the voice was at first feeble and low, but swelling into volume and power. There was much of the same passionate earnestness, the same command of Scripture, a striking and similar appropriateness of quotation. But they differed in this respect. Mr. Parson's sermons were made up of a succession of parts, which he began in subdued tones, rising in vehemence and force to the close of each, when he would subside, and the same process would be repeated on to the end. Mr. Hall's, on the other hand, resembled a continuous, unbroken flight, rising, from the commencement throughout, to a higher elevation of thought and expression, until he reached the climax, and then sat down. I have often regretted that I enjoyed so few opportunities of hearing Mr. Parsons, who must have been, when in the full possession of his powers, a preacher of the highest order. With many opportunities of listening to some of the most distinguished statesmen and orators, in the senate, at the bar, and in the pulpit, only one, and that the gentleman I have named, could be placed in *comparison* with ROBERT HALL.

These Reminiscences, which were began at the earnest solicitation of the esteemed Editor of the Magazine and some of my ministerial brethren, would have been closed ere this but for the desire so

strongly and repeatedly expressed, not only by old Bristolians and personal friends, but by others in different parts of the country whom I do not even know, that I would continue them. But all things must have an end. And, whilst recalling the remembrance of the feeling excited among all classes in Bristol, but especially the more intelligent, when Mr. Hall's death became known, no language so appropriately describes it as the beautiful and touching words with which Mr. Foster closes his observations on Mr. Hall's character as a preacher:—"By those persons the loss is reflected on with a sentiment peculiar to the event, never experienced before, nor to be expected in any future instance. The removal of any worthy minister while in full possession and activity of his faculties is a mournful occurrence; but there is the consideration that many such remain, and that, perhaps, an equal may follow where the esteemed instructor is withdrawn. But the feeling in the present instance is of a loss altogether irreparable. The cultivated portion of the hearers have a sense of privation partaking of desolateness. An animated influence that pervaded and enlarged and raised their minds is extinct. While ready to give due honour to all valuable preachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise, they involuntarily and pensively turn to look at the last fading colours in the distance where the greater luminary has set."

F. T.

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THE RELATION BETWEEN THE JEWISH SABBATH AND THE LORD'S DAY.

By the Rev. R. Cameron, Leeds.

THERE are in the Old Testament many injunctions to observe a weekly Sabbath that may be considered as intended specially for the Jews; but two grand inscriptions of the Divine Will stand out from all these in as bold relief as the sun and moon among the heavenly bodies, or as the Himalayas or Cordilleras among the mountains of our globe. One is, the Divine Example as recorded in Genesis; and the other, the Fourth Commandment with the reason annexed to it. The one is a pattern for all men, set forth at a time when one man was the representative of entire humanity; the other is one of the ten words written, as no other words were ever written, by the finger of God on tables of stone. Both are equally consonant

with every dispensation of religion, and equally applicable to all ages of the world.

That the law of the Ten Commandments is not abolished by the Gospel, is shown by Paul in Rom. xiii. 8, 9, where he quotes the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth Commandments, and pronounces love to be the fulfilling of these and of all the rest, and by James (ii. 10), where the whole drift of the Apostle's exhortation implies that the Decalogue is a law to the Christian.

Some will have it that the life of Christ is now the only law to a Christian. But if Christ's life is our standard of duty, *why* is it so? It can only be, because that life is (in one of its aspects) a perfect illustration of the Law. If it were not so, it would not be a law to us. In so much as *any life* comes short of the Law, it is just so much the worse for that life; and the reason why Christ's life in its moral aspects is a rule to us, is just because it fills up the entire outline of the Law. If we know that Christ's life is a perfect life, it must be because we apply to it some rule or standard. What is that standard if it is not the Divine Law? But if Christ's life is a rule to us because it conforms to a certain standard, what shall we say of the standard? Can we say that it is not a law to us? Certainly not.

It is nothing to the purpose—in so far as this question is concerned—to say, that "we are not under the Law but under Grace." The allegation is true, but altogether irrelevant. Law and Grace, merit and favour, are often and strongly contrasted in Scripture, but Law and the life of Christ never. The life of Christ, instead of "making void" the Law, or casting it into the shade, or setting it aside, "fulfils" it, "magnifies" it, "establishes" it. It is the life of Christ, in filling up the Law, that is the source of our life; it is the *filled up* Law—but still *the Law*—that is the standard of our duty.

We are told that the Fourth Commandment is in part ceremonial. But the term ceremonial, as thus used, is utterly misleading. Certainly there is a *moral* element in giving to God that which is His own in His own way. If it is necessary to make any distinction here, the distinction to be made is not between what is ceremonial and what is moral, but between what is intended to be temporary, and what is intended to be permanent; and if anything can be a sign of permanence, surely the Divine Example is, confronting us as it does at the very threshold of human existence.

It is said, too, that as the Fifth Commandment was applicable only to the Jews, it is presumable that some of the other Commandments may be so also. But if this command was only intended for the Jews, why does Paul apply it to the Gentiles? "Honour thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise," says he to the children of the Ephesian Christians, which Ephesian Christians he addresses as "you Gentiles." Does Paul quote this command as an "illustration" of what is "right"? Be it so. But would it have been "right" in him to quote it as illustrating h

inculcation, if it were not in his opinion applicable to Gentiles? The truth is, the Ten Commandments were given for all time, and it is vain for us to attempt to "scrape one out of the table."

And here we shall be met by the question, Does not then the Fourth Commandment require the keeping of the *seventh day* as a Sabbath? To which we reply by another question, *Which* day is the seventh day? Neither the Fourth Commandment nor the account of Creation answers that question. They know of no seventh day but the day after six working days. God's seventh day is the time after His six days' work is finished, and the seventh day of the Fourth Commandment is the day after six days' labour—"Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh is the Sabbath," words which are applicable to any *seventhly recurring day.*

It seems to be supposed by some that when the words "the seventh day" occur in Scripture, they must necessarily refer to the seventh day *of the week;* but this is far from being the case. In a host of passages, of which Num. xix. 12—19 may be taken as a specimen, there is no reference whatever to the place of the seventh day among the days of the week; and not even in any of the injunctions that we find in the Old Testament to "remember the Sabbath day" is the seventh day *of the week* distinctly specified. Indeed, the phrase "seventh day of the week," though common enough in our day, is an expression wholly unknown to Scripture; and just as in Num. xix. 12, and many other passages of the same kind, the reference is to some event that might take place any day, so when the seventh day is mentioned in the Old Testament in respect to the weekly Sabbath, it is always with reference expressed or implied to the previous six working days; and it looks very much as if the full description of the day were intentionally avoided, in order that it might be understood that its place among the days of the week, except for the fact of its coming after six working days, was as yet an adventitious circumstance having no moral significance.

It is not any inherent sanctity that makes one day preferable to another. Moses was on "holy ground" when he stood before the burning bush, not because of the bush, but because of Him that "dwelt in the bush." It is His presence that consecrates. If from that same bush we had now slips growing in our gardens, they would have no more "odour of sanctity" than the other shrubs around them. Now, just as any one bush could have been consecrated, and would have arrested Moses' attention equally with any other, provided God's presence had been specially manifested there, so that day becomes "holy to the Lord" in which God's presence is specially revealed to our consciousness; and what we have now to inquire is, Was there under the Old Dispensation any seventhly recurring day so signalized by divinely controlled events as specially to bring home the presence of the Lord to men's consciousness? In a previous paper we stated that to mark out the particular day of the week to be observed as a day of rest, we

have one set of indications that apply to the Old Dispensation, and another set of indications that apply to the New; nor do we know of any other mode of appointment of the day under any Dispensation. It is true we have such passages as this—"The seventh day is the Sabbath;" but we think we have shown that the words "seventh day" may be used in respect to any seventhly recurring day, and may be applied equally to the first day of the week as to the last, being in both cases the day after six working days.

If we refer at all to the "Sabbatic river" which Josephus says ran every seventh day with a strong current, but was perfectly dry all the other days of the week, and which is said to be adduced in both the Babylonian and Jerusalem Talmuds as a sacred sign of "the true Sabbath," it is only to suggest that the Jews themselves seem not to have been satisfied that a knowledge of the place of the Sabbath among the days of the week could be ascertained from the injunctions alone which were given them to observe it.

That some revelation of the nature of an appointment was made to our first parents we do not doubt, but how that appointment was made we are not told. We know that God did make His special presence to be felt at times both by Adam and his family, and most probably it was in this way that the day of rest was first indicated. This, at least, seems to be the way in which the Divine sanction was given to the day kept by the Jews. A seventhly recurring day was so signalised by Divinely controlled events as specially to bring home the "presence of the Lord" to their consciousness. One notable example (and analagous cases may have preceded it) is to be found in the manner in which their food was supplied in the wilderness. For forty years the manna fell day by day, but always intermitting one day in the week. All the circumstances were extraordinary; but the most extraordinary was the singular marking out of the day of rest by Jehovah's doubling the provision of the sixth day, and holding His hand on the seventh, as if to say, "I too will keep Sabbath with you." With such a history behind them, and such a Deliverer and Protector around them, is it wonderful that they should be required to lay everything aside one day in the week, even to the cooking of their food, and reflect on what marvels had been wrought for their deliverance and preservation?

But we are speaking now of the Divine mode of procedure in sanctioning one particular day of the week as a day of rest. This mode, as we hope to show, is, so far as we can ascertain, uniform throughout. It is a signalising of the day by such events as tend to bring home His Divine presence specially to men's consciousness. And this mode is quite in keeping with the object for which the Sabbath is appointed. *That* object is to bring men nearer to God. When God called Israel to be a people near to Him, He set His dwelling-place in the midst of them, appointed them ceremonies, and gave them rules of conduct, all of which had a tendency to remind them

of his continual presence, but His pleasure was that once in the week they should realise that presence in an especial manner, and the sanctuary service was arranged with that view. On His golden altar and "before His face" were to be set every Sabbath twelve fresh loaves of bread, with frankincense, to represent the twelve tribes of Israel as presenting themselves anew in His presence, and dedicating themselves afresh to His service. The day that God consecrates by His presence is to witness a fresh dedication to Him of His people. There is thus a harmony between the mode and the object of the appointment.

But what has this to do with the day that some of us call the Christian Sabbath, and others the Lord's Day? Much, every way. We have shown that the example in Genesis is for all time, and that the Fourth Commandment is a commandment for all men to whom the knowledge of it comes, and that neither of these singles out any day further than a seventhly recurring day as a day of rest. Not that every man is left to choose what day he likes. It is not our day, but the Lord's Day, that we are to keep holy. And so the question arises, How are we to know the day? If an ancient Jew had been asked how he knew that the day he called the seventh day was "the true Sabbath," what answer could he give further than this, that God has signalised that day by the habit of specially on it manifesting His presence to His people? And would not this be a sufficient answer?

Why is it that in the two great monuments which stamp a weekly Sabbath as a permanent institution there is no more definite appointment than what may apply to any seventhly recurring day? May it not be that it was because God from the beginning purposed to appoint one day for pre-Christian and another day for Christian times? At least there is an opening left (and may we not say, purposely left?) for such a proceeding. There is no indication in the Old Testament that the place of the Sabbath in the week was appointed for all time; so that "the Lord of the Sabbath," when He appeared, could, without disturbing any permanent arrangement, give His sanction to whatever day He pleased.

Now the question is—Did He sanction a new day for the New Dispensation? We can easily see that there was a day, the associations of which would be in full harmony with the state of things He came to introduce. Every day of His short ministry witnessed marvellous events, but there was one event in His history that surpassed all the rest, because it gathered all His glories into a focus; and surely of all notable days the most notable in the eye of a Christian must ever be that day—first in the week—when Christ, having borne our sins in His own body to the tree and died to expiate them, in spite of death and the grave, the stone, the watch, and the seal, manifested Himself the Son of God with power, by the resurrection from the dead. As the first-begotten from the dead, He is Prince

of the kings of the earth. And not only so, but, "when God bringeth again the first-begotten into the world, He saith, 'And let all the *angels of God* worship Him.'"

But still the question remains—*Did He appoint* this day as a day "holy to the Lord"? We have had before us an instance of God's mode of procedure in pointing out the day of rest in ancient times. It was by striking appropriate events recurring as that day came round. Did any analogous events occur at the commencement of the New Dispensation? In answer to this question, we reply—

I. The Saviour signalised the first day of the week by repeatedly, on that day, showing Himself alive to His disciples after His passion. On the day of His resurrection He appeared to Mary Magdalene by herself, to Peter by himself, to two disciples (Cleopas and, probably, Luke) going to Emmaus, and afterwards to the eleven disciples assembled with shut doors for fear of the Jews,—in all four times (some say five, counting a separate appearance to the women at the sepulchre in addition to the appearance to Mary Magdalene); but the chief manifestation of the day was that in the evening, when the eleven were gathered together, and others with them, and first heard Peter's tale, then that of Cleopas and Luke, then were startled by the sudden appearance of Jesus Himself in the midst of them, who calmed their terrified spirits by showing them His pierced hands and feet, and breathing afresh the breath of life into their souls. All these manifestations took place on the day of the resurrection, being the first day of the week. But one of the apostles was absent from all these interviews, and he must now wait till the first day of the week comes round again.

II. We now turn to John xx. 24—27: "But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came. The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in His hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into His side, I will not believe. And after eight days again the disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you. Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger and behold My hands, and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into My side, and be not faithless, but believing."

It appears from this that Jesus did not meet with His disciples in the interval between these two Sundays—not even on the seventh day of the week—and this inference is confirmed by what John says in the next chapter, where we read of a subsequent meeting at the sea of Tiberias, and it is added, "This is now the third time that Jesus showed Himself to His disciples (to any number of them, that is) after that He was risen from the dead." Now, if this was the third time, the meeting at which Thomas was present must have been the

second. The Sundays in two successive weeks were thus distinguished from all the days that came between them.

Moreover, John adds: "Many other signs truly did Jesus in the *presence of His disciples*, which are not written in this book"—that is, if we understand him aright, "these are but specimens of His intercourse with His disciples after His resurrection," and, as this is said *immediately after the record of the second Sunday's meeting*, there can scarcely be a doubt that He continued at least His Sunday meetings till the "time when He was taken up."

The main facts are so striking that they will bear repetition. We have on record repeated visits which we are directly told took place on the first day in successive weeks. We have one visit that we think we can trace to the fifth day of the week. But we have not a single recorded visit that we can trace to the seventh day of the week. That day, instead of being pre-eminently distinguished, seems to sink at once into complete oblivion, as if the rising Saviour had left the memory of it in His grave! Was this a foreshadowing of its future?

III. If, as we cannot but believe, the Saviour met His disciples every Sunday during the forty days, they would naturally expect that He would choose that day for the fulfilment of His great promise. Hence we read that the Sunday but one after His ascension (being the day of Pentecost) "they were all (that is in all probability the 120 mentioned in the verses immediately preceding) with one accord in one place." They seemed to have had a presentiment* that it would be on the first day of the week that they should witness the marvellous manifestation of their Master's power, so the early morning found them "all with one accord in one place." No doubt one reason for the choice of the day of Pentecost for this manifestation was because it *was* the day of Pentecost, but it was also "the Lord's day." It was a coincidence, but not a *mere* coincidence. He, who ordained that that festival should take place "on the morrow after the Sabbath," knew what day that would be in Christian times. "Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world." All His appointments centre in Him, whom He hath appointed "heir of all things."

IV. Having arrived at this stage of the inquiry, and having ascertained that the first day of the week was not only resurrection day, but was also the day successively signalized by the bodily appearance to the disciples of their risen Lord, and the fulfilment of His promise in the descent of the Holy Spirit, let us now see whether the conduct of the Apostles, under the guidance of the Spirit, furnishes us with any confirmation of these views. And—

1. We find the Apostle John using an expression which shows

* What is said of the Apostles and women in Acts i. 14 does not imply that the 120 met every day between the ascension and Pentecost.

that the first day of the week was a day as distinguished among the early followers of Christ, as the seventh day had ever been among the Jews. It is this day beyond a doubt that he honours with the appellation of the "Lord's day." The phrase is not explained, and must therefore have been in common use. This is the application given to the term by Christian writers from Ignatius, who was a disciple of John, downwards. But there is more than this expression which is noteworthy in the passage in which it occurs. "I was *in the Spirit* on the Lord's day." Is there not here a chink through which a wide prospect may be descried? *In the Spirit*,—in which Spirit a glorious vision of the Saviour appeared to John. A vision of the Lord on the Lord's day. Surely it is not a mere fancy that "the Lord of the Sabbath" has stamped that day with a character all its own.

2. Next, we find the sanction of Apostolic precedent given in a special manner to the meeting of *Christians generally* on the first day of the week. Paul remained on one occasion seven days at Troas ready to depart thence as soon as the first day of the week was over, but no account is given us of his meeting with the disciples on any of those seven days, except one, and that one "the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread" (Acts xx. 6, 7). If it is said that this meeting was protracted into the following day, the reply is, that if the fact were so, it would not at all affect the argument. The prolongation was the result of *unusual* circumstances, and was a mere matter of *occasion* and not of *arrangement*. This is supposing the fact to be as stated. But is it so? We find that the meeting was concluded "at break of day." The Jewish day began at six in the morning.* Was it after six when the day broke? Let us see. Paul came to Troas "after the days of unleavened bread"—that is, after Whitsuntide. Suppose Whitsuntide to have been about the 21st of May. Twelve days are to be added, which brings us to June, scarcely three weeks before Midsummer. It is needless to say that Troas lies in the Northern hemisphere. What have we then? The "break of day" was long before six o'clock.

3. Again, we find the Apostle Paul exhorting the Corinthians to do that which he had ordained the churches of Galatia to do—viz., "each man, according to his own judgment,"† to contribute on the first day of the week as God had prospered him during the past week.

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* If any one says that the Hebrew day began at six in the *evening*, we reply that this makes nonsense of Peter's argument: "These are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day," *i.e.*, "These are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but nine o'clock at night."

† "According to his own judgment." That the words παρ' ἑαυτῷ cannot mean "at home" here is evident from the latter clause, "that there be no gatherings when I come." We translate them *according to his own judgment*, as the words in the plural have this meaning in Romans xi. 25 and xii. 17; see also Gal. iii. 11 and James i. 27.

Why on the *first* day? If the week's work ended on the sixth day, it would seem more natural that the proceeds should be apportioned on the seventh rather than on the first day. Yet it was an apostolic ordinance in all the churches of Galatia, and at Corinth, that the collections should be made on the first day of the week. Take this in connection with the fact that the seventh day of the week is systematically ignored in the founding and early history of the Christian Church, and to what does all this point?

We have spoken of the manner in which sanction was given to the seventh day of the week under the old economy, and to the first under the new. We may now add that the way in which sanction was given to each day was in harmony with the prominent feature of each respectively. The prominent feature of the Jewish Sabbath was that of physical rest, and on that day the manna ceased to fall. The prominent feature of the Christian Sabbath is the inner growth of the divine life, and the memories that gather round the day of the resurrection are well calculated to stimulate that growth. To this object of the Sabbath every other is subordinate; at the same time, *in order to* the realisation of this object, it seems desirable that as far as possible all worldly business should be laid aside.

But before drawing these remarks to a close, it may be necessary to allude to certain references in the New Testament that may seem at first sight to militate against the view here given.

And first, it may be asked, if the disciples after the resurrection counted the seventh day of the week as a week-day, why did they on that day so often attend the Sabbath-meetings in the Jewish synagogues? They did so because this afforded them the best opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the Jews, nor did they separate from the synagogue, till the synagogue rejected the Gospel. It was in the order of Providence that the Gospel should *first* be preached to the Jews. The first Christian churches had to be gathered out of the synagogues and there was no better opportunity of effecting this, than by the Apostles availing themselves of the privilege they enjoyed as members of the synagogue. To the Jews they became as Jews, for the Gospel's sake. It is not easy to see how they could have evangelised the Jews without taking exactly this course. This was one motive for frequenting the synagogue, and we are under no necessity of supposing another. We are not aware that the record suggests any other. At any rate, it does not suggest obedience to the Sabbath-law as one of their motives. If any suggestion on this head is made at all by the sacred writers, it would seem to be rather that this was *not* than that it *was* one of their motives. Thus, Luke tells us that the women that followed Jesus "rested the seventh day, *according to the commandment.*" This was before the resurrection. But the same writer, in mentioning Paul's visits to the synagogue, instead of informing us, as in the case of the women, that it was in obedience to the Sabbath-law, simply says that it was according to "his manner." There may

not be much in this, but it seems to us like the drifting straw which shows the direction of the water current.

Again, a difficulty seems to present itself in our Lord's exhortation to His disciples to pray that their flight might "not be in the winter, neither on the *Sabbath day*." But here it is the *inconvenience* of the time that is referred to, and not the fear of breaking the Sabbath, for, as Dr. Adam Clarke says, the fugitives "might raise the indignation of the Jews by travelling on that day, and so suffer that death out of the city which they had endeavoured to escape from within. Besides, on the Sabbath day, the Jews not only kept within doors, but the gates of all the cities and towns in every place were kept shut and barred, so that if their flight should be on the Sabbath, they could not expect admission into any place of security in the land."

One passage more we must refer to. It is in Paul's Epistle to the Colossians (ii. 16), "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a holiday, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath days." It seems to be against Judaizing teaching that this passage is aimed—meats and drinks—new moons and Sabbaths. But the drift of Judaizing teaching anent a weekly Sabbath would be in favour of the Jewish day rather than of the Christian, and so Paul, by setting himself against this teaching, shows that he did not consider the Jewish Sabbath binding on a Christian's conscience. That is, if the passage refers to a weekly Sabbath at all. But the great probability is that it has no reference to a weekly Sabbath. We believe a better translation would be, "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast, either of new moon or of weeks." The word translated "holiday" in our version, is translated *feast* in the following passages—Acts xviii. 21, John v. 1; and the word translated "Sabbath days" is the word which is translated *week* in Luke xviii. 12, Matt. xxviii. 1, Mark xvi. 2, Luke xxiv. 1, John xx. 1, 19, Acts xx. 7, 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

We see, then, how that, from the first, the most imposing monuments on which the Sabbath law is inscribed contain no decisive indication of the particular day to be observed; how the question of the day of the week is there left open; how it is decided by characteristic signal events in each of the two dispensations; how when the Incarnate Word appeared, He preferred His right to legislate by proclaiming Himself the Lord of the Sabbath; how the first day of the week was signalized by the great event which lies at the foundation of Christian doctrine; how the risen Saviour appeared to His disciples in a special manner on the first day in successive weeks, and not on any day between; how, on that day, He consecrated His newly-formed church with the baptism of the Holy Ghost; how His apostles, by precept and precedent, sanctioned the setting apart of that day for social worship, designating it "the Lord's day"; and how the last day of the week was regarded by the apostles as an opportunity of disseminating Christianity among the Jews, and used it for that purpose;

whilst no instance is recorded either of the risen Saviour meeting *them*, or of *their* meeting each other for social worship on the seventh day of the week. If, then, the first day of the week is claimed by the risen Saviour as His own day; if no shadow of authority can be found binding Christians to observe the Jewish Sabbath; if the Fourth Commandment allows of six days out of every seven for worldly business, the only conclusion we can arrive at is, that the Lord's Day is the one day to be specially set apart by Christians as "holy unto the Lord."

Of course it is not meant by anything here said that Christian worship, or the exercise of Christian duty, is to be confined to the first day of the week. It is quite true, as Neander says, that "all Christians should be a people consecrated to God, and that all the employments of their earthly calling should, in like manner, be sanctified by the temper in which they are discharged, that their whole living and doing—pointed with one reference to Christ—should henceforth become a consecrated thank-offering and a spiritual worship." This, doubtless, is the ideal of Christianity, the Christian's aim and ultimate destination. When this end is permanently reached, a weekly Sabbath may perhaps be dispensed with. But, in the meantime, as there are great hindrances to the attainment of this end, great helps are needed, and, of all helps, the proper observance of the Lord's day is one of the greatest. True, in its physical aspects, it is only a means to an end, and the means should not be invested with undue importance. It was treating the means as an end that lay at the root of Jewish mistakes: "Men can wait to be healed, but the Sabbath must be observed." Such were the thoughts that called forth the Saviour's rebuke—"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." However important it is, that importance is subordinate, whilst the laws of benevolence and charity are paramount. It was in order that these laws should bear full sway that the Sabbath was made, and so Jesus, in exercising His compassion on the miserable on that day, was fulfilling the end of the Sabbath law, whilst the Jews, who were seeking occasion to destroy Him, were breaking all law, both moral and Sabbatic.

But whilst the means and the end are not to be compared in importance, an end which is all important reflects something of its importance upon the means; and the importance of the Sabbath can hardly be over-estimated, provided only we distinguish clearly between the means and the end.

Glorious memories gather round "the Lord's day." The conquest of death—the gift of the Spirit—the gathering unto Christ—the remembrance of Him in the heavy sorrows and deep humiliation of His life, in the great love of His heart, in the sacrifice of Himself unto death, in His glory at the right hand of the Father, in His spiritual presence in the church, in His promise to come again to receive His followers to a glory like His own. It is the time of the

Saviour passing by, and offering a rest from toil and care, a refuge from outward temptation, a cure for inward evil tendencies; peace to the troubled heart, a friend to the bereaved, life and joy everlasting to all.

It may in some cases be a great effort to unbind the burden of worldly business at the call of Sabbath duties, but we shall be able to take it up afterwards with a lighter heart and a stronger nerve; and the effort of disengaging ourselves from it for a time may be an act of needful self-discipline, and will pave the way for laying it finally aside in order to join the holier worship of that heavenly city, which needs no material temple, because "the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

THE EARLY YEARS OF SAINT PAUL.

III.

WE have taken for granted that Saul of Tarsus was born very near to the time of the advent of the Lord Jesus; and as there is good reason to suppose that the Apostle lived to be nearly seventy years of age, the extent of his life covers the period of the "decline and fall" of the Jewish nation. About 1700 years before the birth of the Saviour, the dying Patriarch, Jacob, divinely inspired, prophesied thus concerning Him—"The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and unto Him shall the gathering of the people be." It is not our present purpose to enter into the details of this remarkable prediction, but just to glance at these two salient points—namely, that the Jews, until the coming of Christ, were to possess princes, and a distinct nationality; but that, after His coming, their "sceptre" and "lawgiver" were to cease to be. As is well known, events were according to the prediction. When the Saviour was born, Herod was "king," and the Jews were still in Palestine; but before the first century came to an end, "the sceptre" and the "lawgiver" had passed away, the temple was reduced to ruins, and the Jews were scattered as homeless exiles through the world. The fact is worth mentioning that Herod was not really a Jew, but an Edomite—neither Jew nor Gentile, so to speak—and thus he was an emblem of the beginning of the end. The Jewish nation still existed intact, but the "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin" were already written upon its palace walls; the tree still stood, but the axe was near; the vessel of the State still sailed, but the darkness of the destructive tempest had already overshadowed it. The Apostle Paul

spent the whole of his life as a subject of that great Roman power which was providentially employed in the destruction of the Jewish polity, and, of course, Roman influences blended themselves with the associations of his early years. Tarsus had its Roman government; its soldiers belonged to the imperial army, and the Latin tongue was as much the language of the dominant race, as English now is among our Indian provinces, or as French is among the inhabitants of Algeria. We may conjecture that the future Apostle studied Latin in the schools of Tarsus, and read his Livy, Horace, and Virgil there, but we have no direct proof of this; and the point is only so far interesting to us as it connects itself with the use he makes in his great writings of ideas derived from Roman customs and Roman law.

We are told that the superscription of the Saviour's Cross was written in "Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." Saul could have read the superscription in the threefold tongues, which may also be taken as an emblem of the influences which affected every portion of his life, the "Latin" influence being less than the "Greek," and the "Hebrew" the greatest of the three. Students of Scripture are familiar with the two words "Greeks" and "Grecians," the former occurring oftener than the latter; and a few explanatory remarks upon both may not be out of place. The word Greek means one belonging to the Greek race, and speaking the Greek language, whether residing in Greece or not. Thus, in John xii. 20, we read, "And there were certain Greeks among them that came up to worship at the feast: the same came therefore to Philip, which was of Bethsaida of Galilee, and desired him, saying, Sir, we would see Jesus." These Greeks were, of course, Gentiles, and probably had known Philip in Galilee, which district was so full of foreigners as to deserve the appellation given to it by the Evangelist—"Galilee of the Gentiles." It is noticeable that the apostle to whom these Greeks first applied for introduction to Jesus had himself a Greek name—"Philip," which means a "lover of horses,"—from which fact we probably may rightly infer that this apostle had Greek relatives, and thus in some sense was a representative of the Gentiles among "The Twelve;" Andrew being his fellow representative. For the word Andrew is also a Greek word, meaning "a manly person."

The word "Grecian" occurs but seldom in the New Testament, though the facts which it designates are interesting and important. It means a *Greek-speaking Jew*, whether living in Palestine or not, and whether a convert to Christianity or still remaining a disciple of Moses. The name occurs, for example, in Acts vi. 1—"And in those days, when the number of the disciples was multiplied, there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministrations." These "Grecians," as we have already remarked, were Greek-speaking Jews, and were converts to the Christian faith;—the "Hebrews" being Jews who spoke the language of Palestine. A learned man has pointed out the fact that

the "Hebrews," as a rule, looked upon the Greek-speaking Jews with some feelings of bigoted contempt, somewhat as now-a-days strict Roman Catholics look upon members of the Greek Church; and in the verse quoted above, we have an illustration of the culpable manner in which this feeling manifested itself among the Christian converts at Jerusalem. The "Hebrews" were mean enough to attempt to spite the "Grecians," by depriving the widows belonging to the latter of their fair share of the church charities; and to correct which evil the "seven men" were chosen, who are supposed (though perhaps incorrectly) to be the first deacons of the Christian Church.

The Apostle Paul was a Grecian in the sense indicated above; that is, a Greek-speaking Jew, and certainly the most famous of the class. In Acts xxi. 37, we read that the chief captain of the temple said to Paul, "Canst thou speak Greek?"—or, as the words may be translated, "Dost thou know Greek well enough to speak it?" The apostle certainly did; of which we have a notable proof in his address to the Athenians on Mar's Hill. He probably began the study of the famous language at Tarsus, and he increased his knowledge of it in after years, when he felt the strong stirrings of ambition within him; just as in our day a young man prepares himself for diplomatic service, by a careful study of the leading European tongues. His knowledge of the Greek language fitted him, in after years, under the guidance of Divine Providence, for the accomplishment of a mission far more momentous and enduring than any to which his most far-reaching ambition could possibly aspire. Whilst scanning Homer, reciting Demosthenes, and poring over Plato, the Divine Spirit was preparing him to wage successful warfare against the idols of Greece, to preach the glad tidings of salvation to myriads of Gentiles and Jews, and to pen those immortal letters which have cast the fame of Grecian orators and poets far into the shade.

But while the character of Saul of Tarsus was in part under the influence of Roman ideas and of Greek culture, he was more fully and emphatically a Jew; for, while prizing his Roman citizenship, and assiduously attending to Greek learning, it was his especial boast and pleasure to term himself a "Jew of the tribe of Benjamin," "of the stock of Israel," "a Hebrew of the Hebrews." In Paul's time the Hebrew language, properly so called, had ceased to be spoken by the Jews—a dialect of it, called Aramean, having taken its place as the usual speech of the Jewish people. This was what may be termed the vernacular language of Jesus Christ and His apostles, some fragments of which are preserved in the Greek New Testament. For example, when Christ called Peter "*Cephas*," He gave the apostle an Aramean name; when He said to the ruler's daughter "*Talitha cumi*"—"Maiden arise"—He used the same dialect; and His words upon the cross were from the same language when, with His dying lips, He said, "*Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.*" It is beside our present purpose to enter into any detailed comparison between the Hebrew

and the Aramean languages. It is sufficient to say that they are alike in their chief elements, bearing about the same resemblance to each other as the Italian or French language of Dante's time bore to its parent Latin. Although the birthplace of Saul was far away from Palestine, doubtless the Jews there deemed it their duty and pleasure to speak Aramean, just as the Poles now-a-days cling to their native tongue, or as the Huguenots in England used as much as possible, both at home and in the sanctuary, the language of their beloved France.

As the future apostle grew up into life, he was, doubtless, influenced by what he frequently heard of the different political and religious parties which existed in Palestine, some of which often came into sharp contention one with the other. He would sometimes hear of the *Herodians* who, though seldom mentioned in the New Testament, were for a time a strong political party. "They held that the hopes of Judaism rested on the Herods, and almost looked to that family for the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Messiah." The opposite of these were the *Zealots*, who, detesting the Roman power and even presence in the land, did not scruple to use the dagger of the assassin among other means adopted by them to break the yoke from the neck of Israel. Among the apostles we find a "Simon *Zelotes*" (Acts i. 13). Very little is recorded concerning him, and Dr. Newman once preached a very interesting sermon founded upon the fact of our little knowledge of him. His surname of *Zealot*, however, seems to intimate that he belonged to the Fanatics or religious Thugs mentioned above. In the gospels this Simon is termed "The Canaanite;" and as the word is an Aramean one, meaning the same as the Greek word Zealot, the names signify precisely the same. The Apostle Paul, in his persecuting days, had a feeling of fierce bigotry akin to that which once controlled the mind of "The Zealot;" and if the two apostles ever met and conversed together after their conversion, they would have abundant materials for the expression of fervent gratitude to that Divine mercy which had transformed murderous bigots into successful preachers of that Gospel which they had sought aforetime so persistently and fiercely to destroy.

A class of religionists existed in Paul's time, and with whom, doubtless, he was familiar, and whom, for convenience sake, we may term *Jewish Monks*. Among these may be mentioned a widely-spread community dwelling in Egypt called *Therapeutæ*. Philo, a learned Jew, and a contemporary of St. Paul, gives a long account of this order of hermits, in a work of his, still extant, called, "Concerning a Contemplative Life." Another order of Jewish monks were called *Essenes*. They are not mentioned in the New Testament, but are copiously referred to in the writings of Philo and Josephus, and are chiefly interesting to us from the supposition that John the Baptist was one of them in the days of his youth and early manhood, when the desert was his home and "his meat locusts and wild honey."

But to the readers of the New Testament the best known religious parties among the Jews in apostolic times were those called by the familiar words, *Pharisees* and *Sadducees*. The former may be termed Jewish Ritualists, and the latter Jewish Rationalists; the former believing more than was required, the latter believing much less. The Pharisees, like the members of the Papal Church, placed tradition on a level with the inspired Scriptures; while the Sadducees ignored all the Old Testament excepting the Pentateuch, and denied the existence of "angel or spirit."

Every careful student of the New Testament knows to which of these two parties Saul of Tarsus and his parents belonged. He distinctly tells us (Acts xxiii. 6.), "I am a Pharisee, the son of Pharisees." His tutor is thus spoken of (Acts v. 34); "A certain man stood up in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people." The fact of Saul's adherence to this powerful party, and his zeal in promoting its interests were so well known throughout the land, that he could assert in his defence before Festus and Agrippa (Acts xxvi. 4, 5), "My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation and in Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who know me from the beginning, if they would testify, that after the straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee." There can be no doubt therefore of the nature of the religious influences which surrounded and moulded his early years. He was born in a Pharisee family, and nurtured in the strictest belief of the opinions held by the "straitest sect of the Jews' religion." "The stories of the Old Testament, the angelic appearances, the prophetic visions, to him were literally true. They needed no Sadducean explanation. The world of spirits was a reality to him. The resurrection of the dead was an article of his faith. And to exhort him to the practices of religion, he had before him the example of his father, praying and walking with broad phylacteries, scrupulous and exact in his legal observances. And he had, moreover, as it seems, the memory and tradition of ancestral piety; for he tells us, in one of his latest letters (2 Tim. i. 3), that he served God 'from his forefathers.' All influences combined to make him 'more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of his fathers' (Gal. i. 14), and 'touching the law blameless' (Phil. iii. 6). Everything tended to prepare him to be an eminent member of that theological party, to which so many of the Jews were looking for the preservation of their national life, and the extension of their national creed."

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. G. V. BARKER.

OUR friend, who has so recently passed away from us, was born at Meltham, near Huddersfield, on the 3rd of April, 1832. At the early age of ten he began to work for his living, and consequently he enjoyed very few opportunities for mental improvement. But under these unfavourable circumstances he manifested an intense desire for knowledge, and was remarkable for his love of reading. This attracted the attention of a kind-hearted gentleman in the neighbourhood, who freely supplied him with books from his own library. Of these he made a right good use, and thus was laid the foundation of those decided literary tastes and acquirements for which he became ultimately distinguished.

He was brought to the knowledge of the Saviour when quite young, for he was baptized, and united to the Baptist church in the village, in his fifteenth year. Very soon afterwards he began to write for the *Huddersfield Chronicle*, and about two years subsequently also began to preach. His ardour was so great to avoid the loss of even an hour of the morning for study that he used to throw himself on his bed with his clothes on; for business was often prosecuted up to a late period at night, and to prevent his over-sleeping, he tied his feet to the bed-post. Pursuing his studies with so much energy and determination, it was no great matter of surprise that the friends who subsequently became interested in him and his future career, found that he had made considerable acquisitions in general and classical literature. Devoted to the work of the ministry he resided for some time with Dr. Stock, of Salendine Nook, who found him quite proficient in the English language, with considerable knowledge of Latin and Greek.

Having pursued his studies for three years, he was invited to take the pastoral charge of the church at Leighton Buzzard. He laboured here for seven years, prosecuting his work with great energy. During his residence in this town he wrote several tracts, and competed for a prize essay, in which effort he was successful, receiving in return for it the sum of £20.

At the termination of his pastorate at Leighton Buzzard, he removed to Sunderland, in which town I met with him for the first time, where he entered on a wider and more important sphere of labour, which he occupied for nine years. But his health gave way, and in spite of every effort to stay the progress of disease, he was compelled to resign the oversight of the church, and seek a residence in a more genial clime. He came to Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, hoping that a temporary residence there would prove beneficial to his health.

At this time the village church at Niton was without a pastor, and was in no condition to invite one. But, hearing of Mr. Barker, they asked him to supply them as often as he could. To this he consented, and laboured on for a year. His health gradually improved, and his strength was partially restored. The church unanimously invited him to become their pastor. He accepted the invitation, and took up his residence in this rustic and pleasant village. The congregation soon began to increase, and in the church indications of renewed spiritual life very soon manifested themselves. The church had previously for some time enjoyed the advantage of the highly intelligent and effective ministry of the late Mr. Hockin, who, after a comparative short period of service, was laid aside by distressing illness, which confined him to his room for years, until death released him from severe and protracted suffering. The church fell into some disorder under his successor, and they were all the more prepared to receive and value so able a pastor as Mr. Barker. They became very strongly attached to him, and thoroughly appreciated his intelligent and thoughtful teaching. They knew that but for his feeble health he would be called to a vastly more important sphere, and they were thankful to have such a pastor, and glad that he found among them a post the duties of which were not too arduous for one in his shattered health. Intelligent and cultivated visitors to Niton, who worshipped in the beautiful little sanctuary, were often heard to express surprise that so superior a preacher should be found in so retired a place. When they became aware of the circumstances, they too felt pleased that such a position was opened for him. Through his long and distressing illness he was much comforted by the unvarying kindness and sympathy of his attached flock, whose honourable and considerate conduct is worthy of all praise. They will ever cherish for his memory the most grateful and affectionate regard.

For more than a year prior to his decease his medical attendant frankly communicated to Mr. Barker his opinion of his critical condition, and told him that he had lost one lung, and that the other could only be preserved by the utmost circumspection and care. Notwithstanding, our friend went on with his work, attending Bible and singing classes, meetings of the Literary Institute, as well as his general pastoral duties. I frequently warned him of the danger of this untiring zeal in his then feeble state of health; but not with the result I could desire. Weak as he was, his courage was dauntless. Every help which friends in the neighbourhood could supply was freely given; but nothing was of avail to arrest the progress of the malady, and for some months prior to his decease it was evident to us all that the end was rapidly approaching. I saw him several times, and always found him cheerful and acquiescent in the Divine Will. Perfectly aware that his course was nearly run, he was thoroughly resigned; and as weakness increased, he sometimes expressed a wish that the message to depart might soon be sent. I was sorry not to

be at home when he died, or able to comply with the request of his widow and children to conduct the funeral. When that took place, I have been informed, it was very striking to see how almost all the inhabitants of the village were present. Even persons who never attended any place of worship did not hesitate to express their respect for him as a man and a minister. He died on Thursday, August 1st, and was buried in the beautiful little cemetery attached to the chapel, on Lord's day the 4th; his friends, the Revds. J. Davies and J. Wilkinson, of Ventnor, conducted the service.

It was during Mr. Barker's residence at Niton that most of his literary work, which was very considerable, was done. The pages of this Magazine have often borne the impression of his varied talents. It is much to be regretted that prior to his death he destroyed nearly all his MSS. Not a sermon nor a lecture—and for lectures he had acquired a high reputation—has been found. The last public exercise at which I was present when he took part, was at the meeting of the Southern Baptist Association at Landport. He was appointed to prepare the circular letter, and he chose for his subject "The Christian Duty of Nonconformity." Incisive in style, forcible in argument, with occasional vivid flashes of wit and humour, and founded on a basis of Divine Truth, it produced a marked impression on all present. A most hearty vote of thanks was tendered to him for his paper, and two thousand copies were ordered at once; and this number did not, as I subsequently heard, fully meet the demand. It subsequently appeared in the *Freeman*.

Thus, at the comparatively early age of forty-six, terminated a career of much promise. Had health and strength been vouchsafed to him, he would have taken a foremost place in our denomination. But if his life was short, it was both useful and honourable. The strong attachment of a large number of friends, not only in the Isle of Wight, but in London and the North, and which was often displayed in very effectual forms, bear unequivocal testimony to his character, to his mental superiority, and to his moral and spiritual worth. Though on terms of considerable intimacy during his residence at Niton, I heard him preach but once. A very small amount of personal intercourse, however, was sufficient to impress any intelligent person with a sense of his mental superiority, his independence of character, the firmness of his convictions, and his ardent love of truth. He had the power to create very strong feelings of respect and regard in the minds of his friends, and his manly sympathy with the doubting, the poor, and the sorrowing, secured the universal respect of the people among whom he spent his last days. His brethren throughout the Southern Association sincerely lament the loss they have sustained by his death, and there is but one feeling among the friends generally—that of a pensive regret that *his sun should have gone down while it was yet day!*

Mrs. Barker has removed from Niton to Ventnor, where she has

taken a house in the Madeira Road, with the view of receiving visitors. It is beautifully situated, and specially adapted for the purpose. Christian friends visiting Ventnor will do well to remember this, and thus give practical expression to their sympathy with the widow and the fatherless. F. T.

Newport, I. W.

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

The Great Public Calamities of the Past Month.

THE month of September, 1878, has obtained a deplorable celebrity in the Calendar, by reason of the magnitude and recurrence of great disasters involving a prodigious sacrifice of human life. A collision on the London, Chatham and Dover Railway at Sittingbourne, resulting in the loss of six or seven lives, and serious injuries to forty persons, had only for a few days occupied the public attention when an appalling disaster occurred on the Thames, and in the loss of the *Princess Alice* steamboat six hundred and fifty persons met with death by drowning. A coal mine explosion at Abercarne, in Monmouthshire, with its two hundred and eighty victims, can scarcely be deemed a less terrible visitation than that on the river, on account of the large number of widows and children left in circumstances of utter destitution. The ready and increasing outflow of the national generosity in aid of the bereaved and impoverished sufferers from these overwhelming calamities is the one bright spot on the dark and distressing picture.

The collision at Sittingbourne was caused by the shunting of some trucks on to the rails directly in front of a fast passenger train. This is one of a long series of similar occurrences which very loudly call for the entire separation of the goods and the passenger traffic on all our railways. Prodigious as the cost of reconstruction would be, it is imperatively demanded in the interests of public safety.

We have been so much accustomed to the safe navigation of the Thames by the Gravesend steamers for fifty years past, that the catastrophe of the 3rd of September has come upon the public with all the force of a terrible surprise. The metropolis fairly quivered with the shock. While the judicial investigation is in progress we abstain from any expression of opinion as to the direction or the proportion of blame to be allotted to any of the parties in command of either of the ships involved, but we may express the hope that out of this calamity there will come a better defined "rule of the road," and more

rigid laws of lights and look-out. In reference to the safety of passengers by land and water, and to the regulation of mines, it is quite evident that some of the spirited policy of the present administration in Foreign Affairs might well be turned into the direction of the Board of Trade and the Home Office.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

The report of the Duke of Richmond, dated June last, on the progress of popular instruction in elementary schools, contains some interesting statistics. One hundred and twenty three municipal boroughs have School Boards, and one hundred and nine, which have no School Boards, have School Attendance Committees, appointed by the Town Councils. The Poor Law Unions in which there are no School Boards are five hundred and eighty-two in number, each of which has its Attendance Committee. The actual population of England and Wales in 1871 was 22,712,266, and about fifteen millions, or more than two-thirds of that number, are under the operation of direct legal compulsion. The following hopeful representation of the work of National Education is from the columns of the *Daily News*:—"It is a very satisfactory feature of all these reports, especially of those which relate to School Board districts, that they speak hopefully of the education which is being imparted in the schools. We are glad to find the Education Department confirming the view we have taken in previous years as to the cause of the apparent deterioration in education since the School Boards were formed. 'It is necessary to bear in mind,' says the report, 'that the disproportionate number of older scholars who are presented in low standards is partly accounted for by the recent introduction of compulsory school attendance, which has driven many children hitherto uncared for into aided schools.' There are signs, however, that the lowering of the average of cultivation in the schools which was thus rendered inevitable is at an end. The dull mass is being leavened; the compelled attendants are becoming willing learners. The uncared-for children of the streets are being transformed into orderly and regular school children. Mr. Scoltock, who reports on the Birmingham district, where compulsion has been most effectively carried out, draws a vivid picture of the unmannerly hosts of elder children who have been swept into the schools; but, difficult as such intractable material is to mould, the work, he says, is being slowly but effectively done. 'Order has been maintained, regularity is being enforced, dirt is disappearing, rags are less frequent; and though as yet the superstructure is far from being raised, still the foundations have been laid, and the edifice when reared up will rest upon no shifting sand.' This statement is fully borne out by the statistics of examination. The number of scholars qualified for examination increased last year 12 per cent.,

but the number withheld from examination decreased by 27 per cent. Moreover, the average grants earned by scholars have considerably increased. In 1876 the sums paid out of the grant for each child in average attendance were 13s. 3¾d. in Voluntary schools, and 13s. 0¾d. in Board schools. In 1877 they amounted to 14s. 5d. in Board schools, and 14s. 4d. in Voluntary schools. The rapid improvement in the Board schools is a sign that the stage of paralysis, or partial paralysis, caused by the vast inflow of ignorant children, has passed. The cost of School Board education to the ratepayers is also becoming less, as we have frequently pointed out that it must do as the children earned more of the Parliamentary grant. Taking the whole of England and Wales, every child in a Board school cost the ratepayers one and sevenpence less in 1877 than in 1876. On the whole the report for the past year is the most encouraging which has ever been sent out by the Education Department. It proves that the hard work and sacrifices of several years have begun to tell at last."

The Baptist Union Meetings at Leeds.

Very soon after these pages reach the hands of our readers, the denominational parliament will be holding its autumnal session at Leeds. We entertain the hope that all the enjoyment and advantage which have accrued from similar gatherings in former years will be also associated with this convention. The machinery of our denominational action must of necessity occupy a large share of time and attention, but not, we trust, to the exclusion of prayer and other directly spiritual engagements. We are glad to see so many sermons announced, and heartily desire that great grace may rest upon the preachers and their audiences. We hope that the extraordinary homily which we find in the columns of a contemporary, addressed to the delegates on courtesy to their hosts, somewhat exaggerates the experience derived from previous autumnal meetings, of the manners and customs of our representative men.

The British Mission to Cabul.

The intelligence received from India just as we are going to press is of a kind to awaken the gravest fears. Her Majesty's Government moved by the tidings that Shere Ali, the Ameer of Afghanistan, had admitted a Russian Mission to reside in his capital, proceeded to measures whose object is described by the *Times* as the establishment of British influence "over the triangle of territory formed on the map by Cabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad, together with power over the Hindoo Koosh." From the same source the statement has gone forth, "War would be an evil of infinitely less gravity than Russian influence in Cabul." What was the character of the instructions

under which Sir Neville Chamberlain proceeded from Peshawar to seek admission to the court of Cabul we are not yet informed, but the mission has utterly failed, the officer of the Ameer having declared that he would attack the English party if they attempted to proceed through the Khyber Pass. The mention of the localities in question recalls the humiliation and the horrors which our country endured in these regions thirty-seven years since. The very names of the mountain peaks are fraught with evil omen to British military enterprise.

The utterance of the Earl of Carnarvon at Nottingham, so recently as the 22nd of last month, is so seasonable and weighty that we cannot refrain from bringing it before our readers :—"I remember that that very wise King, Leopold, of Belgium, once said to the late Emperor Napoleon when he was at the height of his prosperity and power, 'Nothing could apparently affect him or hurt him if he would only remain quiet.' Unfortunately the Emperor Napoleon felt himself constrained to go on from one surprise to another, and from one adventure to another, and the result, as we know, was the loss of his own Crown and the temporary collapse of his own country. I do not say that that applies to the present state of things, but the moral, of course, may be drawn. I should be very sorry indeed, feeling every good disposition towards the Government. I should be extremely sorry if they allowed the country now to think that they were engaged upon a sensational and a restless policy that we were scrambling from peace to the probabilities of war. There is one other and a very practical question to which I will for a moment allude to give point to these remarks, and it is this. I have always noticed that when India becomes very prominent in the public mind, it generally leads to some trouble. Now, during the last two or three weeks we have heard a great deal about India. I do not pretend to know what precisely is passing—none but Her Majesty's Government can tell that—but one or two things are very distinctly to be seen. The first is that we were making a very great and a very important change in our policy as regards all those great Indian feudatory princes who own large armies. We desire apparently to take these armies, more or less, under our control, and virtually to absorb them in our empire. Well, it is a very natural wish. On the other hand, it is equally natural that the Indian princes object to being stripped of this power. I do not say that Her Majesty's Government may not be right in their desire to consolidate these armies; but I do say this, that it is a very delicate, a very difficult, and a very hazardous task to undertake. It should be undertaken not only with the greatest precaution, but at a time when we are satisfied that we shall not be met by serious difficulties. Now, what is the time that is taken for it? To my mind, a very questionable one, because whilst this operation is going on, we see reports on all sides of possible war in Afghanistan. Now, what does that mean? Afghanistan, as every one knows here, is a very

large tract of country lying on the north-west frontier of India, mountainous, impassable in places, savage, occupied by a fierce, fanatical race, which has been untamed for generations and generations past, and has been brought up from father to son in the one sole occupation of warfare. Afghanistan is best remembered by Englishmen from the memorable war and the greatest disaster our army sustained in modern days. Some five or six and thirty years ago our English army was cut to pieces in Cabul, on the Indian frontier. That war is one of the saddest, in some respects, and one of the noblest in others. It is a war which in parts was full of mismanagement and incompetence; and, on the other hand, full of the most memorable displays of heroism that the English army ever can boast of. There is nothing finer, to my mind, than the part which Sir Robert Sale and his brigade played in the advance on Jellalabad. It was from the ramparts of that town, in the winter of 1842, that one morning a single solitary horseman, bowed down with fatigue and with anxiety, was seen advancing across that plain. That solitary horseman was the one man who had escaped from the wreck of the whole British army. That terrible disaster—a disaster for which there had been hardly any precedent at all, and which, thank God, has found nothing of a similar nature since—that disaster was avenged and washed out very speedily; but from that day to this the same policy has been rigorously observed—we have jealously avoided Afghanistan. We have had nothing whatever to do so far as entangling ourselves in its mountains and its politics; and it has not been one Governor-General, but it has been a succession of them, who have repeatedly laid down this as a rule that the policy of abstention is a wise one. Now, for the first time, we are sending an army almost to the capital of Afghanistan. It goes under the command of a very skilful and experienced Indian officer, and it is a mission very powerful in point of numbers. I am not sure that there is much advantage in that. One might be inclined to say of the numerical strength of that mission, as was said of another army in the East in ancient times, 'that it was too large for a mission, and too small for an army.' But that expedition goes, and goes, it is said, with stringent terms. Now I deeply regret if the result of that should be hostilities. I do not know what the terms are which Sir Neville Chamberlain is required to impose; but I think war with Afghanistan would be, to say the least of it, a most unfortunate disaster. But if war is a disaster, the results of war, to my mind, would be an infinitely greater disaster. I dread much more than war the conquest or the occupation of Afghanistan. I am satisfied that it gives us none of the conditions which are essential to military or political supremacy. If, indeed, we are jealous of the influence and the intrigues of Russia, if we desire to meet Russia, it would be far better to meet her in fair fight in Europe than to entangle ourselves in such a theatre of war as Afghanistan. It can only have the effect of playing the game of

Russia, if that is the reason which underlies the motive of this mission." It is lamentable that a counsellor so wise and weighty should be wanting from the cabinet, when his own political party holds the reins of government, but far more lamentable the infatuation that has compelled his resignation and the gloomy prospect which threatens our country. If war with Russia *á toute outrance* is the determination of our rulers, it had been better that the plains of the Danube or the passes of the Balkans had been the seat of warfare than the all but impassable defiles of Afghanistan. God help us! we have come upon evil times.

The Outworking of the Treaty of Berlin.

"The sowing of the wind" in the council chambers of the German metropolis is being followed by "the reaping of the whirlwind" in more directions than one. The Austrians have been making very slow and costly advances in the occupation of Bosnia. The Greeks are preparing for war. The Mussulmans of Albania have established a Provisional Government threatening Austria, Servia, and Montenegro, and have murdered Mehemet Ali, the Pasha sent by the Porte to enforce the Treaty Constantinople is full of threatening rumours, and apparently disorganised. In Cyprus the fever is committing ravages as serious as those of a disastrous campaign. Instead of any mitigation of its high-handed policy, and irresponsible administration, it is evident that Imperialism is developing its blessings in our Indian Government. Meanwhile, the Russian forces are being withdrawn from the precincts of the Bosphorus, and Batoum is passing peaceably into the hands of its new tenants. "Straws" are said to "show which way the wind blows." Here is a straw from one of our contemporaries:—"The attention of Lord Beaconsfield having been drawn to the new department for the registration of public-houses, and the inquiries connected therewith which have recently been set on foot by the Scotland-yard authorities, his lordship has written to the Chief Commissioner expressing his entire disapproval of the scheme, and stating his reasons for the same. In consequence of this expression of opinion from the Prime Minister no further steps will be taken in this matter."

REVIEWS.

THE BIBLE AND THE NEWSPAPER. By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings. Price 1s.

MR. SPURGEON has in this little volume selected some salient topics from the newspaper press, and in his own facile and telling style employed them for spiritual lessons. Many will be attracted by the novelty of this kind of parable who would be deterred by conventional methods of instruction. This volume made its appearance immediately before the occurrence of the recent disasters which have involved such a frightful sacrifice of human life, otherwise the loss of the hundreds who perished in the Thames and at Abercarne would have occupied a prominent place in its pages. We have been rather painfully impressed with the lack of any recognition of Divine Providence in the ample details which the newspapers have given of these great national disasters. The old doctrine of newspaper-providence, which recognized God in earthquakes, shipwrecks, and hair-breadth escapes, was better than the appalling negativism which characterizes our popular writing in the present day. We should like to see another product of Mr. Spurgeon's pen under this title of "The Bible and the Newspaper," in which the power of rebuke should be addressed to our journalists, with all the courtesy and skill of which our friend is the master. We have often thought that behind the humour and fun of *Punch* there lurked a great deal of true religious feeling, and we have [illegible]fore, not surprised to find the following in the memoirs of Mr. Mortimer Collins, one of the staff of that paper. It was written shortly after Sir Henry Thompson's proposal that the efficacy of prayer should be tested by experimenting with prayers on one ward of an hospital to the exclusion of another:—"It is a wonderful and beautiful instinct which induces us, when in dire distress, to ask God for help. Much have we heard of the absurdity of prayer the modern philosopher, as much bewildered as one of Milton's philosophic devils, wants to know whether the prayer of a mere man can induce the Deity to alter His course. This materialist man of science cannot see that even prayer has its place in God's great design, and that the supreme cry of a human spirit to its Almighty and All-loving Father may be a stronger force than a telegraphic message. The dull scientist who would divide an hospital, and pray for one section and leave the other unprayed for, and see which gets well first, are incapable of knowing, or even guessing, what prayer means. It is the child's cry to his Father. No man ever prayed heartily without a loving answer—not always what he asked, for the Father knows best what the child needs."

MONDAY LECTURES IN TREMONT HALL, BOSTON, U.S. By Rev. Joseph Cook. Third Series. By permission of the Author. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street. 1878.

MR. COOK'S "Monday Lectures"

have already become one of the most popular and useful institutions of America; and on this side the Atlantic we know of no author, either British or American, who is just now so widely read. He plays, according to his own statement, the part of "an outlook committee," reports on all facts and opinions of importance which elucidate the relations of science and religion, and endeavours to express on them a valid scientific judgment. Of the breadth of his knowledge, the keenness and subtlety of his logic, and the opulence of his imagination, there can be no doubt. The task to which he has addressed himself, although so difficult, is one for which he is thoroughly well qualified; and he is rendering exceptionally efficient service to the interests of Theistic and Scriptural truth. He is one of the few men whom we would willingly put ourselves to some trouble to hear. Several of our personal friends have heard him, and they assure us that they cannot conceive a greater intellectual treat. Next to the pleasure of hearing Mr. Cook is that of reading his lectures; and this is happily beyond the power of none. Mr. Dickinson deserves the thanks of all philosophical and theological students for introducing these brilliant lectures to English readers; and he will, we trust, be amply rewarded by the growing success of his enterprise. The third series comprises subjects of urgent importance, in a moral as well as a scientific sense. We are glad to have, in this form, the now famous article on the Decline of Rationalism in the German Universities. The principal subjects are:—Darwin and Spencer on Hereditary Descent; Darwin on the Origin of Conscience; Marriage and Hereditary Descent; Infidel attack on the Family; Hereditary Taints in Blood, &c. The preludes on Current Events, the Immortality of the Soul, Catholicism and Protestantism, &c., though freer in style than the lectures, are equally admirable. That the volume is free from exaggerations and defects we cannot assert. Mr. Cook is, perhaps, too dogmatic in some of his statements, and apt to treat his opponents a little too cavalierly. He insists, more than we find agreeable, on the fact that his is "the scientific method," urges his demands "in the name of exact science," &c. But, after making all possible deductions, the lectures are a monument of matured scholarship and profound reasoning. And it is to us wonderful that one man should have been able to accomplish so much in the discussion of the great and complex subjects.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW: A Speech Delivered in the House of Commons on Romanizing Practices and Tendencies in the Church of England. By Edward Jenkins, M.P., Dundee. London: Strachan & Co., Limited, 34, Paternoster Row. 1878.

IT is certainly a wise thing for Mr. Jenkins to have published this speech, but we are not sure that it was a wise thing to deliver it *in the House of Commons*, nor do we see how, as a Liberationist, he could consistently do so. His proposal for a Royal Commission might have been made by a sturdy evangelical, who regards an Established Church as the only bulwark of Protestantism; but from one who believes in the separation of religion from State patronage and control, such a proposal comes somewhat strangely. We would oppose Ritualism with all the intellectual and moral weapons at our command; but we would not

put it down by force. Mr. Jenkins did not probably expect his resolution to be carried. He has, however, powerfully called attention to a subject which daily becomes more urgent in its importance, and has shown how thoroughly dangerous are the tendencies of Ritualism. A large and influential party in the Established Church is doing its utmost to undermine our Protestant faith, and to restore the darkest and most pernicious errors of the middle ages. "Servants of the State" are disloyal to their ordination vows, and, more than any other class of men, prove the worthlessness of a national establishment to maintain a true Christian faith. Their conduct is an additional argument for disestablishment—to many, perhaps, it is the strongest. If the speech does nothing else, it ought to convince semi-Liberal leaders of Mr. Forster's stamp that the ends for which they support a National Church are not being, and cannot be, answered.

THE PATH OF LIFE AND THE PERFECT REST; or, a Glance at the World Above and the World to Come. By a Pilgrim of Seventy. London: Houlston & Sons, Paternoster Row. 1878.

THE pilgrim of threescore and ten who penned this small volume has, since its completion, passed into the perfect rest of which he wrote so lovingly and impressively. There are few names more honoured than that of the Rev. John Cox, and this last production of his well-stored mind and generous heart will be widely welcomed. It is on matters of supreme moment—the death of believers and the Lord's coming in relation thereto, the condition into which the believer enters after death, future glory, &c.; and Mr. Cox wrote because of his own deep interest in the theme. He has carefully examined the teachings of Holy Scripture, and drawn from them lessons of invaluable worth, both for exhortation and consolation. He had a strong mind, free from the weakness and sentimentality which have been so often conspicuous in writings of this class, and was devoutly loyal to evangelical truth. His one desire was to ascertain "What saith the Scripture?" and to be in every thing faithful to Christ. His words are, therefore, wise and suggestive.

ERRING BRETHREN, AND OUR DUTY TOWARDS THEM. A Sermon preached before the Devon Association of Baptist Churches. By John W. Ashworth, Pastor of George-street Church, Plymouth. Plymouth: W. Brendon & Son.

AN earnest and loving appeal for Christian exertion in behalf of those who have strayed from the truth. The subject is of great importance, and has been treated by Mr. Ashworth in a manner that cannot fail to benefit the thoughtful Christian reader.

A BRIEF RECORD OF ONE YEAR'S CHRISTIAN WORK AMONGST THE POOR OF ST. GILES'S under the superintendence of Mr. Geo. Hatton, 12, Ampton-place, Regent-square, W.C.

AMONGST the manifold agencies set at work in the metropolis by Christian zeal for the benefit of the destitute and the fallen classes, we know of none more energetic or more successful than those which Mr.

Hatton has for many years so laboriously conducted. The report of the St. Giles's Mission for 1878 contains an interesting account of "Work among Thieves." Of eighty-one cases taken in hand during the year, thirty-four are doing well at honest employment, and many of them give evidence of conversion.

THE TREASURY OF DAVID. By C. H. Spurgeon. Vol. V. Psalms civ. to cxviii. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster-buildings. Price 8s.

MR. SPURGEON tells his readers in the preface to this volume that he is not quite so well satisfied with it as with the former volumes of the series. We have not detected any falling off in the vigour of the original comments, and if the quotations are less copious than in some of the earlier Psalms, the reason is to be found in the paucity of complete expositions of this portion of the Word of God. But we think our friend's apology uncalled for, and congratulate him on being permitted to accomplish so much of his great undertaking as he has already completed, while we pray that he may have health and strength not only to finish the seven volumes of this real treasury but many other works of power and beauty.

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR, AND OTHER SERMONS. By the Rev. James Martin, B.A., late of Nottingham and Melbourne. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

MRS. MARTIN has alleged, as her motive for publishing these discourses, the desire that the children of our late brother might be in possession of a lasting memorial of their father as a preacher. Pious and praiseworthy as such a desire is, we are quite sure that the intrinsic excellence of the contents of this volume will more than justify its publication, and we doubt not that numerous friends of Mr. Martin, both in England and in Australia, will be thankful to possess it. Like the photograph which it contains, the volume is strikingly representative of our departed friend. Scholarly, thoughtful, marked with originality and freshness of treatment, but true to the old canons of evangelical truth. The extract we have given in our last issue will serve as a specimen of Mr. Martin's preaching, and as a memorial of a good and faithful minister of Jesus Christ.

CRUMBS FROM DAME NATURE'S TABLE. By Emma E. Adams. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

WE are not aware that any book proceeding from the pen of this lady has been brought under our notice till this present time. We congratulate her upon being one of the most accomplished and expert of writers for the young with whom we are acquainted. All departments of natural science are explored by her with patient industry; and the number, accuracy, and importance of the facts she produces would have justified a far more ambitious title for her book. Its teachings are blended with sufficient narrative to relieve them from becoming tedious, and they are accompanied by spiritual instructions of the highest kind. "To those boys and girls in *Merrie Englande* who love flowers, and birds, and dogs, and cats, and rabbits, and shells, this

little story is affectionately dedicated;" and we promise that not one of them who reads it shall be disappointed.

THE HANDY BOOK FOR BIBLE READERS. London: Religious Tract Society.

THIS is a very useful companion for the Sunday-school teacher. He will find, in portable shape, information which usually has to be collected from large books. The principal features of this hand-book are a Concordance, an Index of Proper Names, a chronological arrangement, and some very well-executed maps. The Index contains references to the subjects spoken of in the Bible. Now these subjects can usually be hunted up from the Concordance, and we should have preferred a little more room for the Proper Names. The tables of chronology are very useful, care especially being taken to show the date of prophetical utterances. The maps at the end (no less than twelve in number) are well done, and, as far as we have been able to test them, are free from error. We can cordially recommend this book as a companion to all who have to teach Biblical lessons, whether in Sunday or secular schools.

THE MOURNER'S COMFORTER. Being Seven discourses upon Isaiah lxi. 1—3. By C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore and Alabaster, 4, Paternoster Buildings. Price One Shilling.

THE gracious words which proceeded out of the Saviour's lips in the Synagogue at Nazareth, and which were placed on the prophetic roll by Isaiah, seven hundred years before, furnish the texts for these addresses, in which Mr. Spurgeon has ministered "The oil of joy for mourning" with all the breadth of application and tenderness of manner which such a subject demands. This will be one of the most useful and enduring of the many valuable writings of our friend.

THE BIBLIOTHECA SACRA, JULY 1878. Andover, U.S.A.: F. W. Draper; London: Trubner & Co.

THIS well-known American quarterly always contains the productions of some of the most eminent Transatlantic scholars. The last number includes an important article on "The Future Punishment of the Wicked as Revealed in the Old Testament," by Professor Cowles, of Oberlin, Ohio. The inquiry in *special* passages bearing on the subject is minute, as on Psalm ix. 17, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God":—"Three considerations suffice to determine the meaning of this passage, viz.: (1) 'Hell' (Sheol) cannot be the grave; that so the death of the body may exhaust the meaning, for this would make it mean virtually nothing. To restrict its sense to mean mere bodily death makes it no revelation, for who does not know that in this sense all nations die. (2) This doom is made to turn upon character—bad character. It is the wicked (not the righteous) who are 'turned into hell'; those that 'forget God,' not those who reverently, obediently remember Him. (3) Old Testament usage of the word Sheol, as shown above, compels its reference to the doom of the lost. If it be replied that this passage says nothing about suffering, punishment, in the hell of which it speaks, the answer is, the whole context of the Psalm

his sufficiently definite." e article is an important ion to the orthodox views reat and weighty subject. e number of the *Biblio-ra* contains an ingenious Dr. Brown, of Newark, "Illustrated Sermons, Addressed to the Eye," he pleads for pictorial iments to preaching—*i.e.*, preacher should construct drawing of his subject to eyes of his audience—a much more amusing than

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MARE AND HER COUNTRY. ie Rev. G. Pritchard. : Elliot Stock, 62, Pater-Row.

h of Queen Pomare a year led Mr. Pritchard to is concise history of the hich Tahiti and its sove-ffered from the French nt forty years ago. The izure of the island by the of Louis Philippe at the of the Romish Church conclusive evidence of the ous methods pursued by ty *De Propagandâ Fide*, ted only disgrace on the who became its instrument.

FROM BYGONE YEARS: its for Daily Reading. By te Bickersteth Wheeler. : Elliot Stock, 62, Pater-Row.

CTION of excerpts from iters, which will be very e to the Christian reader. ects are various, they are heir beauty, compact and brief in their dimensions, and pithy and suggestive in their nature.

THE LATE MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR: A Memorial Discourse. By Rev. Dawson Burns, M.A. London: S. W. Partridge & Co., Paternoster Row.

A VERY appropriate testimony to the moral worth and public usefulness of an excellent and able woman.

THE STUDY AND HOMILETIC. August, 1878. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon-street.

FULL of most valuable material for the preacher—varied, suggestive, erudite, and yet vivacious.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY—BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG, &C.

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WE have only time and space at our disposal to catalogue these juvenile treasures, which, in composition and colour, have everything requisite to attract and benefit the young.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Accrington, New Lane, September 5th.
Counterslip, Bristol, July 17th.
Gateshead, July 17th.
Goudhurst, Kent, August 30th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Cracknell, Rev. J. E. (South Shields), York Town, Surrey.
Handford, Rev. R. F. (Rawdon College), Bishop Auckland.
Voice, Rev. J. (Bristol College), Holyhead.
Watts, Rev. H. (Peterborough), Hyde, Lancashire.
Hewson, Rev. J. W. (Coatbridge, N.B.), Henley-on-Thames.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bideford, Rev. W. R. Woolley, August 14th.
Gildersome, Rev. J. Dineen, July 22nd.
Knighton, Rev. W. Williams, August 20th.
Moulton, Rev. G. Phillips, July 21st.
Islington, Essex-street, Rev. F. A. Jones, Sept. 17th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Rev. W. K. Armstrong, B.A., Tunbridge Wells.
Rev. A. Harrison, Golborne-street, Warrington.

DEATHS.

Burtt, Rev. J., late of Aldeburgh, Suffolk, at Penzance, July 6th, aged 32.
Dyson, Rev. Eli, Stanningley, Yorkshire, August 29th, aged 59.
Pearce, Rev. Standen, late of Crewkerne, July 27th, aged 67.
Towell, Rev. A. J., Haverstock Hill, August 24th, aged 42.
Weatherley, Rev. G. H., of Jersey, at Islington, September 2nd, aged 34.
Wills, Rev. J. O., Stockton-on-Tees, August 15th, aged 41.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

THE UNION MEETINGS AT LEEDS.

THE Autumnal Session of the Baptist Union for 1878 was, according to reliable information, more largely attended than any of its predecessors, and approached in every way a more complete success. Even those who test the worth of such meetings by their practical results are more thoroughly satisfied than they have been on any previous occasion, and do not hesitate to avow their conviction that the Union has at length entered on a career of increased usefulness. It has shown itself determined to undertake work which, though urgently needed, is beyond the power of any single church, or even any Association of churches, to fulfil. It has freed itself from the reproach that its labours are "unproductive," and we are strictly within the limits of truth when we say that at no former period of our history has there been such a deep and wide spread conviction that we are on the eve of brighter and better days. We are by no means insensible to the force of many of the criticisms which have at different times been passed on the management of the Union, and the paucity of the results to which its meetings have led. We cannot pretend to a feeling of perfect satisfaction in reviewing the Annual and Autumnal Sessions of the last fourteen or fifteen years (the first Autumnal Session was held in 1864). We may have had too many papers, messages, and speeches, and too few reports. We have perhaps resolved too much and done too little. And yet it would be unfair to ignore the fact that in addition to its other services this much-maligned Baptist Union has done more almost than any other influence to create the desire for such work as can alone content us. Apart from its Autumnal Session, the isolation of our churches, which is one great source of our weakness, would have continued. We should not have been brought into such close and intimate relations. We should not have known or have loved one another so well. The Baptist Union

has given to our denomination a cohesiveness which it did not before possess. Although there has been among us no growth of a purely sectarian spirit, but rather the reverse, there is at the same time a healthy *esprit de corps* which was formerly impossible. There is a depth and fervour of brotherly love which we are constrained to regard as a great gain. If we are more exacting in our demands, and bent on higher things than we dreamed of some years ago, it is the Union itself which has made us so. We have no sympathy with the "rest and be thankful" policy. It is pitiably out of place in our religious and ecclesiastical life, and its adoption would be a sure precursor of retrogression and death. But it is ungenerous to ignore all that we owe to the Union, and to charge upon it faults for which it is not responsible. It has not the legislative powers of the Wesleyan Conference, or of a Presbyterian Synod or Assembly. The churches which constitute it are jealous, and rightly jealous, of their independence, and will submit to no control from without. They had, moreover, been long accustomed to dwell apart, and required no small amount of training before they could be yoked together for combined action. The Union could not say to the Churches, "Do this," with the certainty that they would do it, or even attempt to do it, but it has at least delivered its mind. It has suggested to the churches "a more excellent way," and as its suggestions are accepted, its opportunities of undertaking real and substantial work are increased. There has been a sure and steady progress in every respect, which is, in our estimation, the best possible augury for the future. It may not have been so rapid as some of our more enthusiastic brethren desire, but it is perhaps none the less sure and encouraging because it has been slow. Anyhow, it effectually hinders us from thinking that the former times were better than these, and convinces us that the golden age of our denomination is before and not behind us. It has yet to come, and, when it comes, it will be found that the Baptist Union has had no small share in hastening it.

Opportunities of brotherly association are not to be despised. They are good for all of us, whether we are located in the metropolis, in large towns, or in the country. From the nature of the case, the pastors of our smaller churches appreciate them more than others. The graphic and faithful picture which Dr. Landels gave in his address at Birmingham, two years ago, of the struggles and hardships of our village churches, ought not to be forgotten. Among the many services which the minister of Regent's Park has rendered to his brethren, none is more important than that to which we refer. We have frequently heard men, who know from practical experience what these things are, speak gratefully of those manly and sympathetic words; as we have also heard them acknowledge, in the most cordial manner, the stimulus and strength they have derived from the brotherly communion which the Baptist Union, and the Baptist Union alone, has rendered possible to them. Of this we are sure—

nine out of every ten of the ministers who attend these meetings go back to their work with renewed vigour. If we may venture on the expression of so bold an opinion, we should say that ministers, like all other men, are the better for an occasional shake-up. The physical and intellectual strain of their labours is not slight. Their responsibilities are heavy, their cares numerous. They have to encounter serious discouragements, and are not entirely free from the tendency to faint in the day of adversity. They are frequently surrounded by an atmosphere of theoretical scepticism and of spiritual apathy, and may, from various causes, lose heart in their work, become perfunctory in the discharge of their duties, and fall into ruts out of which they ought, at all risks, to be lifted. No class of men more truly need the "word of exhortation"—using the word (παράκλητος) in its comprehensive and Scriptural sense. And hence it is good for them, and, indirectly, good for the churches to which they minister, that they should attend such services as the Union has for many years past provided. We may, without running the risk of making invidious distinctions, refer to the effect of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on "Preaching Christ." It was, notwithstanding its extreme simplicity, a masterly effort. Its power consisted largely in its bringing home so forcibly old and familiar truths—truths which, in an age of showy intellectualism and superficial culture, are in danger of being set aside or toned down, but which are assuredly the very life and power of the Gospel. We might not agree with everything the preacher said, or deem his methods adequate to all the requirements of the age. But no man could listen to such earnest, manly, and soul-stirring words without being consciously strengthened by them. They were a trumpet-call to Christian energy, an incentive to fidelity. They yielded a magnificent illustration of the unrivalled power of the old Gospel such as it was unspeakably good to see. The effect of that sermon will be felt in the pulpits of our denomination for many a day. There were scores of men in Mr. Spurgeon's congregation who are no strangers to the difficulties suggested by modern criticism. Their own minds have sometimes been overclouded by doubts; they have also been perplexed by the opposition of others. Such words as he spoke must have animated them with new life, have quickened and confirmed their confidence in the truth as it is in Jesus, and sent them home determined to make the apostle's method their own. The effect produced by this sermon reminded us of Mr. Matthew Arnold's noble lines in his "Rugby Chapel." Speaking of the influence of the great and the good, especially in our hours of weakness and depression, he says:—

> Then in such hour of need
> Of your fainting, dispirited race
> Ye, like angels, appear,
> Radiant with ardour divine.

Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow,
Ye alight in our van! at your voice
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave.
Order, courage, return;
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
'Stablish, continue our march
On to the bound of the waste,
On to the city of God.

Hence we contend that the opportunity of having men of Mr. Spurgeon's mould, and of having him at his very best, when he is necessarily affected by the general excitement, would of itself go far to justify the meetings of the Baptist Union. We ought, of course, to add that, while Mr. Spurgeon's position is altogether exceptional, there are many others in our denomination whose words are listened to with scarcely inferior pleasure and profit. And the majority of our ministers, deacons, local preachers, are invariably the better for hearing them.

The sermons this year were exceptionally good. Mr. Gould's discourse on "The Church, Christ's Body," was in his happiest vein. It combined in an unusual degree the qualities of the ripe scholar, the practised thinker, and the devout Christian. We can have no higher wish than that our denomination may never be without such preachers as he. The sermon was expository in the best sense, based upon a careful and masterly exegesis, seeking to unveil the apostle's thought, to show the different stages of its development, its inter-dependencies and ramifications, and its bearings on the circumstances of our own day. This is the Biblical preaching we should like to see more generally prevalent. Mr. Glover's missionary sermon to young men, was full of that fine discrimination, poetic beauty, and generous enthusiasm which give to his ministry so great a charm. Mr. Benwell Bird has not, we believe, taken on any previous occasion so prominent a part as he did this year in his sermon to Christian workers. But we, in common as we know with many others, trust that his voice will frequently be heard in our assemblies. He is comparatively a young man, but would it not be wise to bring him and others of

similar power to the front? In this respect the Baptist Union is much more conservative than the Congregational. In the Congregational Union the younger ministers are not so persistently ignored. Fresh names appear on the programme every year, and it does not seem to be a rule that a man must be over fifty before he can be asked to take part in the meetings. Mr. Bird's appointment is one among many signs of an improvement in this matter, and we gladly note it. We are well aware of the difficulty there is in arranging for the various services and conferences of the Union, but complaints far stronger than any we have here vented are frequently heard. That there is a desire to hear men who have not yet been invited to speak it is impossible to deny, and we could not deem it consistent with our duty to be silent in regard to this matter.

Of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon we have spoken already. The spacious chapel in Oxford Place, kindly lent by our Wesleyan friends, was long before the hour announced for the service, crowded to excess, as a place three or four times the size would have been. Mr. Spurgeon was not, we believe, free from physical suffering. His health did not seem so robust as formerly, but we have never heard him with greater delight. It was evident from the outset that he felt very keenly the responsibility of his position, and was intensely anxious to use it for the glory of his Master. His utter self-forgetfulness was never more conspicuous.

The evangelistic services conducted by our brethren Chown, Gange, Lockhart, and McCree were, according to the reports that reached us, seasons of marked blessing. We heartily endorse the suggestion which has been thrown out that we should have more of these services. Meetings should be held, not only in the centres of population, but in the outlying towns and villages. We have surely no lack of men who are well fitted for evangelistic work, and who would gladly deny themselves the pleasure of listening to even our greatest speakers for the sake of rendering a service so sorely needed.

The Missionary Conference in East Parade Chapel, the presentation to our honoured brother, the Rev. C. B. Lewis, the Valedictory Service, and the Public Meeting were quite equal to anything we have known. Our space does not permit us to refer at length to the admirable papers of Messrs. Baynes, Bailhache, and Bacon, or the speeches of Dr. Landels, Mr. Kerry, and Mr. Robinson, but we trust the reports given of them by several of our contemporaries will be extensively read. The three papers to which we have alluded ought to be circulated through all our churches. They contain statements of facts and principles which, if pondered, must lead to a missionary revival. The members of the Conference pledged themselves to do their utmost to raise the necessary funds for sending out forthwith twenty additional missionaries, and, bad trade notwithstanding, they plainly intend to fulfil the pledge. Mr. Alderman Whitehead, of Bradford, who presided at the Conference, set a noble example in

offering to pay for the outfit of one missionary, or, in other words, to give to the Society a contribution of one hundred guineas.

The address of the President of the Union, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, was a fitting sequel to his spring address on "Ministerial Apprenticeship." His subject was "An Appeal to the Well-educated and Well-circumstanced Young Men of our Denomination to devote themselves to the Work of the Christian Ministry." The appeal was altogether timely. There are among us hundreds of young men who would find in the ministry their most congenial and useful sphere. Mr. Brown does not deny the immense power for good which has been wielded by men of lowly origin and imperfect training. But he rightly insists on the advantages which accrue from early culture. Such young men as he describes would naturally acquire an influence which others cannot acquire, and there is no work so worthy of the very best we can bring to it. With Mr. Brown's ideas as to the necessity of introducing radical changes into our system of collegiate education we most thoroughly agree. But the subject is too wide for discussion here.

The Assembly received with the greatest enthusiasm the deputation of the Congregational Union—the Rev. Dr. Stoughton and the Rev. Eustace R. Conder. Such interchanges of brotherly affection and good-will are on every ground desirable. The two denominations are very closely allied; the agreement between them is solid and substantial; the difference—though not unimportant as a question of loyalty to Christ—is not so serious as to forbid the freest, heartiest fellowship. Congregational and Baptist ministers work side by side in their respective churches, assist one another at their meetings, exchange pulpits, and have their ministerial breakfasts. It is therefore a fitting thing that there should be some recognition of this substantial oneness in our Unions. There was a special reason for the enthusiastic reception of Mr. Conder. The Union held its conferences in his chapel. As none of the Baptist chapels of the town could afford accommodation for such large numbers as the meetings attracted, the friends at East Parade generously placed their more spacious chapel and schoolrooms at our service, and there the Union established its head-quarters. The speeches of Dr. Stoughton and Mr. Conder were admirably pithy and effective, and the brotherly confidence and affection to which they gave expression are heartily and unanimously reciprocated. It was, perhaps, wise on the part of our committee to abstain from sending a similar delegation to the Congregational Union this year, lest the act should become too formal. But we trust that this will, at any rate, be done another year; and, better even than that, we hope that the relations between the two denominations will everywhere become more intimate and cordial. It may be necessary for us to maintain a separate organic existence, but there is nothing to prevent—but everything to favour—the heartiest co-operation; and now, if ever, we ought to draw closer

together. Deputations were also received from the Leeds Nonconformist Union and the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The address from the former of these associations frankly recognises the services rendered by our forefathers to the principles of civil and religious freedom, and should stimulate us to act worthily of our ancestry.

The gist of the address from the latter is contained in the paragraph which follows, and we need only say in regard to it, that it touches on a subject which demands and receives the most prayerful and earnest attention of those to whom the memorial was addressed :—

We respectfully invite you to consider whether there is not a close and undeniable connection between the intemperance so universally deplored and condemned, and the drinking customs of society so largely sanctioned and participated in by Christian people, and whether there is any reasonable hope of removing the evil until its cause be fairly looked in the face, and resolutely put out of the way.

While rejoicing most heartily that so many of your number are enrolled as total abstainers from this fruitful source of sin, we would very urgently appeal to the remainder to transfer their influence and example from the drinking to the abstaining side, and to join in utmost effort to "take up the stumbling-block out of the way of God's people"—making "straight paths for their feet" that the "lame be not turned out of the way," but "rather healed."

We sincerely desire that you may receive our appeal in the spirit in which it is written, for the love of the Master whom we all seek to serve.

The reports of the Annuity Fund, the Augmentation Fund, and the Education Board prove that the Union is bent on work. The Union is doing its part, but are the churches doing theirs? An extract from the report of the Augmentation Fund will indicate the need there is for a more universal and strenuous effort.

On the 1st of December whatever amount may be in hand will be distributed. £20 will be paid in each case where the recommendation has been supported by a free contribution of £10. The balance will be divided among the rest of the claimants up to the limit of £20 each. The number of churches applying for grants is 191, including 15 from the London Baptist Association. Of these 188 have been accepted by the committee. The amount now in hand is £3,337 11s. 6d., leaving a deficiency of £556 19s. 8d. to be provided before the 1st of December. Shall this appeal be in vain? It comes with greater force to the assembly because the Augmentation Fund has been formally adopted by the Union. The denomination stands pledged to its support. Let the fund be made worthy of the

denomination. It has done much during the past few years to lighten the burden of many of our pastors, and it might administer to the comfort of many more. That these pastors for whom we now plead are worthy of such help, the willing contributions of their churches amply testify. Shall we not spare these brethren the sorrow which a reduced grant must inflict? And when the year draws to its close, which speaks of Him who brought the riches of a Father's love to us all, let not the faintest shadow of such a disappointment rest on the heart of one of these brethren, who are honoured by their churches, and by us all, for their faithful service as good ministers of Jesus Christ.

Towards this deficit of £556 19s. 8d. about £300 had been raised before the meeting, and at the meeting promises were handed in to the extent of £150. We trust, therefore, that the whole of it will be removed, and that the hearts of all the applicants to the fund will be gladdened by the reception of the help they need.

The discussion raised by Dr. Stock on the election of the committee of the British and Irish Home Mission was well timed. The relation of this Society to the Union is not generally understood, and it would be a good thing if it could be more clearly defined. Dr. Stock apparently carried his audience with him when he declared that there has been a strong feeling growing up in the denomination against the growing tendency to centralization. The rule under which the thirty-two names were (quite legally) submitted does not seem to us a wise one, and we are glad that Mr. Glover's amendment, which secured all that Dr. Stock required, was carried. We further hope that the suggestion thrown out by Mr. Williams, that no one man should be on more than one (or at most two) of the four committees of the Union, will be duly noted. It is neither a wise nor a healthy thing to entrust the management of all our affairs to a few individuals. There are many able men who do little or nothing for our denominational schemes, and it would be well to give them the opportunity of relieving their overworked brethren. To be placed on a committee is, in our view, fully as much a responsibility as an honour. A man should be elected not as a matter of compliment, but as an expression of our belief in his fitness for, and his readiness to work. He should accept the post on the distinct understanding that "England expects every man to do his duty." The brethren who serve on our committees have not the easiest or most enviable places. We know something of the toil and self-sacrifice required of them, as well as of the keen criticism to which they are frequently subjected. And we know further that many of them will gladly share their honours and responsibilities with those who now view them from afar.

Mr. Marten, of Lee, read a very wise and searching paper on "Forms of Worldliness Prevalent in the Christian Church," specifying the self-indulgent form, the sanctimonious, the schismatic, and the

showy or ostentatious. Such subjects are not exactly pleasant, and no man would select them from choice. But they cannot be safely ignored. Fidelity to Christ and to ourselves demands us to look them fully in the face, and to examine them in the light of Christian truth and honesty. We venture to think that no discussion which took place during the recent Session was more thoroughly practical than that which was raised by Mr. Marten's outspoken and impressive paper. We should very much like the speeches of Mr. Medley and Mr. Stephens to have been printed with it.

Of the statement submitted by the Rev. J. H. Millard on behalf of the Home Mission we will only say that it should be placed in the hand of every Baptist in the kingdom. It is, we understand, to appear in the monthly *Chronicle* of the Society. The facts it adduces in reference to the religious destitution of immense districts in various parts of the country ought to fill us with sorrow and shame. Nor can we plead that such destitution is inevitable. Mr. Millard suggests various methods by which it can be in a great measure removed, and if we have "a mind to work" we shall soon see that "the solitary place will be made glad, and the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose."

The evangelistic work so nobly inaugurated by Mr. Archibald Brown is not to be allowed, as some feared it would, to die an untimely death. The way in which our brother has given himself to this work is beyond all praise. To him belongs the honour of originating it—first by his proposal at the Annual Meetings in London, and next by his preaching tour, extending over four weeks, in Beds and Herts. The narrative of his evangelistic labours was one of the most memorable features of the Session. It is more and more evident that the need for such work widely exists, that if evangelists of the right order are forthcoming (and we have in our ministry many of them), and the Churches exert themselves, the people in large numbers will come together to hear the word. Special efforts of this order are not without their dangers, but they have unquestionably a place of their own. Much harm has been done in former times by evangelists working on their own lines apart from, and often in opposition to the churches. This evil is avoided in the evangelistic work of the Baptist Union. The Churches will reap the benefit of it, and it must be mainly through them that the work will have to be done. The fear that adequate funds could not be raised, have proved utterly groundless. At the closing session of the Union, promises were made to the amount of £205. With such a beginning who can doubt the issue?

The public meetings in the Town Hall and in East Parade Chapel, formed a fitting conclusion to the visit of the Union to Leeds. We could not of course be present at both meetings, but from accounts given to us on the spot we should have difficulty in saying which was really the finer of the two. The vast assembly in

the Town Hall—numbering we suppose about 4,000—was indeed a grand sight. It was inspiring to listen to the fine strains of the organ, and still more so to join in the many-voiced songs of praise. The addresses of the Chairman, Mr. Alderman Barran, M.P., Mr. Bompas, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Pike, and Mr. Spurgeon, were every one worthy of the occasion, and we heard but one opinion in reference to the character of the meeting—that the best had been kept to the last.

We most heartily congratulate the Secretary and Committee of the Union on the thorough success of their latest Autumnal Session, and assure our friends in Leeds that we shall for many years retain a grateful sense of their kind and generous hospitality. The local secretaries, the Revds. G. Hill, J. W. Butcher, and Mr. W. K. Illingworth, did their work in the most admirable and effective style. Their arrangements for the comfort of the delegates were all that could be desired. And not the least pleasing of our recollections is derived from the fact that all the Christian Churches of Leeds were ready and eager to help our brethren in providing hospitality for so vast a number.

We cannot, however, dismiss the subject of the Union Meetings at Leeds without expressing the grief with which we received the intelligence that our loved friend, the Rev. S. H. Booth, has intimated to the Committee of the Baptist Union that it is not his intention to allow his name to stand for re-election as Secretary of the Union at the close of the current year. It is not necessary for us to indicate more exactly the cause of this decision on Mr. Booth's part, than that it has arisen out of some difficulties connected with the recent enlargement of the operations of the Union. We trust, however, that the consideration of this question will meet with the immediate and careful attention of the President of the Union and his Committee. *Coûte-que-coûte*, the denomination cannot afford to lose the master-mind of Mr. Booth as the controlling genius of the Union; and we sincerely hope that long before the annual meeting, in April next, we may hear that all impediments have been removed, and that Mr. Booth will continue to occupy a position for which he possesses rare qualifications, and whose duties he performs with consummate skill. For this postscript no one is responsible, nearly or remotely, but the

EDITOR *Bapt. Mag.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES VINCE.

BY A FELLOW-STUDENT.

EVEN unimportant incidents have a value when love has been won by the individual they concern, and it is always pleasing to see how the presiding spirit of a life inspired it throughout its entire course.

Before entering college, some little knowledge of Mr. Vince had reached the ears of the writer, who was instrumental in his native town in getting up a debating society among some friends who were desirous of mental improvement. One who became a member had previously formed, in a similar association at Farnham, a friendship with him, and spoke in a way of estimation that could not fail to strike. It was little imagined that a fellow alumnus, and a friend in after life, would be found in the subject of conversation; but this, among the unexpected things that occur, was actually the case. Charles Vince had entered College some six months before the writer, but gradually it came out in social intercourse that a link of interest existed in a former companion. The year when life at Stepney began, was one when cholera was devastating the land; and never will be forgotten the almost constant succession of funerals that passed the College gates, and the dismal tolling of the bell at the neighbouring church. Happily no case occurred within the College walls, notwithstanding the frequent unsavoury smells that used to find their way through the open windows. These, indeed, it was said, were occasioned by the effluvia of chemical works rather than by more dangerous causes. Good health, good spirits, and hearty, diligent work, through God's blessing, formed the characteristics of the time. One kind office was early rendered by the subject of these recollections. While welcoming the writer to the College circle, a practical desire to help to what comfort might be enjoyed, was shown in assisting to fit and nail down the carpet of the little study, and so set things right for future work. Many were afterwards the walks and conversations we had together, and with various differences of opinion, as in other things, a sincere friendship sprang up. It has been well said that Stepney was a place of hard work; and as the year to which we allude was the first when the present esteemed president took office, it may well be understood that time was fully occupied, and every energy called into exercise. As matters in the College had been lately unsettled, the two more recent classes were thrown together, and in classics and mathematics, as well as in theology, the writer often met in the same subjects with Charles Vince. Perhaps in Latin and Greek studies Mr. Vince could hardly be called a hard

student. Not intending to seek distinction at the University of London, he was not spurred by the emulation which naturally animated those who did. The want also of previous advantages probably told in this, but, as in everything to which he applied himself, so here, his intuitive perception was shown by his ready grasp of the explanation of difficulties, and a skilful linking together of thoughts and facts, in which, no doubt, he ever excelled most of his compeers. We well remember the look and tone of approbation with which the mathematical tutor once commented on some geometrical or algebraic problem which he had solved. Fond of puns—though sometimes not very clever at them—he said, concerning our friend, looking round upon the class, "Ha, Vinco, I conquer"! Mastery of all English subjects was ably shown, and the admirable way in which an analysis of a chapter in Butler could be given was acknowledged both by president and fellow-students.

As a reader he appeared somewhat desultory, and probably this may have been thought of him throughout his life; but it struck all who conversed with him that he had seized upon the main points of the book he had dealt with. Probably most works have some central characteristic for which they are useful. Vince never failed to get hold of that; and while many would toilfully read the whole through, he, with a master's power, would get the chief secret and pass on to "pastures new."

His early exercises in the same kind of engagements made him quite *au fait* at discussion, and in those college trials of extempore skill, when a subject was thrown like a fox among hounds and all had a scramble, he would show himself *facile princeps*. Especially he was at home in matters of politics, and when, once, the subject of an extended suffrage was debated, some, whose views were not sufficiently expanded, came under that kindly argumentative banter which none knew so well how to use and also how to restrain. These, however, had their friendly retaliation afterwards, when the value of classics in education came under discussion, a debate which was one of the best of the after-supper exercises of the kind. Future popularity as a preacher was early indicated by the welcome and warmth with which Mr. Vince was received wherever he went on the Sunday appointments. Cotton-street, Poplar, showed no little estimation of our friend's power, and, no doubt, wished a closer connection. It was there that the writer was one of his audience for the first time, and distinct, as if it were yesterday, is the form, and voice, and manner of the preacher as he descanted on "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom." As in the case of all preachers, not students only, Mr. Vince was not always equal in power. We remember an occasion when, having supplied at Poplar in the morning, he came into our study in the afternoon, troubled that he had not acquitted himself to his liking, but fully resolved, apparently, to make amends for it in the evening. His object was to test opinion as to a quota-

tion from Longfellow, apposite to the words "The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron." This was it—

> "I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
> That could we, by some spell of magic, change
> The world and its inhabitants to stone,
> In the same attitude they now are in,
> What fearful glances downward might we cast
> Into the hollow chasms of human life!
> What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
> What joyful welcomes and what sad farewells!
> What stony tears in those congealed eyes!
> What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!
> What lovers with their marble lips together!"
>
> —*Spanish Student.*

We only regret we did not hear the sermon preached, which we have reason to believe was one of his best College efforts. The morning sermon, by-the-bye, was one whose chief features occurred to him while listening to a discourse on the same text the order and illustrations of which he did not altogether approve. At all events, the text appeared to him in a more striking light. It was Rev. i. 17, and his subject;—the contrasted glory and tenderness of Christ. We happened to be with him at the time, and recollect his saying how his view of the words had so possessed him, that the latter part of the sermon being preached had been lost. Not only as a preacher was he valued and honoured, but, as a public speaker, all his fellow-students recognised his efficiency. On one occasion at Blackheath, when a number went to do honour to a late fellow-student at a tea-meeting, Vince was the one chosen to represent them on the platform, and his genial and appropriate address was fully appreciated as the best exponent of the general feeling that could be given. Nor was it merely as preacher and speaker that the character of the future was foreshadowed. If a sick member of the college chapel needed to be visited, none was felt to be so suitable as our friend for the work; and hence the president, engrossed by other duties, sought to be represented by him. Always bright, happy, and sympathising, taking the right and sensible view of everything, Vince was beloved by all, nor was there one, unless soured by envy, who had not a kind word to say. College criticisms of sermons is not always perfectly free from human infirmity. Of course, our friend had to run the gauntlet, and not without drawing forth what on other occasions might be hidden or disguised. But he never was otherwise than kind and gentle in dealing with others—as he well might be, with such a reserve of conscious power and adaptation to the needs and longings of the human heart. In the last interview with him, the April before his

death, he repeated, what all must feel to be true, that it was his "knowledge of human nature" that helped him under God to the success which he enjoyed.

The time came at last when the more serious business of the pastorate was to begin. After this, opportunities for friendly converse were, of course, only occasional, but report brought time after time the accounts of growing success. It has been asked, "What brother has he not helped, either by preaching or lecturing, or in some other way?" The writer enjoyed on two occasions the valued services of his friend, and on a third, when he came to lecture in the same town, he had again the privilege of renewing acquaintance and entertaining him. He was ever full of genial life and interest, and in the evenings, when other friends were gone, and we could prolong our talk into the small hours of the morning, we discussed texts and pulpit-subjects, which was always a pleasant exercise to him. It was stimulating in the highest sense to receive and give thoughts and hints on these occasions. Some of the sketches either recently used, or about to be used by him, are still engraved on memory. Take, for instance, a division on Rom. v. 20—"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound":—1. Sin contracts no guilt that grace does not more than remove; 2. Sin deforms no beauty that grace does not more than renew; 3. Sin loses no blessedness that grace does not more than restore. Or, take again the burning of the books at Ephesus (Acts xix. 19). It showed—1. Their hatred of their past course; 2. Their sense of future danger; 3. Their concern for the welfare of others; 4. Their determination to lead a new life; 5. A pledge of their readiness to give up everything for Christ. This last head struck him at the time he was speaking, as also an illustration for the first head—Cranmer thrusting his hand into the fire, and saying, "This hath offended, let it burn first." Another on Onesimus (Phil. x. 12) was striking because of the graphic description given of the converted slave bringing the Epistle to the Colossians to the church, and the surprise supposed to be expressed that "brother" Philemon's runaway could be so changed and so trusted. The subject was the threefold power of Divine grace—It (1) overrules adversity, (2) saves the most reprobate, (3) sanctifies the greatest sinner.

His ability, when about to preach, to turn from one subject to another, showing the readiness of his thought, and strength of his memory, manifested itself on one occasion when circumstances determined him, as he told the writer, to alter his topic. Instead of preaching the sermon he came intending to deliver, he gave one of great interest on Nebuchadnezzar, adopting, as he told us, Dr. Pusey's view of the partial madness of that proud king: of this he had no notes with him, but seemed to have no trouble to recall it. It had been preached in his ordinary ministry a short time previously. It was interesting to notice how certain Scripture characters and truths seemed to have a peculiar charm for him, and he would weave them into his discourse in that deft and admirable way for which he was so well known. Jacob, the

man who had so many faults, which were unsparingly set forth, but was "just the man for him," because forgiven, and so changed in the maturity of after life, he conspicuously proved the kindness and power of Divine grace and discipline. Cain and Abel, the self-righteous, and the righteous through faith, with the illustration that the altar must be of unhewn stone—"If thou hast lifted up thy tool upon it thou hast polluted it;" also with the point about Cain—"God gave him another chance." The Unchangeableness of Christ (Hebrews xiii. 8) was beautifully illustrated in one sermon by dividing the life of Christ into three parts, and showing how the one spirit of tenderness and love pervaded all, and may be a ground of constant confidence and hope. As a lecturer, the writer had only two opportunities of hearing him, but on both occasions the interest of the audience was great. None excelled our friend at tea-meeting speeches or on the missionary platform. Wherever he went he was king of the occasion. Of his later efforts the writer has but little knowledge, but a few hints given at the last interview suggest that some must have been very striking.

He was always fond of preaching a series of sermons. His subject as he said, being chosen beforehand, he could feel more free in leaving home. The theme would be present to his mind, and he could work it out with appropriate illustrations. But surely the series of contrasted subjects, a few only of which he mentioned at our last interview, must have been grand. For instance, "The sea is His and He made it," with "There was no more sea." "He maketh darkness and it is night," with "There shall be no night there." "Blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest," and "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The congregation that had the privilege of listening to these discourses may well look back as upon rare and precious opportunities. At the age of fifty he was removed from us. The fond regrets that followed him to the grave still linger and will survive long in the hearts of all who knew and loved him. He said he should have liked to live another ten years if it were God's will, but he was calmly resigned from the first. The shadow of coming change was perceptibly upon him when our last conversation took place, but now and again there would be flashes of the former bright mind and touches of the same kind heart. His interest in old college friends lived till the last. The departure of one to Canada, recorded in the day's paper, was one of the subjects touched upon with his habitual appreciative warmth. We all lost a friend when he died, and memory often recurs to his good-humoured face, an attraction to all, and which we never saw clouded by an unkindly frown. We do not think it was in him to feel anything but gentleness and sympathy, or perhaps pity, where this last sentiment was suitable.

We walked with him, a few years before his death, on a hill in Gloucestershire, whence was enjoyed a view of a magnificent autumn sunset. "Stop," he said, "let us see that gentleman retire." We

stood in silence together, and saw the glorious orb withdraw. The circumstance has often occurred since as a bright and beautiful emblem of his own unclouded departure. He passed away, in simple faith, but unwavering trust. And as we stood for a moment, at that time of tears, over his grave, and looked down upon his coffin and saw the white wreaths which loving hands had placed there, we could not but feel that "the memory of the just is blessed," and that the righteous, though taken from the earth, shall still "shine forth like the sun in the kingdom of our Father."

Whoever may hereafter arise, there are none who, to those who knew him, will hold a higher place in affectionate regard and sincere esteem, than Charles Vince, of Birmingham.

"Death cannot come
To him, untimely, who is fit to die;
The less of this poor earth, the more of Heaven,
The briefer life, the longer immortality."

G. M. M.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF WOOBURN.

THE Wooburn we refer to is a prettily-situated village in South Bucks, lying about five miles south of High Wycombe, and near to the pleasant banks of the Thames. Those who are imperfectly acquainted with English geography often mistake this village for Woburn, Beds, the residence of the Duke of Bedford. The experiences of our postal and railway authorities include some curious and costly consequences of this error. Considering its comparatively small extent and population, this village may boast of a crowd of historic memories, connecting themselves with famous periods of English annals. Nor have these annals been without sympathising narrators. Books have been published concerning them; we have heard Dr. Stoughton, the Nonconformist historian, discourse eloquently upon them; and we have now lying before us a manuscript volume upon the subject, written by an accomplished local antiquarian, and most kindly placed by him at our disposal. With so many materials at hand, we almost feel what the French call "an embarrassment of riches;" and we cannot fail to produce something welcome to our readers if the manipulation should prove at all equal to the abundance of our subject matter. If we may, by

way of metaphor, term ourselves builders, we certainly have a large quarry in which to cut and carve; if we are jewellers, we have goodly pearls to set, procured by adventurous divers; or, if we prefer to compare ourselves with cooks, we may faithfully say that an abundance of juicy meat has been provided for our historic pie; and, therefore, what little merit we shall be able to claim in its construction must connect itself solely with the condiments and the crust. But enough of preface; and now to our work.

The historic fame of Wooburn reaches, it is said, as far back as the time of the Norman Conquest—more than eight centuries since. Our authority for this statement is to be found in the following paragraph, quoted from the manuscript of our antiquarian friend:—"In the early part of the last century, on the lawn in Wooburn Park, stood the ancient palace of the Bishops of Lincoln, in all its feudal grandeur. It was surrounded by a moat, with a drawbridge and portcullis, and had been their principal residence from the time of the Conquest, 1066." Historical fidelity compels us somewhat to qualify the above statement; for some antiquarians, while admitting the fact of the great age of the palace, have not found sufficient proof of its existence in the time of William I. Be this as it may, it is certain that successive Bishops of Lincoln resided for centuries in the village of Wooburn, which pleasant spot they finally left in the reign of Henry VIII., at which time the county of Bucks was made part of the new diocese of Oxford.

These Bishops of the Middle Ages were, as is well known, not only spiritual lords, but also temporal barons—possessing, in fact, the great wealth and power of princes of the land. They were owners of vast estates—the tillers of which were mostly slaves; they had a large number of soldiers and household servants at their command; they had almost the absolute control of the administration of justice in their large domains; and the free use of jail and gibbet was one of their much-prized privileges. Sidney Smith tells us that he once frightened a refractory boy with the threat of the use of his "private gallows;" but what was a good joke in the mouth of the witty Canon of St. Paul's was grim reality in the mouth of a mediæval Bishop; and woe be to the man who dared him to do his worst. Compared with the Right Reverend Aymers, Hugos, and Odos of the middle ages, what a weakling the modern Bishop of Lincoln appears! It is true that Dr. Wordsworth is an accomplished scholar and an eloquent preacher, but the keys and sword of St. Peter have grown sadly weak and rusty in his hands. If schismatics flourish in his diocese, instead of being able to utter the stern sentence of his predecessors, "Turn or burn," he must content himself with the issue of a pastoral expostulation; and if one of the ringleaders of these aforesaid schismatics presumes to dub himself "reverend," and the Bishop objects, his lordship is liable to be made defendant in a legal suit, and, what is even worse, is likely to lose the cause and have to pay the costs.

Truly, in the estimation of some people, the Bishops must seem to have fallen upon evil times.

We have referred to the free use of "jail and jibbet" with which the Bishops of the Middle Ages were familiar, and of this the annals of Wooburn afford abundant illustration. Attached to the Bishop's chapel there was a prison, called by the significant name of "Little Ease," and the *dis-ease* of which many a poor wight was fated to feel. Fuller, in his "Church History," has the following words:—"It is no small praise to Buckinghamshire that, although it is one of the lesser counties of England, it had before the time of Luther more martyrs and confessors than all England beside." Probably this was in part owing to the honoured presence of John Wycliffe in the county, which was favoured with his teachings for upwards of twenty years. His biographers tell us that in order to be near to the University of Oxford he exchanged a more distant benefice for that of Ludgershall, to which he was presented by John Pawley, Prior of one of the Hospitals of St. John of Jerusalem, and which he held for the long period stated above. Owing to his presence and powerful preaching in the county, the Lollards abounded there; to discountenance, to refute, and, if needful, to imprison and burn whom the Catholic clergy of the time considered it their sacred duty. Hence we find that at Amersham, where at a later period John Knox for a short time spiritually laboured, there was great persecution in the reigns of Henry IV. and his successor—several, at least, of its inhabitants being "burnt" as Lollards. Of course, the Bishop of the diocese was zealous in his efforts to extirpate the heresy around him; and the prison of "Little Ease," attached to his chapel at Wooburn, was not short of tenants. The following sentences from old John Fox speak volumes upon the matter. Describing the martyrdom, in the year 1506, of Thomas Chase, of Amersham, he writes:—"He was wickedly strangled and martyred in the Bishop's prison at Wooburn, under William Smith, Bishop of Lincoln, who was founder of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. He lay bound most painfully with chains, gyves, manacles, and irons, oft-times sore pinched with hunger. At length he was strangled and pressed to death. The Papists circulated a report that Thomas Chase had hanged himself; which was a most shameful and abominable lie, for the prison was such that a man could not stand upright, nor lie at ease, but stooping, as they do report that did know it. And, besides that, this man had so many manacles and irons upon him that he could not well move, neither hand nor foot, as the women did declare that saw him dead. And yet these holy Catholics had not made an end of their wicked act in thus both killing and slandering this godly martyr, but to put out the remembrance of him they caused him to be buried as a *felo-de-se* in the wood called Norland Wood, in the highway betwixt Wooburn and Little Marlow, to the intent he should not be taken up again to be seen."

About the same time, in Thomas Chase's native town of Amersham, a fierce persecution raged against many persons who dissented more or less from the doctrines of the Church of Rome. For example, William Tylsworth was burnt for heresy, when his only daughter (Joan Clark) was compelled with her own hands to set fire to her father's funeral pile, and her husband was one among more than sixty others who at the same time were compelled to bear a faggot and do penance. Several of these were tied to a post with towels, and their hands held, when they were branded, by a hot iron being applied to their cheeks. We have often seen the spot where some of these martyrdoms took place, and it has been mentioned to us by the residents of Amersham that no vegetation flourishes where these martyrs were burned. But as the spot is a chalk-pit, and probably was so three centuries ago, the absence of vegetation may be accounted for without the presence of a perpetual miracle. The neighbouring town of Chesham links itself in the annals of persecution with the cruel doings of a Bishop of Lincoln, in the village of Wooburn. Fox writes an account of the venerable Thomas Harding, of Chesham, who was martyred there, which we will try to give in a condensed form. During Divine service, while Harding was sitting upon a style reading in a book of English prayers, "one did espie him;" whereupon a rude rabble ran to his house, and in searching under the boards of his floor they found certain English books of Holy Scripture. Whereupon, this "godly father," with his books, was brought before John Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, and confessor to Henry VIII., at his episcopal palace at Wooburn. First of all, the Bishop, by way of preface to his judicial proceedings, committed Harding to the "Little Ease Prison, where he lay with hunger and pain for a certain space." At length his lordship, "sitting in his tribunal seat," condemned him to be burnt to ashes, and committed the charge and oversight of his martyrdom to the priest of a parish near to the palace. On the appointed day the priest, "with a rabble of others like to himself," brought Father Harding to Chesham again. The next day after his return, the said priest made a sermon in Chesham Church, causing Father Harding to stand before him all preaching time; which sermon was nothing else but the maintaining of the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and the state of his Apostolic See in "the idolatry, fantasies, and traditions belonging to the same." When the sermon ended, the priest took him up to the high altar, and asked whether he believed that "In the bread, after the consecration, there remained any other substance than the substance of Christ's natural body, born of the Virgin Mary." To this Father Harding replied, "The articles of our belief do teach us that our Saviour Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and that He suffered death under Pontius Pilate, and rose from the dead the third day, that He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father." Then was he brought into a house in the town, but,

according to tradition, to a priest's room over the porch of the church, and commonly called the Spirit Loft, where he remained all night in prayer and godly meditation. The next morning he was brought forth, a little cross of wood being thrust into his hand; he was then chained to the stake in the dell going to Botley, at the north end of the town of Chesham, near Charley Mount. There, being surrounded by the flames, a bystander "threw a billet at his head, and dashed out his brains." No wonder that Chesham abounds with Protestants as far removed as possible from all likeness to the Church by one of whose prelates "Father Harding" was thus cruelly and unjustly done to death!

What occurred in the villages and country towns of Buckinghamshire took place also in the more populous parts of all England. There were dark days for the land in Henry VIII.'s time, rendered all the gloomier by the strange, fitful, and oftentimes savage conduct of the Sovereign himself. He was, doubtless, a man of good natural abilities, improved by considerable culture, according to the knowledge of the times. Being a younger son, his prudent and money-loving father caused the youth to receive a theological education, to prepare him for the great duties and great revenues of the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but the death of his brother Arthur made him King instead of "Primate of All England." As we well know, he began his reign as a devoted disciple of the Roman Catholic Church; and when that arch-heretic, Martin Luther, appeared, wrote a book against him, full of learning and full of abuse —which the sturdy Saxon reformer answered with equal learning and perhaps equal abuse. Of course, a copy of the work was presented to the Pope, who perused it, praised it, and rewarded its author by conferring upon him the title of "Defensor Fidei" ("Defender of the Faith"), which title, strange to say, has been retained by the royal rulers of England down to the present time. By a curious chance, the volume which Henry presented to his Holiness has strayed from the Vatican, found its way to England, and is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, where we have seen and touched it, and where our readers may do the same. Years passed on, and the leaven of the Reformation began to work among the masses of the realm. Or, to change the metaphor, the ship of the State resembled the vessel in which St. Paul sailed, when it was driven "into a place where two seas met." Sometimes the east wind blew strongly from Germany, and sometimes a strong south wind blew from the hills of Rome, many fearing lest the stately bark should be broken to pieces. Unfortunately, the captain of the vessel seemed to have "lost his head," and knew not toward what point to direct the ship, causing great dismay and danger to all on board. He who once had fiercely denounced Luther, afterwards as fiercely denounced the Pope, and literally sent two men together on the same hurdle to the same stake, the one for maintaining the Pope's

supremacy, and the other for denying the doctrine of transubstantiation. In 1547 this strange compound of opposites ceased to be a living power in human affairs, giving place to his youthful and well-intentioned son, Edward VI. Had Edward's life been prolonged, the history of the English Church would have possessed a character different from its present one. "But it was not so written." A seer might have foretold concerning the youthful prince—

> "Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
> Esse sinent."
>
> "This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
> Shall just be shown on earth and snatched away."

As we all know the English Marcellus was succeeded by the ill-fated Mary, who was much to be pitied and certainly much to be blamed; for while we hold her responsible for the fires of Smithfield, we cannot blame her for the five bad harvests under which England suffered during the whole of her unfortunate reign. Some twenty-five years ago we were favoured with a cursory perusal of the parochial register of the now flourishing village of Slough—if "village" it ought still to be called. This register extends farther back than the reign of Queen Mary, and contains items of interest. For example, some such brief record as the following is more than once found in the reign of Mary:—"Buried a stranger who was found starved to death." The register also proves the fact that in one year of Mary's reign only three marriages were solemnised in the parish, and in one year none. Truly those were dark days for England. Then came the manly Elizabeth, the pedantic James, the deceitful Charles, and the merry monarch

> "Who never said a foolish thing
> And never did a wise one!"

In some parts of England the breed of swine are said to be quite black. Charles II. resembled them. His countenance was as dark as night, and his morals matched it. Those who remember Macaulay's description of the Court circle on that Sabbath evening when the King, seated among his courtezans, was struck with apoplexy, will not be surprised that the same historian, contrasting the days of Cromwell with those of Charles II., terms the former "the age of saints," the latter "the age of strumpets." We have mainly occupied our paper with a slight sketch of "an historical village" during Papal times, and we have ample means within reach for a description of the village during the Puritan period of English history; but as it would not be polite to the Puritans to introduce them at the end of our paper, we will reserve our materials for a subsequent number of the magazine.

ON SOME OF THE LOWER ASPECTS OF PRAYER.

"And what profit should we have, if we pray unto Him?"—JOB xxi. 15.

WE propose to consider the act of prayer in some of its subordinate or lower aspects. In these terms we include the advantages which accrue from its practice to our mental nature.

We put out of sight, for the purpose of this argument, the weightier considerations of its spiritual gain, and the Divine promise of an answer to prayer.

I. *In relation to the reasoning faculty.*—The contemplation of the Deity with regard to any of His acts must of necessity tend to clear the mind and strengthen the understanding. If, when we look abroad upon the glories of nature, our minds are refreshed with the sight of its beauty, so the very thought or idea of a God is calculated to ennoble the intellectual powers. Our own sense of justice is stimulated and strengthened by the thought of a perfectly pure and holy God. The very search for God, it would seem, kindles in us the very highest desires, and even power to argue on the deepest mysteries. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! I would come even to His seat. I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments" (Job xxiii. 3, 4). As a practical illustration of this, let us consider the prayer of Abraham for the cities of the plain. The idea of the indiscriminate destruction of those cities roused in the patriarch's mind all his argumentative force, and he resorted to the method of arriving at the truth by a series of interrogations (Gen. xviii. 23—31). It is generally viewed in relation to its importunity and the Divine condescension, but leaving this aspect out of the question, it brings out the exact mode of the Divine dealings with regard to particular circumstances; by a mere process of reverential reasoning, it brings an answer from the Deity Himself: "I will not destroy it for ten's sake."

II. *The contemplation of God, and the spirit of worship which naturally follows, strengthens the mind in relation to its own thoughts.*—Prayer reveals to us the true nature of things. How is this made manifest in the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple! All that wealth could buy, or genius invent, had been expended upon it. If there was one object on which the eye could look with satisfaction, surely it must have been this grand and noble building! Yet, immediately the king contemplates the glory of the Divine

Being, how his own work takes a subordinate place in his estimation! What a new thought does it give him in relation to God! what a power of comparison! "Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded."

III. *The effect on the imagination.* — How numerous are the passages in Scripture in relation to a proud or evil imagination. Let us remember that the imagination is to many the chief vehicle of sinful acts. To have this kept pure, peopled with right objects, is a protection against many temptations. How plainly is this set forth in Ps. xiv. 1:—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are *corrupt*, they have done abominable works"!

According to the objects which fill our imagination so shall *we* be. The mind keeps company with the creatures of its own creation. What can be more expressive in relation to the truth of this than the following passage:—"But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." This is what the imagination does for us—it changes us into the same image that we contemplate. What so safe, then, or elevating as allowing the Perfect and the Pure to take possession of this faculty of the mind? "Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone while He talked with him" (Exod. xxxiv. 29).

IV. *Application.*—Under this head we may include composition, or any literary exercise. One of the subordinate advantages of prayer is a higher education. Nothing gives greater power to the pen than prayer. That prayers have been *written* we well know, by those we have in the Bible. But, apart from this authority, let us not be misled by the force of early associations into the idea that we may not *write* a prayer. This is quite apart from the subject of "Forms of Prayer." What we choose to write in the secrecy of our own hearts concerns ourselves alone. Is it not found that to write gives definiteness and force of expression? Can we not, in a deliberately written statement, express ourselves at once with more brevity and power? Would not the very exercise of attempting to describe the attributes or works of God raise all that was reverential or poetical in our nature? Psalm viii.: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained." And what is the sentiment produced? "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!"

Let us also consider that some of the finest compositions of our poets consist of prayers. It derogates nothing from their merit that the study of the Bible has been their best inspiration. These prayers have doubtless cost them much. They have needed their most sanctified emotions, their highest thoughts, their greatest reverence, their utmost self-control. All the qualities which a poet can possess have been brought into play when he has come into communion with God.

Let us note what sort of invocations this contact with the Divine has inspired. Shakespeare's plays allow of little more than short ejaculations, but he holds his mind in reverential subjection when he essays to let any of his characters address the Supreme. Thus :—

> O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
> Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
> O beat away the busy meddling fiend
> That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,
> And from his bosom purge this black despair.

Or, again : Milton, in the very first page of "Paradise Lost"—

> And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
> Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
> Instruct me, for Thou know'st; . . . .
> What in me is dark
> Illumine, what is low raise and support.

Space would fail to quote from Young, Thomson, Cowper, and the rest, while all are familiar with the words of our own Laureate—

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love!
> Whom we that have not seen Thy face
> By faith and faith alone embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove!

And a more extensive acquaintance with literature will show us that prayer takes the highest form of intellectual exercise, and that all the powers of the mind are brought into play by the contemplation of God, and that adoration follows as a necessary consequence, and thus the highest thoughts and language come to us of which our minds are capable. And Jeremy Taylor remarks of prayers: "If they be not worthy of our attention, they are far more unworthy of God's."

THE SOURCE OF GOOD.

"1. Except the LORD build the house,
They labour in vain that build it:
Except the LORD keep the city,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late,
To eat the bread of sorrows:
For so He giveth His beloved sleep.

3. Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD:
And the fruit of the womb is His reward.

4. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man;
So are children of the youth.

5. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:
They shall not be ashamed,
But they shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

—PSALM CXXVII.

VARIOUS considerations taken together require the opinion that this middle Song of Degrees was composed, as the marginal rendering of the title says, by Solomon. It suits the time of peaceful house-building and civil settlement and progress during which he reigned. It uses a word answering to his name, Jedidiah, meaning beloved of the Lord, and seems in connection with it to refer to the promise of "a wise and an understanding heart," unasked "riches and honour," and, if he should prove faithful, length of days, made to him "in a dream by night." "So He giveth His beloved sleep," or "to His beloved in sleep" (2 Sam. xii. 25; 1 Kings iii. 5-15). It appears to suggest that the claims of the Temple to the efforts of builders are superior to those of any other intended erection. And it agrees with Solomon's sententious style in his Proverbs, one of which exactly expresses its substance and teaching: "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it," or, "and labour adds nothing thereto" (Prov. x. 22).

Men are not to take to themselves the credit of their achievements and possessions. The ambitious may not boast of their own wisdom and might; and the prosperous may not suppose they are self-sufficient. It is God who gives skill to plan, and ability to execute. In a moment He could deprive our arms of strength, or our minds of

reason. It is useless to struggle against His decrees. "Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places; thus saith the Lord of Hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them, The border of wickedness, and, The people against whom the Lord hath indignation for ever" (Mal. i. 4). We must remember our continual dependence upon Him, beseech Him to guide and help us in our undertakings, and praise Him for all we have and do. He is the Source of blessing. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights" (James i. 17). "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

When the work completed by Solomon and his subjects had to be done over again by Zerubbabel and the returned Israelites as best it might be with the blessing of the Lord, it was natural for the psalm to come into popular use as aforetime; and it was unquestionably proper to include in the collection made at last of songs for the pilgrimages a hymn so familiar to generation after generation, and so appropriate for citizens who attributed their domestic happiness and civil prosperity to the goodness of God, and left their families and property to His care when, obeying His commandment, and relying on His promised protection, they went up to worship Him on the holy hill of Zion. How fitting this pilgrim-song of thankful acknowledgment, cheerful toil, and loving duty, as the central one of the fifteen! How suitable on the middle step of the ascent to heaven's temple! We have come so far, and have so far to go, it seems to say; and He who has helped us hitherto will help us to the end. Whatever our successes, we have no reason to be proud; and whatever our failures and hardships, we will neither be idle nor discouraged. We will praise and trust the Fountain and Giver of good, by whom we are not forgotten.

"Forth in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue,
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

"The task Thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy acceptable will!

"Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee."

They would greatly abuse and pervert the psalm who should make

it an excuse for improvidence and sloth. In the expression "bread of sorrows," there is an allusion to the law of labour under which we have our being and our hope. He who made Paradise for Adam could do, and does, all for us; but as the father of our race was required to dress and keep the garden before driven thence, and to eat bread in the sweat of his face after his fall, so we are commanded to dig our living out of the earth. They take the curse only, and refuse what would make it a blessing, who endeavour to subsist upon the "bread of idleness." A half-naked Indian, bounding with bow and arrows over hill and plain in pursuit of bird or beast for food, is more a man than the lounger in rags or purple who, amongst toiling neighbours, does nothing but sleep or look on, eat and drink, and yawn for novel pleasures. Such a laggard, if born in the forest, would never have turned any portion of it into a garden, or provided himself with a more convenient dwelling than the hollow of the rock or tree. Whoever, in the midst of civilization and religion, forgetting God and imposing upon men, neglects to work, is the real savage or heathen. The Master and Feeder demands service for support. As assumed in the song, we are to earn our bread by pains. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" (Gen. iii. 17-19). Otherwise thou deservest none, and but fillest thy mouth with dust. Only, says the Lord by the poet, boast not of thy sweat and sorrow, foresight and work. Glory in God, who lends thee strength and wisdom, covers the tilled field with fruit, and crowns the finished house with blessing. Do not think of being a sharer in credit with Him, of giving Him half the honour and claiming half for thyself; but let Him have all the glory. There is no good that does not come from Him, and no praise that is not due to Him. He rewards thee with food and health, pleasure and profit. He is the Founder, Defender, and Preserver of the State, the Church, and the family.

When Solomon composed this song, the interests of his kingdom, as to consolidation and progress, could not be absent from his thoughts. Consciously unequal to the great work bequeathed to him, the anxiety of the day trenching upon the night, he had prayed like "a little child" to the Lord to give him "an understanding heart" (1 Kings iii. 7—9). With that humble petition agrees this didactic ode, written in a state of tranquillity which was a fulfilment of the Lord's promise to David: "Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest; and I will give him rest from all his enemies round about: for his name shall be Solomon," that is, "peaceable"—"and I will give peace and quietness unto Israel in his days" (1 Chron. xxii. 9). He who scattered the builders of Babel, and took the kingdom from Saul, and turned the counsel of Ahitophel to foolishness confounds and frustrates the wisest and strongest who attempt to establish and aggrandise themselves as if neither responsible to the

Most High nor in any need of His succour. The walls built by kings, statesmen, and generals, without His sanction and blessing, bulge and break, crumble and fall; the watchers they station fly from their own shadow; the schemes for the nourishment of their country which they spend day and night in maturing are labour lost; and even their youths faint and are weary, and their young men utterly fall (Isa. xl. 30). France but exhausted her quiver for humiliation and suffering in her last atheistic war, and has since been waiting for sons to grow up who will not shame her in the gate. They only rule prosperously who organise, watch, legislate, and educate in the name and service of God. "The Lord of hosts shall defend them. The Lord their God shall save them as the flock of His people. For how great is His goodness, and how great is His beauty! Corn shall make the young men chearful, and new wine the maids" (Zech. ix. 15—17).

It is not less likely that Solomon wrote in godly jealousy, lest the people should be more eager to build dwellings for themselves than the Temple for Jehovah. He was of the same mind as his father, to "find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob" (Psalm cxxxii. 3—5). The expostulation of Haggai in the day of Zerubbabel was anticipated: "Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your cieled houses, and this house lie waste?" (Hag. i. 4). But the cordial help of the people was not all that Solomon desired. Nor was his chief reliance upon the friendly co-operation of Hiram, King of Tyre. The prince of temple-builders acknowledged his dependence upon the blessing of the Lord. It is possible for the draughtsmen, overlookers, and workers whom the Supreme Architect employs to forget that they are accountable creatures. Ecclesiastical organisers and agents scheme and execute to little purpose, if they do not trust and serve the Head and Spirit of the Church. Divines, evangelists, and pastors, wardens, deacons, and stewards, must follow His instructions and inspirations, or their beautiful walls may fall down as fast as they put them up (1 Cor. iii. 9—13; 2 Cor. vi. 1).

In the midst of hewn stones and shaped timbers, and still more when admiring a splendid pile of sacred architecture designed or completed, and fancying or witnessing well-ordered services on the smooth floor, it may sometimes be difficult to remember that the true house of God is spiritual. His Temple existed before Solomon's and survived its overthrow; and oppressors have not banished or destroyed the Church by closing or levelling churches. "When King Sapor II. had shut up all the churches throughout Persia, the Christians next converted every house into a church, and performed their religious rites in every place; nay, they even supposed themselves to be temples" (Neander; 1 Cor. iii. 16; Eph. ii. 20—22). The real Church has lived on by the might of the Lord through anti-Christian tyrannies and corruptions in every country; and it will never perish. Statesmen may leave it to take care of itself; and God will not fail

to cherish it, even though the Sovereign of the day be, not a Solomon, but a Nero. He would bless the State by means of the Church, and the Church by means of the State, but will reject empires and republics in rapid succession rather than not uphold His Israel.

If the watchmen in the streets and upon the walls of the New Jerusalem (Isaiah lxii. 6), whether they guard against unfaithfulness within, closely observing one another, and seeing that subordinates honestly and fully do their duty, or give warning of threatened depredations from without, preventing the approaches and encroachments of worldliness, immorality, infidelity, and superstition—if the Church's rulers and officers are not serving under the unslumbering Keeper of Israel, and in the possession of His blessing, their wakefulness and watchwords, creeds and apologies, examinations and decisions, expositions and exhortations, are "but in vain." The organization of Zion may be perfect, and its territories rich, and well looked over by many forts of councils, conferences, and convocations; its managers and administrators may be wise, and its servants in the field laborious; but if the Lord withhold His dew and rain and sunshine, it starves in the midst of endowments, its revenues dry up, its farms yield no maintenance, it shrinks to a skeleton of doctrines, traditions, and forms, and bears upon it all the marks of hastening perdition.

A prosperous Church is like a family with merry children, or an army with promising recruits. Happy is a religious denomination when the interests of its young people are well cared for, when there are fresh converts in its congregations, when suitable candidates for its ministry are numerous, when faithful professors are surrounded by ardent disciples in its colleges, when its working ministers have troops of cheerful assistants, when a Paul therein can point to his zealous son Timothy, and a Peter has his diligent John Mark at his service! With its quiver so filled, no injustice can trample upon a Christian society, and no proud adversary can shame it in the gate. It rejoices and flourishes by the blessing of the Lord.

The song is even more for the family than the government or temple. Anxious for the stability of the nation and the completion and glory of the sanctuary, and concerned lest the selfishness of the people should prevent their giving enough of heart, head, and hand to the interests of the commonwealth, yet Solomon could not but contemplate with satisfaction the eagerness and skill with which they were improving their opportunity to erect themselves houses. He only feared that they might go too fast for their welfare; and his chief aim seems to have been to keep them in mind of the Source of domestic blessings. Every one must leave to the Supreme Designer the definition of his fortune, apply himself to such work as Providence assigns him, and from first to last build in God's service and for His glory. Whatever dimensions or shape the house may assume, it must be dedicated to Him from the beginning; and in the

laying of the foundation He must be invited to condescend to make it His dwelling. Then the top stone shall be brought on with rejoicing, and the whole edifice be made bright by the smile of Jehovah. If a palace, He will cause it to be truly such; if a hut, He will make it a palace. But when he who would pile stone upon stone forgets the Almighty, a small Tower of Babel is being attempted, which will be the birthplace of confusion, dissension, and want. "He buildeth his house as a moth, and as a booth that the keeper maketh" (Job xxvii. 18).

Built, the house needs to be protected. Solomon's solicitude for the continued safety of his subjects is pleasant to notice. He will do his best for their security, but owns that his utmost vigilance is useless without the Lord's blessing. He himself requires a defender; and the King's Guard is God. Under God and the King, as the country is the bulwark of the capital, the city is the defence of the dwelling. As Jehovah's watchman for the private citizen, the monarch employs officers night and day to go up and down the street in which he lives, and round about his habitation. Those King's-men may be trained, armed, and active; but in vain they are on the alert, and hour after hour repeat their assuring cry, without the support of a Keeper nearer than they, greater than Solomon, protecting earth and heaven, a better Guard even than daylight. "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning" (Psalm cxxx. 6). Let Him come, and all will be well. If I have Him for my Shield, bolts and bars are not useless, and the King, soldier, and constable do not wake in vain. "Note, that whereas it is said, 'Except the Lord build,' yet it is not said, 'Except the Lord wake' (since He that keepeth Israel neither slumbereth nor sleepeth), but 'Except the Lord keep'" (*quotation by Littledale*).

While others thus watch with the citizen for his safety, he has to contribute to the support of the government by which he and his neighbours are protected, and to maintain his family. Bread is to be procured by him, in many cases, indeed, with "sorrows." He must stand that he may recline, and labour to get rest. Rising is opposed here to sitting (Deut. vi. 7; Psalm cxxxix. 2; Isa. v. 11; Lam. iii. 63). True, there are sedentary employments pursued often to a late hour; but the meaning is sitting after, not at, work. The idea conveyed in the song is not "to sit up late," but, implied in those words, to be late in sitting down. "It is but lost labour that ye haste to rise up early, and so late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness" (Prayer-Book version). Without the blessing of the Lord, a long day's work is vanity. As with the founding and fending, He has to do with the feeding. Man digs the earth, and gathers the manna; but, "he knoweth not how" (Mark iv. 27); God makes the seed grow and ripens the corn.

The Psalmist tells us to whom and whence comes "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." As God builds the house, keeps the

city, and finds daily bread for those who work to please Him, and trust Him for His blessing, "so He giveth His beloved sleep." It is not to be had without His leave, and He is most sure to grant it to the honest toilers whom He approves. "The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much: but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep," if he eat much when he ought to eat little, or if his plenty be a load upon his conscience, or if his godless puzzle day and night be how to retain what he possesses (Eccles. v. 12). He sleeps well enough when he makes himself a pious worker; and the poor man loses his sleep when the secret of his labouring is that he "will be rich." Sleep is God's gift, neither to be refused for dreams of gain, nor abused in shameful idleness. It is His blessing for the healthy body and the peaceful mind. It is given to those who, loved by God and loving Him, labour for everything, and are "careful for nothing." Whether men work with hand or head, pickaxe or pen, whether a fortune welcomes them at their birth or speeds them at their death, whether they are rich or poor, accomplished or illiterate, they must not seek to sleep on what they own or get or purpose, but humbly and wholly in the care of God. Then their pillow will not be hard, and repose will not be absent. In the midst of danger, thinking of his sole Guardian, David said, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety" (Psalm iv. 8). The flock of the Lord run to this promise in adverse circumstances: "They shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods" (Ezek. xxxiv. 25).

"Oh that I could, with favoured John,
Recline my weary head upon
The great Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee
My everlasting rest."

He gives to His beloved in sleep. He does not let His saints labour in vain, but, far from that, bestows good upon them beyond their efforts and expectations, because they are His beloved. So much prosperity comes, that it is as if they slept, and God did all the work. He blesses, not for, though not without their care and toil, but in His grace. Let Him determine upon it, and His blessing is theirs beyond their endeavours, and even, they may think, in spite of their sleeping. They make sure of it by being His beloved.

By building and watching, toiling and storing, a home is provided for children. "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is His reward." He must be praised, while they are welcomed and treasured. They are His gifts and blessings (Gen. xxx. 2, 18; xxxiii. 5; xlviii. 9; Deut. vii. 13; Prov. xix. 14).

When Issachar was born, Leah gave him that name, signifying price, or reward, because, said she, "God hath given me my hire." Sons and daughters, in their gratitude, obedience, and help, are God's recompense of parental foresight, self-denial, and care. "As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth." The picture is not that of an old man who is the helpless father of helpless babes, but of one who built his house in life's forenoon, and now in his age is surrounded by grown-up sons, whose wisdom he is, and who are his strength. He is a king or patriarch, liable to be attacked by force or fraud; and they are his ministers of state and army of defence. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them." This figure is still used in Eastern sayings. "When a son is born into a family, a bow and arrow are hung before the gate" (Chinese proverb). That is, the house is stronger and more hopeful than it was. If the happy parents live to hoary years, they will not be alone and helpless. They will be cherished and supported by those whom now they nurse. Their mature offspring will be at hand to take their part in any emergency, and will be their prosperity in their declining days. "They shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate,"—the place of business, judgment, and strife, able to deal with the cunning merchant, confound the false accuser, and repel the assailing foe (Josh. xx. 4; Judges v. 8; Ruth iv. 1; Job v. 4; Psalm lxix. 12; Lam. v. 14; Zech. viii. 16). The brave son does not allow his father to be slandered or wronged. The faithful daughter is her mother's commendation and joy. They are only young, say proud parents of their loving and dutiful children—always children to their view—but we can trust almost everything in their hands. Rebekah fetches water from the well. Esau brings venison from the field. David tends the sheep on the hill-side. The girl keeps house. The boy manages the business. Our son is always attending to the unloading and reloading of the ship. Who has not heard with pleasure and respect men and women thus making boast of their bright arms of security and triumph! Their gay quivers and their polished arrows, and their smiling faces, command deference and sympathy.

While God is swift to turn curses into blessings, men too often make haste to force blessings into curses. The song is of righteous parents training their children for the Lord. Arrows likely to hit the mark are those "in the hand of a mighty man," able to fit them on the string and determine their strong course. Parents must not trifle with their children, like idiots playing with sharp tools; but, as the bowman straightens and polishes his arrow, gives it a solid point, and wings it with proper feathers, they must educate their sons and daughters in the name and with the help of the "Rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. xi. 6; Job xxvii. 13—18).

The reward can change itself into a punishment. The unformed shaft can mistake itself for the finished weapon. The incompetent

child can set up for the mighty man. The arrow can pierce the heart of its owner. Not of children like Absalom does the Psalm speak, but of such as delight to prove themselves blessings, and find pleasure in making their parents glad.

The pearl of great price for all, in whatever relation, is in Jesus Christ. He is the blessing of the Lord, bringing all blessings with Him. While we lift up our hands in His name, and crave the good we want, let us avoid any temper or indulgence, word or act, that would cause it to be denied. And to God the Father, who "setteth the solitary in a house" (Psalm lxviii. 6, margin), and is "the God of all the families of Israel" (Jer. xxxi. 1); to God the Son, Redeemer of the world, in whom "all the families of the earth" are "blessed" (Gen. xii. 3; xxviii. 14); and to God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who descends as a Dove, and rests upon every religious home, be ascribed all praise and glory, world without end. Amen.—*The Caravan and the Temple.*

DENYING SELF.

THE first condition of true discipleship has been expressed by our Lord as follows:—"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself." These solemn words cover the whole question, bidding us do away with self as the object of our life, and also as its moving principle.

But how is this to be accomplished? How can we escape from self? a feat as impracticable (it has been said) as to run away from one's own shadow. How can we conquer a tendency so deeply rooted in our nature that a French moralist (La Rochefoucauld) has not scrupled to affirm that all human actions, even the best, resolve themselves into selfishness?

It seems at first that to deny self is equal to what is commonly called "practising self-denial," that is, by dint of effort and sacrifice, restraining or retrenching whatever might give some personal satisfaction. But the requirement of Christ is quite different from this, and reaches deeper. The command is, not that we shall deny *unto* ourselves this or that enjoyment, but that we *ourselves* shall be denied; denied as Peter denied his Master, saying, "I do not know the Man."

The Saviour from self is the Saviour from sin, even Christ; it is through His death, apprehended by faith and realized in the Spirit, that we die to self; it is through His life that we live to God. In

the words of the Apostle, literally rendered: "I have been crucified with Christ, and I no longer live, but Christ liveth in me; and what I now live in the flesh I live in faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

It is of importance clearly to understand that the Apostle does not here describe a spiritual state to which he has at last arrived, but the starting-point of his whole experience; the foundation-stone, not the top-stone of the edifice; the root, not the fruit of his Christian life.

In the first place, then, he has been crucified with Christ; that is to say, he has accepted as against himself the sentence of death pronounced against Christ and the judgment of sin executed upon Christ, thus identifying himself with Christ, so that his "old man," the man that he was, *Saul* the Pharisee, as distinguished from *Paul* the Apostle, has been crucified with Christ.

This has been done, first, on the Cross of Calvary, in Christ, for Paul; and, secondly, in the soul of Paul, by the Spirit, through an act at once of faith and of will,—the faith being impossible without the will, and the will remaining fruitless without the faith.

The consequence is this: *I no longer live;* that is to say, the life of Saul has come to an end, and a new life, even the life of Paul, "a man in Christ," has taken its place, so that Christ, he says, "now liveth in me." *In* me, be it observed, not *beside* me, still less *instead of* me, but *in* and through me. Nor does it imply that the Apostle has now no character of his own. What personality ever stood out more distinctly than his? He even has a will of his own, but he has no self-will; he has learnt to say with his Master: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt;" he has become, through Christ, the willing instrument of the will of God.

His life, *now, in the flesh*, that is, in this mortal body, is a life in the Son of God. Christ dwells in his heart by faith, and he appropriates the love of Christ to himself personally: "Who loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*." The life of faith can be summed up in these two words, *He gave Himself*, and by virtue of that sacrifice (not simply out of gratitude for it) *I give myself*. Such is the only effectual way to deny self. When Christ dwells in the heart, then, and then alone, can it be said, giving the exquisite words of the poet their fullest depth of meaning:

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Or, in the language of the Apostle, higher far, yet, withal, more practical: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then did all die; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."

A true Christian, therefore, is one who lives neither of himself nor

for himself. The "not I, but Christ," which he takes upon his sinful lips that he may stand before God in the Righteous One, must become the watchword of his every hour, that he may live for God in the Holy One. Whether he is called to serve or to suffer, it is through the death and the life of his Lord. We are sure to go wrong as soon as we practically swerve in the slightest degree from this truth, and the danger of doing so is ever at hand.

When not tempted to self-righteousness, we may still be inclined to self-reliance, to self-seeking, or to self-glorying, under some subtle form. If there is a worldly self, there is also a Christian self, a pious self, a new old man, as it were, and even a self-denying self, having "a show of wisdom in will worship and humility, and neglecting of the body, not in any honour to the satisfying of the flesh," a superfine spirituality which the Apostle suddenly brings down from its lofty height with the unexpected rebuke that it is "vainly puffed up by its fleshly mind." It is still self trying to cast out self, the flesh endeavouring to conquer the flesh. True self-denial consists in counting all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, and in being so taken up with Him as to have no room left for ourselves.—*Theodore Monod.*

PRESENT-DAY SUBJECTS.

Gas Extinguished.

IS gas to die? Shall an American philosopher perfect a discovery which will be the death-blow to a great interest and a great monopoly? Whatever the result, there the news is—that Mr. Edison, inventor of the phonograph, has succeeded in sub-dividing the electric light. That is, he has made available for ordinary use a great illuminating power, whose only previous fault was that it was too powerful, and no scheme had yet been devised which admitted the use of a small amount of electric light suitable for an ordinary room. This is said to have been accomplished. There is a great interdependence of these wonderful inventions which have metamorphosed all modern society. The age which found the use of the steam engine was imperfectly equipped until gas had been substituted for inferior illuminations; the electric telegraph seems quite a natural sequel to express trains and steam-packets; the phonograph certainly was rather a staggering innovation, but we got over it, and received the microphone with comparative calmness. Now we are to

have another revolution. Night is to be turned into day. A light is to be supplied to every building which shall not fatigue the sight, shall cost less than gas, shall be incapable of any accident from fire, and will enable us to banish the odious meter from our basements. It is a valuable notion, and we shall be glad to see the notion become a fact. Meanwhile we are rather forced to reflect curiously upon some of the altered conditions of society which seem likely to result from such a state of things. What an awkward kind of light for the thief, to whom Identification is a bad word! How unpleasant the streets would be made for him! Then, if the knight of the road takes to burglary, he would not be reassured by the thought that one touch (which could be done by his opening a door) could flood the whole house with daylight; while any particular "crib" might contain awful scientific devices, powerful enough to shake his joints to pieces. Again, what a novel and refreshing idea of lighting up a room without producing a vitiated atmosphere; when a brilliantly-lit concert-room or lecture-hall will have no sulphurous fumes about it! The *Spectator* suggests that perhaps people may get overworked, from a temptation to employ the light to lengthen the day for pressing labour, *e.g.*, getting in a harvest. But man readily suits himself to his circumstances, and a mode of life which would have worn out our great grandparents is borne to-day by their descendants with no visible inconvenience. The human animal endures a great deal of overwork, and the hurry and unrest of modern life seems to gratify as much as it harasses. Still, endurance has its limits, and inventors must draw the line somewhere.

Afghanistan.

Unhappy, indeed, is he whose fate it is to have the choice between two stools. Such a person comes to the ground. But when a weak State, acting as a buffer between two powerful ones, has offers made to it by both, its position is exceedingly unpleasant. Of course you can kick over one stool and sit on the other, but it is awkward to find subsequently that you have selected the wrong one. The petty kingdom in this position is not to be envied. If it takes the side which turns out weaker, it is usually appropriated by the stronger. If it adheres to the stronger party it very generally has to bear the brunt of the contest with the minimum of advantage. In any case it has usually to be made the theatre of war. The Roumanians can hardly be congratulated on their alliance and its results, in the late Turkish conflict. The Ameer of Afghanistan recently elected to kick us over and rest himself upon Russian support. It seems not unlikely that the Muscovite will turn out like the Egyptian ally of old—a broken reed to pierce the hand which leans thereon; but, whatever the result, the barbaric prince has made his choice, and we must try to punish him. Now this invasion of Afghanistan involves several

momentous consequences. Of course the neutrality of our Eastern rival may be maintained, and yet much comfort administered by him to our enemy. Possibly we attach too much importance to any announcement such as "the Russians have been seen at Bokhara," or to reports of the kind when nothing beyond an exploration has been intended. But, however far the real Muscovite advance has reached, we may be sure that no hindrance will be placed upon Russians who wish to volunteer for the help of the Afghans. We could not expect such interference. If the Bulgarians send volunteers, as one rumour told us they intended, such succour would certainly be delayed and possibly immaterial. But the assistance of the counsels of a skilled European officer would give to our task much more difficulty than we have expected. Is it clear that such assistance will be withheld from the Ameer? We must win, or we may have insurrection breaking out in India, Russians defiling through the Khyber and Bholan, with, perchance, a Chinese host, flushed with the conquest of Thibet, inundating our Trans-Gangetic provinces. Success, it seems, we must ensure.

There seems a pretty general consensus of opinion that, whatever the wisdom of sending a mission to Shere Ali, there must be no delay in chastising him. Unfortunately his centre, Cabul, is not easily attained. The direct route lies through the Khyber Pass of awful memory, and we are apparently going to march along that route. If so, the sooner the better, and it is a pity that we have not advanced farther than we have. There is another route, however, from the south, starting from Sukur on the Indus, and marching on an easier road to Kandahar, in the south of Afghanistan. But a blow at Kandahar would not have the same effect as a blow at Cabul, and our "prestige" may require that we should not select the easy journey. One other point deserves to be remembered. If we promised protection to the people living in the Khyber Pass on condition that the mission was passed along unmolested, and if then the Khyberees are harried by their Sovereign for combining with the infidel, we shall be scarcely in an honourable position, unless we can fulfil the promise of protection. A delay in our advance may mean only a little waiting for us, but may signify extermination to a people whose crime is want of hostility to ourselves.

The mission was scarcely a success. If we ever send a mission to Afghanistan again, let us hope it will be one of another sort, with far other object, and may it have a very different result.

Panic in Public Assemblies.

On the evening of the 11th of October another lamentable disaster was added to the list of the public calamities of the year. A crowded audience at the Colosseum Music Hall at Liverpool, overtaken by the dread of fire, rushed in a stampede to the doorways of

the building, and the consequence was that thirty-seven dead bodies were found of those who had perished by suffocation, in addition to large numbers suffering personal injuries of various degrees of severity. Whether there actually was, or whether there was not, a cry of "fire" raised has not, we believe, been satisfactorily decided. This is an incident of the painful story now of the smallest importance. The lesson which survives the event is of far greater moment. These thirty-seven victims of the panic were numbered with the dead because the means of egress from the building were obstructed and altogether inadequate to the rapid withdrawal of the thousands it contained. Those who are accustomed to very large audiences know how mysteriously the impulse of fear will make its appearance, and carry before it the multitude. An hysterical shriek—the shout of a mischievous, or mad, or thoughtless person—the settlement of a timber—some unusual development of the weather—the noise of breaking glass—the fall of a piece of mortar, and even more trivial circumstances than these, will often lead to the disturbance of an entire assembly. It is vain in such a crisis to say with the prophet, "Your strength is to sit still," and equally vain to hope to discipline the public mind by remonstrance and exhortations on the subject. The only true security against such visitations as that at Liverpool is that all places of public gathering should be everywhere inspected under the authority of the Home Office, with a view to the provision of adequate, speedy egress, and that the audience should he made acquainted with the fact that—say, in five minutes every individual could with ease retire from the building. If no places of worship, theatres, music-halls, or assembly rooms of any kind were permitted to remain open except on this condition, the cost of alteration incurred would not be more than equivalent to the immunity from danger thus obtained. We have often thought that if an Exeter Hall audience were overtaken by such an alarm as that at Liverpool, the victims would be numbered by hundreds rather than by scores. When our rulers care to covet the civic crown, a Parliamentary enactment to regulate places of public assembly may some day avert the recurrence of such scenes as that at Liverpool.

The Eucalyptus Globulus

Is a tree whose bark and leaves emit aromatic exhalations so powerful and beneficial as to purify the atmosphere in which it grows from noxious malaria. The greatest advantage has been derived from its healthful influence in Australia. The French Government have tested its sanitary power in Algeria, the Italians are planting it with equally satisfactory results in the Campagna and on the borders of Lago Maggiore, and our own authorities are about to introduce it in the fever-haunted island of Cyprus. We rather think there are some regions of home-life whose mephitic odours might advantageously

yield to the health-giving faculties of this renowned plant. It is to be hoped that the botanists will proclaim its life-giving properties far and wide, and that soon it will diffuse its perfume in the precincts, if not within the walls, of our overcrowded cities. What a theme for the poet! What an emblem for the Christian teacher! We have had enough of the upas-tree; let us plant the *eucalyptus* till the world is filled with its odours. True emblem of the "Plant of Renown" and "the Tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

From Leeds to Glory!

One loved brother who was present at the Union meetings at Leeds, apparently in robust health and in middle life, the Rev. W. R. Irvine, of Chipping Campden, in Gloucestershire, has since last week entered into the heavenly rest. After the public meeting in the Town Hall on the evening of the 10th ult. we had some pleasant talk with him, in which expressions of delight, and enjoyment of the engagements of the session were mingled with paternal messages to his son in London. Our brother remained, as he thought, for a few days' rest in Yorkshire before returning to his home at Campden, but a nearer home awaited him. On the following Tuesday, the 15th October, he suddenly dropped in one of the streets of Hull; and in a few minutes breathed his last. To our brother's bereaved church and family we present the loving sympathies of the eight hundred delegates at Leeds. Reverently and obediently may we hear the Master's voice, "Be ye also ready."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Baptist Magazine.

Dear Sir,—At the request of the husband of the deceased, I write to ask you to be kind enough to allow a place in our Magazine for a brief memorial of Mrs. Hannah Maria Tuttleby, who died in Port of Spain, Trinidad, on the 16th September, 1878.

Hannah Maria Tuttleby was the daughter of George and Lydia Rivell. She was born in Binhirst, Nova Scotia, and came to this colony about the year 1827. Her parents were Baptists, but at that time there was no Baptist Mission established here; hence, as God-fearing people, they joined themselves to the communion of another church. Mrs. Rivell, however, being an earnest Baptist, was never

content till she had succeeded in procuring the commencement of a Baptist Mission in the colony. She paid many visits to Moorgate Street, the part of the city where the mission house then was; and was instrumental in bringing about the object so near to her heart. It so happened, in the order of God's providence, that when our missionary, the Rev. John Law, was coming out to Trinidad, in 1845, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttleby came back to their home in the same vessel. On board, acquaintance ripened into friendship, and friendship, in after-years, deepened into esteem and love. In the following year, Mrs. Tuttleby was baptized by her beloved pastor; and from that time till the day of her death was a most devoted member and liberal supporter of the Baptist church in Port of Spain.

Her last illness—general debility from breaking up of the constitution—was the occasion for the exercise of much Christian patience and resignation to the Divine will.

Her remains were borne to the Baptist church, followed by a large and respectable company, among whom were the Mayor and Councillors, Mr. Tuttleby being a member of the Borough Council of this town. The religious services were kindly conducted by the Revds. Messrs. Falconer and Walker, Presbyterian ministers of the town, as the pastor was the brother of the deceased.

There, in Lapeyrouse, among the dust of her kindred, we have placed her remains, till the trump of the Resurrection morn shall be heard. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord" (Rev. xxv. 13).

I am, Sir, yours fraternally,

W. H. GAMBLE.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Sept. 24th, 1878.

ERRATUM (PAGE 456).

To the Editor of the BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive there is an oversight in the statement of the argument in the last article on the Sabbath question, respecting the *time* of Paul's visit to Troas.

The "days of unleavened bread" began at Easter, and lasted seven days. The argument, therefore, should have been stated thus:—Paul left Philippi after the days of unleavened bread, that is a week after Easter. Allowing five days for the voyage to Troas, and seven days for his stay there, the meeting in question would appear to be held about three or four weeks after the vernal equinox, at which time "break of day" would be some time before six o'clock.

The *result*, however, is the same.

Yours very truly,

Leeds, 2nd October, 1878. R. CAMERON.

REVIEWS.

BIBLICO-THEOLOGICAL LEXICON OF NEW TESTAMENT GREEK. By Hermann Cremer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Griefswald. Translated from the German of the Second Edition (with additional matter and corrections by the Author), by William Urwick, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street.

WHEN Professor Cremer published the first edition of his Lexicon, he was an almost solitary labourer in a comparatively new field of Biblical investigation. Schleiermacher had, with rare genius, discerned in Christianity "a language-moulding power," and our best scholars were becoming increasingly alive to the importance of the modifications to which words were subjected in their transference from classical Greek first to the Septuagint, and afterwards to the New Testament; but no scientific attempt had been made to trace the history of these modifications, or to show how the great watch-words of Christian theology reached the fulness of their meaning. No scholar had addressed himself to the task which Professor Cremer so ably discharged. His book has the distinction of being the first of its class, and, though he modestly spoke of it as "preparing the way for a cleverer hand" than his own, it remains alone even yet. The reason of this is evident. The man has not yet arisen who felt he could do better than Professor Cremer. His work was so thorough, so comprehensive, and so entirely trustworthy that it left little for other workers in the same field to do. During the last six years a translation of the work has been extensively used in England, and we know of no work on the Greek Testament to which we have seen and heard so many and such flattering references. It has been a constant companion of our own, and we have formed the highest estimate of its value. The first edition embodied the results of nine years' incessant labour; the second edition of some eight or nine years more. It is fully twice the size of its predecessor, and its worth is correspondingly greater. Almost every article has been re-written. We find on every page proofs of enlargement, emendation, and revision. More than one hundred and twenty new words have been added, some of them of considerable importance, *e.g.*, ἀκολουθεῖν, βούλεσθαι, δόγμα, ἐκών, πατὴρ. Others have been greatly extended, *e.g.*, ἀγαθός, ἄγγελος, ἅγιος, δίκαιος, &c. The dissertation on ἅγιος occupies some seventeen or eighteen pages in the new (quarto) edition as against two pages in the old octavo. A more scholarly and suggestive article we have never read. The subject is presented in various new lights, and the careful student will rise from its perusal with larger and loftier ideas of the holiness of God and the grandeur of our Christian calling. Another point to which Professor Cremer has paid special attention in this edition is the comparison of synonyms. The whole of the words relating to the central doctrine of the Christian faith, the Atonement of our Lord, are examined with minute and loving care. Dr. Cremer's discussions on the principal terms, such as δίκαιος, δικαιοσύνη, καταλλάσσω,

ἱλάσκομαι, &c., will furnish invaluable help to Christian teachers and apologists. On ἱλάσκομαι he finely remarks that it can only have been chosen "because it was the set expression for expiatory acts, though the idea lying at the foundation of heathen expiations was rejected by the Bible. The heathen believed the Deity to be naturally alienated in feeling from man. . . . . In the Bible the relation is different. God is not of Himself already alienated from man. His sentiment does not need to be changed. But in order that He may not be necessitated to comport Himself otherwise (to adopt a different course of action) for righteousness' sake, an expiation for sin is necessary; and, indeed, an expiation which He and His love institute and give; whereas man, exposed as he is to God's wrath, could neither venture nor find an expiation. Through the *institution* of the expiation God's love anticipates and meets His righteousness; through the *accomplishment* of the expiation man escapes the revelation of God's wrath, and remains in the covenant of grace." We may also point to the article on ἀκολουθεῖν to show how finely Dr. Cremer discriminates between an inward and outward following of Christ, the fellowship of faith, and the fellowship of life. His searching criticism enables us to steer clear of the errors both of the mystics and the legalists. The volume is an additional proof that the profoundest scholarship harmonises with the simplest faith. We regard it as an invaluable aid to an accurate and scientific knowledge of the New Testament, and as adumbrating in bold and decisive lines the New Testament doctrine and ethics. It is a work which should be in the library of every minister and student.

OUR ENGLISH BIBLE: ITS TRANSLATIONS AND TRANSLATORS. By John Stoughton, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

WE are inexpressibly delighted to see a book treating of a subject of such great importance and interest. Members of our churches are deficient generally in the knowledge of our Bible's story. While they are well acquainted with the interior of the sacred volume, they do not know that it has grand associations carried along in its bygone history; and they lose much information which would be interesting to them and enhance the value of the Book. Dr. Stoughton's work supplies such deficiency, and we are glad to be able to express our satisfaction that the work has been done by a thoroughly qualified writer. His name and merits are well known to all our readers, and we can assure them that this work is worthy of his reputation. We can give it no higher praise.

Only a few points in the book have we space to notice, although we should like to make large extracts. The chapter on Wycliffe is very interesting. Protected by John of Gaunt, Wycliffe was able to defy his opponents until he had given to the people a translation of the Scriptures. He recognised that in them lay the faith of the Church, and saw the necessity of making them public property. He would be no party to the withholding of the key of all knowledge from the people. The service he did for religion was immense. The help his work gave to our literature we must still thankfully acknowledge. He and others of his time produced works which did for the fluctuating English tongue what Luther's translation of the Bible did for German—they fixed, to some extent, the language,

and hindered further change. They also produced a taste for, and habit of reading which were dormant, not dead, during the horrible period of civil war which cursed the country after their time.

The next article we notice is that upon Tyndale, a worthy successor to the previous labourers. But the conditions were very different. The arguments for and against the translator's work were intensified by the fact that now the printing press was in full work, and copies could be multiplied with much more facility than before. There is a most interesting account of Tyndale's printing the Testament at Worms, and sending his copies to the eager English. But in his later years he removed to Antwerp, where he could superintend much more readily the export of his books to England in the numerous vessels which then carried the great Flanders trade. This, however, was a movement which brought him nearer danger, and his enemies and the enemies of his work were able to utilise treachery to destroy him. It is touching to read of his devotion to his labour and resignation to a fate which he had long regarded as inevitable. His is the true model of a hero's life —sworn to one service, recognising no excuse as sufficient to justify evasion of his work, and crowning a life spent in the service of his God with a death undergone in his God's cause.

Accounts are given of other versions made under royal authority in more placid times; and the reader will under these notices find many details of interest and profit. The end of the book contains an account of the recent revision of the Authorised Version, and many will think this part well worth their study. All the book deserves careful reading and pondering. Such histories teach us to value more the privilege we have of reading the Word of God. We thank Dr. Stoughton for the volume he has written, and wish it a large sale. The fac-similes in the book are a great advantage to it; but the illustrations we think generally unworthy of their reproduction amidst its pages.

THE QUARTERLY REPORTER OF THE GERMAN BAPTIST MISSION. October. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row.

THERE is no department of Christian effort in which the churches of our own denomination are especially interested more important than that of the German Mission, and certainly there is no field of Christian labour that has yielded more glorious results. This Mission now numbers on its muster-roll 22,038 church members, 110 churches, 1,262 preaching stations, 7,107 Sunday scholars, and 200 missionaries and colporteurs. All this has been accomplished in the lifetime, and, by God's blessing, very largely through the instrumentality, of a single individual—the venerable Pastor Oncken, of Hamburgh. The truly apostolic labours of this servant of Christ commenced in 1829, and the first Church, consisting of seven persons, was formed in Hamburg in 1834. It is an important factor in the estimate of all the prosperity that has attended the German Baptist Mission, that every member, on joining the church, is required to undertake some specific Christian work. The church and the world would both profit if a similar law were enforced in our British churches. The October number of the Reporter contains some interesting details of the progress of the good work. A baptism at Riga, where there is a church of forty-five members, and the opening

of a preaching station at Tiflis, in Georgia, show that Germany, though the home and centre, is by no means the only sphere of the Society's labours. The cost of the Reporter is but 2d. quarterly, and it would greatly help the Mission if the pastors of our churches would read occasionally some of its intelligence at the missionary prayer-meetings. For the sum of £60 per annum an individual or a church can support a representative missionary of its own, and be regularly furnished with a translation of his journal. This is a luxury which wealthy Christians may laudably indulge in, and a means of Gospel extension that all our larger churches should adopt. Any further information respecting the Mission will be gladly furnished by Rev. F. H. Newton, 45, St. Mark's Road, Leeds.

THE CARAVAN AND THE TEMPLE, AND SONGS OF THE PILGRIMS. Psalms CXX.—CXXXIV. By Edward Jewitt Robinson. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

THIS very unpretending exposition of the Songs of Degrees has a cordial welcome from us. We call it unpretending because it appears in very unostentatious dimensions, although the intrinsic worth of its contents would have justified its publication in type such as would have expanded it to a demy 8vo. Mr. Robinson, in his prelude, after discussing the different explanations of the name—"Songs of Degrees"—and assigning their origin and their title to the fact that they were used by the Israelites on the occasion of their journeys to the capital when they went to attend the annual festivals of unleavened bread, of weeks, and of tabernacles, adds:—"It is not very difficult to see how appropriate were these select songs for the pilgrimages to Jerusalem. Patriotic, short, and pithy, with key-words and catch-words, they were easy to remember and pleasant to repeat. Plaintive and low sometimes, blending with the thoughts of the aged and the sighs of the feeble and weary, they were as frequently lively and buoyant, tying the bounding youth to the slow pace of the caravan. Depicting domestic scenes, they brought to mind the dear ones left at home in the fatherly care of Jehovah. They contained sweet allusions to David's piety, and the immortal harp he had tuned for the tribes on Mount Zion; and to Solomon's magnificent and tranquil reign. They told of the beauty of the city, the splendour of the Temple, and the glad solemnities of the festival to which the pilgrims were going, or from which they were returning. Songs of defiance and triumph they were; of faith, hope, and charity, of gratitude and joy, declaring the mighty deeds, watchful protection, bountiful providence, and redeeming mercy of the Lord. Who, they demanded, could injure the servants of Him who had saved His people from their Egyptian, Arabian, Philistine, Babylonian, and Samaritan foes? The songs of the pilgrims encouraged and strengthened them to persevere in the roughest places and against the greatest dangers."

Mr. Robinson has not departed from the Authorised Version, even in those instances in which improved readings are admitted by universal consent. His annotations are practical, devout, and highly suggestive; and the paraphrase of each psalm he gives faithful to the text, occasionally to the extent of hardness of treatment.

FRENCH PICTURES DRAWN WITH PEN AND PENCIL. By the Rev. S. G. Green, D.D. With Illustrations, by English and Foreign Artists. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row. Price 8s.

THE attractiveness of the French Exhibition of the present year may have contributed to the selection of France as the subject of the annual volume for 1878, in the beautiful pen and pencil series of which this work forms a part. We are glad to say, however, that it is not Paris or the Exhibition which furnishes the principal topics so skilfully handled by Dr. Green and his co-operators. It is rural, marine, antiquarian, agricultural, and provincial France, rather than the metropolis, which is the field of research, diligently explored and magnificently illustrated in this exquisite volume. Many an old-world piece of architecture and many a charming bit of scenery, far out of the way of the patrons of Messrs. Cook and Co. and the hasty travellers to Switzerland and Italy, lives again in these pages. The engravings are perfection, and the author's descriptions of the scenes represented are worthy of the setting they have found in these gorgeous pages. It is impossible to find a more welcome gift-book for a cultured friend.

THE QUIVER. Vol. XIII. 1878. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

WITH about half a million of readers, this periodical is amongst the very foremost of the serial productions of the English Press. When we examine its contents, we are grateful to find that it has attained this large circulation. More healthful family reading it would be difficult to find. Its religious instruction is as pronounced as the sharp-outline drawing of its pictorial embellishments, and that is in these days no small gain, when, as in this case, the certain sound is in the right key. The *Quiver* "Bible Class and Scripture Lessons for School and Home" are invaluable. The lighter articles, which are prepared with great care, often, we hope, allure the youthful reader to the adjoining pages. The present volume contains some new compositions in sacred music, by the most eminent of our professors.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD: A Popular Exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm. By the Rev. James Stuart; Stretford. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. Price 2s. 6d.

WE are glad to find that this exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm, which first made its appearance in our own pages, has been deemed worthy of publication in a separate form under the auspices of the Religious Tract Society. Mr. Stuart's analysis of the imperishable Psalm is discriminating, and the application he makes of its sacred truths are extensive, and touch Christian experience in many directions. There is much force and sweetness in his style, and we heartily recommend this book as worthy of a place amongst the choice friends of the Christian reader.

THE VOICE OF TIME: A WORD IN SEASON. By John Stroud. London: Cassell, Petter &, Galpin.

WE have here, as in the old song of "The German Watchman," a separate lesson for each hour of the clock; a text of Scripture, having as many words as the hours in succession from one to twelve, being

selected for a subject. All ingenuities are commendable that tend to impress such lessons as those contained in this book; they are suitable for all hours and for all people, and make men wise for Time and Eternity.

THE GREAT APOSTLE; or, Pictures from the Life of St. Paul. A Book for the Young. By Rev. Jabez Marrat. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle-street, City-road.

THIS is a careful condensation of more elaborate works, such as that of Conybeare and Howson, together with a large infusion of original letterpress, written with care and vigour. The treatment is comprehensive, albeit concise, and the reader is helped by some good and original engravings. We are not acquainted with any book more worthy of adoption for educational purposes on the subject of which it treats.

THE STORY OF ESTHER THE QUEEN. A Popular Exposition, with an Introduction. By Alexander M. Symington, B.A. London: The Religious Tract Society.

WE quite agree with Mr. Symington that there is ample room for a new exposition of this charming book. There is no section of Scripture which has been so little studied, and none which will yield richer results. Mr. Symington has, we presume, been accustomed to the Scotch system of lecturing, and this volume has probably grown out of his lectures. Happy is the congregation to which such words as these were spoken—so wise, so weighty, and instructive—and happy the readers who can ponder them in their printed form.

LIGHT AMID THE SHADOWS. By Mrs. Hutchson. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

SCENES from the death-beds of children, intended to comfort bereaved parents, and to reconcile them to the strange dispensation which removes their little ones from them. A good, useful book.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS FOR THE YOUNG.

From the west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, Messrs. Griffith & Farran have sent us convincing evidence that they are keeping up the traditions of their ancient and well-known house. MRS. LANKESTER'S TALKS ABOUT PLANTS, or Early Lessons in Botany, with coloured plates and wood engravings, is, for 5s., a charming hand-book to the wild flowers of England, and to general botanical knowledge. It is not as scientific books used to be when Johnson and Goldsmith resorted to this corner of the Churchyard—a collection of dry details—but is full of life, anecdote, and poetry, besides entering into the mysteries of meat-eating plants, indigestion in vegetables, and similar analogies and phenomena most bewitching to the young and instructive to all. A WAYSIDE POSY GATHERED FOR GIRLS, by Fanny Lablache, with fifteen illustrations by A. H. Collins, price 4s., is all glistening with fun and fairy lore, with here and there enough of pathos to add substance to its charms. Like all Messrs. Griffith & Farran's books, it is carefully printed and beautifully got up. WANDERING BLINDFOLD: A Boy's Troubles, by Mary Albert, illustrated by Alfred Johnson, price 2s. 6d., is worthy of Miss Edgeworth for its power of grip on the youthful mind, and more worthy than that lady's works because free from their

godlessness. TWELVE STORIES OF THE SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ANIMALS, by Mrs. R. Lee, the seventh thousand; LIVE TOYS, by Emma Davenport, the fifth thousand; LONG EVENINGS, by Emilia Marryat, the sixth thousand, are also published by Messrs. Griffith & Farran, at 1s. 6d. each. The above are specimens of the attractive collection of gift-books to be found in the west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, in addition to FRENCH PICTURES, its emphasised book of the season—the subject of a separate notice in another column—has provided a rich collection of literary entertainment for the young. HARRISON WEIR'S PICTURES OF ANIMALS (printed in oil colours by Leighton Brothers), with explanatory letterpress, is, for 5s., the perfection of pictorial drawing for the nursery, or rather, like the best doll, for mamma's boudoir. It is a book which will be sure to rivet the attention of the little ones, and give them accurate ideas of animal form. THE TOWN AND COUNTRY TOY BOOK, with its twenty-four coloured full-page engravings, price 4s., initiates the young into the wonders of the Tower of London, the charms of a seaside excursion, the mysteries of domestic shopping, and the delights of a summer in the country. All Bartholomew Fair could not have provided such delightful excitement for the juveniles as we find here. ALFRED ARNOLD'S CHOICE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT, price 2s. 6d., is a tale of factory life, full of incident, and inculcating the endurance of injuries and the conquest of difficulties by means of a well-written personal history. THE BOYS OF HIGHFIELD, price 1s. 6d., is an excellent story, and blends with adventure and sports, teachings of the best and most needful kind. WONDERS OF THE WATERS, price 1s., is really a good primer of ichthyology. THE JERSEY BOYS, by Darley Dale, price 1s., is as good as a Jersey pear, and gives some accurate representations of the Channel Islands. CHARLIE SCOTT, or, There's Time Enough, and THE PEACOCK BUTTERFLY, each 9d.; HOW THE GOLDEN EAGLE WAS CAUGHT, and EMILY'S TROUBLE, each 6d., are all worthy of commendation. THE SILVER SERIES,—so called because in covers having coloured engravings on a silver ground—consists of six numbers, 3d. each, every one containing a separate story, or, as in some instances, two or three stories. Passing from the immediate region of books to that of complimentary cards and pictorial sheets, we have to express our admiration of the artistic varieties prepared by the Society for transmission by post, for use in Sunday-schools and for the decoration of cottage walls. A packet of BIBLE BLESSINGS, price 1s., contains the Beatitudes illuminated most effectively in oil-colour printing of flowers and fruit. Packets of CHRISTMAS CARDS, CHRISTMAS WISHES, GREETINGS FOR THE NEW YEAR, also 1s. each, and others in packets of 6d. each, are all far superior to those generally in use, and far cheaper also. Similarly-treated SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD TICKETS, in packets of 6d. and 3d. each, make the possession of the tickets an appreciable reward; while the friends of our childhood, THE FARTHING EIGHT-PAGE BOOKS, with covers and pictures, still make their appearance in 6d. packets, and forty-eight of them are enclosed in a little blue book-box, constituting a MINIATURE LIBRARY, for 1s. 6d. The COLOURED PICTURE SHEETS, some of hymns and others of industrial employments, 3d. each, or, mounted

and varnished, 1s. each, will greatly adorn and cheer the walls of homes, schools, and hospitals; while last, not least, THE PEOPLE'S ALMANACK, 1879, price 1d., contains sixteen pages of daily texts, the usual information belonging to such publications, and, in addition, some striking pictures and excellent hints on household matters.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, have published a new Shilling Series, including Miss Sibree's (now Mrs. Hall) WHITE ROSE OF DERBHAM, and also her GABRIELLA, or The Spirit of Song; THE LITTLE PRINTER BOY, by the Viscomtesse de Kerkadec; and THE GATE AND THE GLORY BEYOND IT, a Tale of the Franco-Prussian War. These are books of high character, and we regret that time and space preclude the possibility of a separate notice of each of them. They are not, however, we believe, unknown to our readers as the subjects of previous notice in our pages.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Johnson, Rev. A. (Bristol College), Warminster.
Kidner, Rev. H. (Mumbles, Swansea), Minchinhampton.
Seaman, Rev. W. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), New Quay, Cornwall.
Smith, Rev. A. (Sunderland), Esher.
Smith, Rev. T. L. (Walsingham), Kingshill, Bucks.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bishop Auckland, Rev. R. F. Handford, September 30th.
Falmouth, Rev. J. Douglas, September 25th.
Fivehead (Somersetshire), Rev. J. Compston, September 18th.
Kingsgate-street Chapel, Holborn, Rev. R. F. Jeffrey, October 15th.
South Wingfield, Rev. E. P. Barrett, September 17th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Bottrill, Rev. W. E., Todmorden.
Hobling, Rev. W. B., South-street, Hull.
Warren, Rev. J. B., Cottenham.

DEATHS.

Davies, Rev. D., of Rhayader, Radnor, September 17th, aged 66.
Irvine, Rev. W. R., of Chipping Campden, at Hull, October 15th.
Jenkins, Rev. L., Maesycwmer, Cardiff, September 19th, aged 68.
Mead, Rev. J. J., of Eccles, near Manchester, October 4th, aged 21.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD

Our Foreign Missions (1848-1878).

IN the Annual Report of the Baptist Missionary Society for 1848, just thirty years ago, will be found these words :—

With the diffusion of the truth it is as with the flowing of the sea. If we look at the waves oscillating hither and thither on the shore for a few minutes, it is difficult to tell how it is going; but if we observe it after a considerable interval, its progress is distinctly visible.

The Committee wish, therefore, to compare the labours and position of the Society at different periods, and they anticipate from the comparison the exercise of devouter thankfulness and a deeper conviction in the minds of their friends of the advancement of the Mission, and of its paramount claims upon their sympathy and support.

These words are equally true and appropriate to-day, and I wish to bring before the Pastors and Delegates of the Churches assembled here a few facts in relation to the great missionary enterprise of our own Denomination, comparing the state of our Mission thirty years ago with its present condition; and if in the retrospect there be found facts that may tend to sadden and humble, yet thank God there is vastly more to stimulate and encourage, and to urge to more thorough and unreserved consecration of person and means to this blessed service. The well-known advice so often given by the celebrated Abernethy to the students of his Hospital class—"Gentlemen, probe always to the bottom; find out the worst; and then act"—may not be unwise in its application, from time to time, to the various organizations in connection with the Christian Church.

My remarks this morning, being limited to twenty minutes, must, of necessity, be brief, and will be confined to the work of our own Society.

I.

From the Annual Report for **1848** I find that the total number of European Missionaries wholly supported by the Society was **58**, with **159** Native Preachers and Teachers, and **12** brethren in Canada partially supported by grants in aid.

Jamaica Pastors, numbering **30**, are not included, these being supported by the Churches of the Island.

Last year the total number of effective European Missionaries wholly supported by the Society was the same—**58**, with **199** native Missionaries, Evangelists, and teachers, aided, however, by a band of **611** unpaid Sunday-school teachers, and native helpers.

From these figures, it appears that—leaving out of the question the twelve Missionaries partially supported by the Society in Canada—the staff of effective European Missionaries wholly supported by the Society to-day is no larger than it was thirty years ago, while the European brethren in India number only **31**, as compared with **35** in **1848**.

The Missions in *Sumatra* and *Java*, then in active operation, have long since been given up; and the Society has withdrawn its support from the Canadian and Honduras Missions, which thirty years ago cost **£1,400** per annum.

Since **1848**, the new Missions undertaken by the Society have been, in the East, in Southern India and in China; and nearer home, on the Continent of Europe, in Norway and Italy.

In summing up the results of the review of the ten years from **1838** to **1848**, the Committee had the joy of saying—

"The number of European Missionaries supported by the Society has been DOUBLED during these ten years, and the native agents have been multiplied *three-fold*."

While the Committee to-day, looking back over the thirty years that have passed since **1848**, can only report—

The same number of European Missionaries, with an increase of little more than five-and-twenty per cent. in the number of native agents.

It should, however, be thankfully stated that the present native agency is of a greatly superior character to that of thirty years ago.

II.

The receipts for the "*General Purposes*" of the Society in **1848** were **£17,815**; last year they were **£28,173**. The *Total Contributions* in **1848** (excluding special funds) were **£21,876**; last year they were (excluding special funds) **£42,254**. Thirty years ago one half the total number of churches in the Baptist Denomination gave an annual congregational collection to the funds of the Society. Last year, however—the number of churches during the thirty years under review having increased by **768**—**300** less than this proportion contributed in this [illegible]. In **1848** there were **3,000** annual subscribers of ten shillings [illegible] upwards—the membership of the Baptist body (excluding the

General Baptists) being **120,735**—about 2½ per cent. of the membership. Last year there were **5,682**—the membership of the Denomination (again excluding the General Baptists) being **245,836**—about 2¼ per cent. of the membership. Thirty years ago there were collections received from **140** monthly missionary prayer-meetings; last year only **68** were reported. From these figures five things are obvious:—

1. That the contributions for *the general purposes of the Society* last year were not quite two-thirds in excess of thirty years ago.

2. That the total contributions (excluding special funds) last year were only as much again as they were thirty years ago.

3. That the total number of annual subscriptions of ten shillings and upwards last year scarcely maintained the same relative proportion to the membership of the Denomination as it did thirty years ago.

4. That the monthly missionary prayer-meeting collections last year were not half as numerous or half as large as they were thirty years ago.

5. That the number of churches making *annual congregational collections* for the Mission last year was **300** less than half the total number of churches in the Denomination, whereas thirty years ago more than half the total number of churches contributed in this way.

It should, however, be stated that the total number of churches sending contributions to the Society last year from Sunday-school gifts, personal subscriptions, or some other source, was a much larger proportion than contributed thirty years ago, the total number being **1493**.

Now, according to reliable Government returns during the period under review, the wealth of Great Britain has increased at least *five* (some say six) *fold*, while the increase of expenditure on articles of luxury purely has been more than *thirty-fold*. The members of our Denomination doubtless have had their fair share in this remarkable increase of wealth. Even the most superficial observer must admit that the social position and style of living of thousands of our Body declare this to be unquestionably true.

The amount annually expended on intoxicating drinks in this country has increased since **1848** from **30** to over **147** millions sterling, or *nearly five-fold*, showing an annual expenditure at the rate of **£4 10s.** for every man, woman, and child in these realms. And not a few illustrations of a like rate of increase might be adduced did time permit.

To quote the words of a great authority on these matters—"It may be taken as a fact beyond question, that the wealth of the people of this country to-day, contrasted with that of twenty-five years ago, has increased at least FOUR-FOLD"—while, speaking generally, it may be said that our Missionary offerings during the same period have increased *one-fold* only.

III.

Glancing at the Mission field—which is the world—what marvellous changes have taken place since **1848**.

Then, Italy, Spain, and France were almost closed to the entrance of the Heralds of the Cross; and in Russia, Sweden, and Norway heavy persecutions and penalties followed the preaching of the Gospel. In India, the way seemed almost hedged up. On the 8th of October, 1848, thirty years ago to-day, a most devoted missionary wrote from Bengal :—

> The door here seems to a large extent shut. Government throws every obstacle in our way, and often proves our most bitter foe—and how dark the outlook is afield! What of China and Africa? Our earnest importunate prayer is, "Lord, open wide the door into these dark and dreary continents."

The vast empire of China was closed against the Protestant missionary, and the continent of Africa was almost an unknown and uncared for land.

Now, on the continent of Europe, newly-enfranchised Italy is beginning to realise the joy of freedom from the grinding, degrading yoke of the Papal despotism, and is springing into new and freer life. As our devoted missionary, Mr. Wall, puts it—"Free politically, she needs to be free religiously; for those only are truly free whom the truth makes free."

In Brittany, so long the stronghold of superstition and priestcraft, the light is breaking and the day dawning; while all around the rock-bound coast of Norway the preaching of the simple Gospel of the grace of God is shaking the dry bones of the state-bound, formal, Lutheran faith.

Then, looking Eastwards, howchanged is the condition of India! Thirty years ago the Government was the missionary's bitterest foe. Since then, godly Viceroys and Lieutenant-Governors have been warm friends to the missionary enterprise, and the names of Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook, Sir Herbert Edwards, Sir Donald McLeod, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir William Muir are to be found on the Committee rolls of our various missionary societies. **240** millions of people in India, and the land wide open to the Messengers of the churches.

> "On all hands," writes a well-known Missionary, "there are encouraging signs; the intelligent, thoughtful natives are fast losing their faith in their heathen systems, and turning their attention to the claims of the Christian religion. Soon—very soon—I feel confident there will be a great harvest to be gathered from the toils, the prayers, the seed-sowing of years gone by. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.
>
> "What we need is an immediate and large addition of earnest, loving,

devoted brethren to enter at once upon the work. The fields are, indeed, white. Oh! for the reapers!"

Then as to *China*—that vast empire with its four hundred millions of human beings—one third of the human race—ten times the population of the United States—more than thirteen times the population of Great Britain and Ireland;—with its circuit of 12,550 miles—half the circumference of the whole globe;—with its area of five millions of square miles—more than sufficient to make one hundred and five kingdoms the size of England, with more than half-a-dozen principalities like Wales thrown in;—by far the largest heathen country in the world, embracing a territory larger than the whole continent of Europe—or, excluding the Mohammedan kingdoms, equal to all the rest of the heathen nations combined; and with soil and climate capable of producing everything necessary for the support, comfort, and luxury of its inhabitants;—with its national chronicles taking us back to a date but little posterior to the flood, and with a people who have witnessed the culmination and decline of Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, and who remain to-day a solitary and wonderful monument of Patriarchal times.

There are more people in the single city of Pekin than there are in the whole island of Jamaica; while Madagascar contains less than one-seventh of the total population of the single province in which our small mission is established, where one million of human beings die every month of every year, or more every three months than the entire population of Scotland.

Thirty years ago this mighty empire was closed to Christian missionaries; now it is wide open.

Is it wonderful that Mr. Richard should write—

"Only two of us in this vast empire. Do send us five brethren at once. The work just in our district alone needs fifty. The Lord is bringing wonderful good out of seeming evil. The famine is awful; thousands die daily. Many hundreds are turning to the Lord, and on all hands there is a great craving to hear the Gospel"?

"Everywhere," says Mr. Forrest, H.B.M. Consul at Tientsin, "the missionary is hailed with delight."

"It is idle to say, as some do, 'Wait awhile until the famine is over, and see how the people will treat you.' Knock a wall down once in China, and it is not rebuilt. It may lie on the ground visible to all, but its brickbats will *never* be used to throw at foreigners."

Then turning Westwards, look for one moment to the Continent of *Africa*. In one of the standard works of thirty years ago we read :—

With regard to Central Africa, we may now be quite sure that scarcely any form of life can exist there. So that only in the north and south, and along the fringe line of the coast, is there anything like a dense population or extensive animal life. Vast, arid deserts of sand, swept over by burning winds, in all probability constitute the interior of this great continent.

To-day we know that Central Africa teems with millions of people, and abounds with valley and upland, rivers and lakes, rich beyond measure in vegetable and mineral, and, on its central plateau, bracing and healthy. And now the whole of this vast continent is open to the Christian missionary.

Africa ! the seat of some of the oldest nations in human history; the greater part of it still lying outside the civilization of mankind ; its far lying surface only partially explored ; its people still barbarous and debased its wonderful and all but inexhaustible capacities scarcely recognised, and all undeveloped ; its history, a long series of enslavements and degradations ; its trade slave-hunting, and slave-dealing, with a dark cloud of mystery upon its lands, and the pall of oppression and barbarism shrouding its inabitants. Thank God, a brighter day seems dawning. Commerce has begun to cast her eye upon the vast fields that await only capital, industry, and enterprise to become the first producing districts in the world ; while the exigencies of political relations promise to bring Africa, or, at least, important parts of it, into the arena of international struggles. Whatever may be the result of them, it cannot be denied that the grand Continent, lined as it is on every side by British Colonies, especially calls upon British Christians for life and light. Think for a moment ! Senagambia, Sierra Leone, Liberia, the Gold Coast ; all *English-speaking* colonies.

South Africa and the recently-annexed Transvaal Territory, almost an empire in itself. Northwards, Mozambique, Zanzibar, and the Island of Madagascar, all notoriously subject to British influence ; while beyond these lie the nations over which the Viceroy of Egypt claims Imperial authority. And as the affairs of the British nation are at the present in the hands of administrators who are somewhat given to surprises, Europe may some day learn with astonishment that Egypt, by private treaty, has sold to England the Protectorate of all her northern provinces, as an equivalent for the payment of her clamorous bondholders.

" *Oh ! that Christians in England would do something for this dark land.*"

Not only does this appeal to us come from the great African apostle a

passes away to his rest by the murmuring waters of the Bangweolo Lake, but it is echoed back from the aisles of the Abbey of Westminster, where his remains, borne by loving African hands, lie waiting the resurrection of the just. And from the kings and chiefs too of this Dark Continent arises the cry for Christian missionaries. Bishop Steere tells us, in the *Times* for the 9th of August last, that Mirambo, one of the most powerful central chiefs, and King of Uyanyembe, having seen several English travellers, has acquired a great admiration for the English character, and has sent a special messenger to the Bishop, earnestly appealing to him to send him a Christian teacher, offering to support a missionary if sent, wishing to introduce Christianity among his people, and to follow the English religion himself.

The whole of Central Africa, from east to west, is now opening up to missionary enterprise. "Come over and help us" is the cry that rises up from all parts of this vast continent.

IV.

Then as to results. To all who regard the religion of Jesus Christ as something more, thank God, than "a mere phase of intellectual development to be discarded by the more advanced student of science and philosophy," the results of the labours of the Missionaries of the Cross during the last thirty years are marvellous indeed. Thirty years ago there were but three Protestant Christians in the whole empire of China; to-day there are over thirteen thousand.

"Missionaries have done more to benefit India than all other agencies combined," writes Governor-General Lord Lawrence. "They have worked changes more extraordinary far in India than anything witnessed in modern Europe," said Sir Bartle Frere only three years ago.

In Jamaica, Madagascar, the South Seas—in Fiji, in Tinnevelley, Burmah, Sonthalistan, and in South and West Africa, the changes wrought are incomprehensible to all but those who believe that the Gospel of the Grace of God causes old things to pass away and all things to become new.

The Bible has been translated into the languages of more than **700** millions of our race; a Christian literature, to some extent, provided for five-sixths of the inhabitants of our globe; and three-quarters of a million of souls gathered to Christ out of heathendom. What wonders God has wrought. Far larger results have been already achieved than we could possibly have anticipated, and surely far, far larger than our poor efforts

have deserved. Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be all the praise.

V.

And now brethren as to the *future*.

Compared with thirty years ago our staff of European missionaries is scarcely larger to-day than it was in **1848**. In India it is smaller. While our contributions, taking into account the large increase in the wealth of the country and the growth of our churches, are decidedly less in proportion to our resources than they were in **1848**.

Then more than half the globe was closed to the Christian missionary; *to-day* almost the whole world is wide open.

The harvest plenteous—
The labourers few.

Honoured and respected fathers and brethren,—representatives of the churches of the Baptist Denomination,—what are we going to do in the future with regard to this great commission of preaching the Gospel to every creature?

Do we still hold, with the same operative conviction as our Fathers did, that the great command, addressed originally to the twelve apostles as representing the Church universal—"to teach all nations"—continues to this hour in unrepealed, undiminished force, binding upon every section of the true church, and upon every individual member of the church,—that one main object of our being associated together in churches or societies indeed *the* main object next to our mutual edification, is to unite our energies with a view to send forth, and maintain the messengers of the churches whose one aim is the evangelisation and conversion of the world to Christ?

Do we realise, as fully as our Fathers did, our *individual* responsibility in this matter—first, as to personal consecration to the work, and secondly as to our measure of support of it? Are our present contributions the full and adequate expression of our love and loyalty to the Lord who bought us with His blood?

In April last the balance-sheet of the Treasurer showed for the first time for some years an equilibrium between Expenditure and Receipts—the one was just met by the other. And this is our position to-day; and, for the future, but *two* courses are open to us. *Stand still* we *cannot*; we must either *go back* or move *onward*. Go back! brethren, with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us" rising up from all quarters of the globe, and ever ringing in our ears. Go back, seeing we are compassed about with so

great a cloud of witnesses; and, above all, go back, with the plain, direct, unmistakeable command of our dying risen Lord and Master, saying, "Go ye into all the world;" "Preach the Gospel to all nations;" and "If ye love Me keep My commandments." Go back! *Never!*

Is it too much to ask, brethren, for *immediate extension*—too much to expect that the churches represented here to-day will gladly and unitedly hail such a resolve? And that the individual members, in the blessed realisation of personal responsibility, and fired with the Christ-like passion and enthusiasm which marked the earlier years of the modern missionary enterprise, will determine once again to "attempt great things."

Can we not this morning resolve to send out at once *twenty more missionary brethren*:

10 to India,
5 to China, and
5 to Africa;

and will not the pastors and delegates of the churches assembled here to-day pledge themselves, on behalf of their brethren and sisters, that no effort shall be wanting to supply the needful funds?

If we have a *mind* to do this, it can be done. **£2,500** for their outfit and passages, and **£5,500** for their annual support for the first two years. Is **£8,000** an impossible sum for the churches to raise in addition to their present contributions?—only a fraction over **£3** per church, taking the total number of Baptist churches in the United Kingdom.

And the need is urgent. In *India*, after many years of faithful service, not a few of our brethren are becoming frail and feeble by long toil in the heat and burden of the day. Their one desire, to toil on until the shadows deepen and the night comes, remains in undiminished force; but the eye of the veteran translator is rapidly growing dim, and the arm of the trusted administrator hangs paralysed; the loving voice of John Chamberlain Page is no longer heard amid the hills of Sikkim, or across the troubled waters of Nepaul. John Sale and Robert Ellis are with the Lord they loved so well and served so faithfully; and the sun of the youthful Mintridge has gone down while it is yet day.

India, with her **240** millions of people—our fellow subjects—is calling loudly to us for life and light, and never has there been a more opportune or favourable time than the present, for giving up long occupied and exhausted fields of labour, and pushing forward into the vast "regions beyond," where the voice of a missionary has never been heard, and the story of the Cross has never been told, and where millions are sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.

From *China*, the Empire of the Sun, comes to us to-day the passionately earnest cry of the lonely labourer in Shansi, hundreds of miles away from his equally lonely brother missionary, surrounded by the starving crying, and the thousands of unburied dead! Oh! when will the Church at home awake to the needs of this vast empire? Would that I could make my feeble voice ring through England—"*Come over and help us!*"

"Lord of the Harvest hear our cry,
Inspire Thy servants from on high,
Then thrust them forth a mighty host,
To preach Thy Word on every coast."

For many years but *one* missionary of our Society for the whole empire of China, and now but *two*.

And *Africa!*—poor, dark, degraded, long-neglected Africa!—this strange, mysterious, slave-hunted continent—so close to us in actual distance, yet seen only by glimpses down the succession of the ages.

The great hindrances to the work of the Christian Missionary in Africa are not so much climate, heathenism, and unknown territory, but the greed and violence of men-stealers—the horrid traffickers in human lives and liberties, the Arab and Portuguese traders by whom Africa has hitherto been possessed—the legion of devils that must be cast out before Ethiopia can be found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in her right mind.

At the great European Congress of Vienna, held in **1815**, and embracing all the leading Western Powers, the ever-memorable declaration was drawn up and signed to the effect—

"That the horrid traffick in flesh and blood known as the slave-trade is repugnant to the principles of humanity and universal morality; that the public voice in all civilized countries calls aloud for its suppresion, and desires to put an end to a scourge which desolates Africa, degrades Europe, and afflicts humanity."

To this ever-memorable declaration, Portugal, by the hand of her Ambassador Extraordinary, pledged her national honour, and yet *to-day*—having the unenviable distinction of being the first European State to introduce the slave-trade on the West Coast of Africa—Portugal, to her shame be it said, is the only European Power that fosters and fattens on this hateful traffic.

Listen, I beseech you, brethren, to the agonizing cry that rises up to heaven from the central regions of this slave-cursed land, and that comes echoing back from Nyssa, Nyanza, and Tanganyka, wrung out of your brother man as he is driven like a dog to the hateful slave-markets of the

East by the brutal Arab or Portuguese. Oh! for a William Knibb or a William Wilberforce, that the chains of the slave may be utterly broken, and that in Africa, a land which nature has endowed with so much of rich treasure, grandeur, and beauty, as everywhere else, *Light*—the blessed light of the Gospel of peace and goodwill, may prove the true parent of *Liberty*—liberty in its holiest, noblest acceptation—the inborn right of men to their own existence; the possession of their own persons, their own labour, and their own offspring, and the time soon come when the millions of Central Africa shall call one only "Lord and Master," all men being brethren in Him. Thank God! to this blessed work we have already put our hand, and by His grace we will *never* look back.

And better far than money would it be, brethren, if in answer to our importunate pleading prayer, the gracious Lord of the Harvest were to touch the hearts of twenty of His choicest and most gifted servants—men of conviction and culture, of courage, enthusiasm, endurance, and wisdom, and full of love for souls—and lead them to offer themselves as living sacrifices on the altar of missionary service.

Men who—following in the footsteps of Allan Gardner, of the Patagonian Main; Colderidge Pattison, of the Coral Sea; Charles McKenzie and David Livingstone, of Central Africa—should count not their lives dear unto them, so that they may finish their course with joy, and, if needs be, seal their testimony with their blood. Remembering the words of the Lord Jesus how He said, "There is no man that hath left home, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting."

Young Men! you hold in your hands the incorruptible seed of the Word fitted to awaken eternal life in dead souls, and transform worms of the dust into heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Can you hesitate to respond to the call that sounds clarion-like from all the vast continents of the earth? Can you prefer to spend your lives in comparatively narrow spheres when you might exert an influence on vast multitudes? The fields are white, and everything invites you to this grandest of all service—a service in which the most varied gifts and graces, the loftiest talents, the most extensive and accurate erudition will find abundant room for their highest exercises. Can you turn a deaf ear to the call of the Lord of the Harvest, and the anguishing cry of the millions of the heathen? In the name of Christ, arise! Let the dead bury their dead; but go ye and preach the Kingdom of God.

When will young men press into the Mission field as they struggle for

positions of worldly honour and affluence? When will parents consecrate their sons and daughters to Missionary work as they search for rare openings of worldly influence and honour? When will Christians give for Missions as they give for luxuries and amusements? When will they learn to deny themselves for the work of God as they deny themselves for such earthly objects as are dear to their hearts; or rather, when will they count it no self-denial, but highest joy and privilege, to give with the utmost liberality for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen.

As the result of our meetings to-day, brethren, may this spirit, in richer measure than ever before, be communicated from heart to heart, from Church to Church, from continent to continent, until the whole Christian world shall be aroused, and every soldier of the Cross come to the help of the Lord against the mighty!

History tells us that when the great Roman Catholic missionary—the apostle of the East—was lying on his dying bed among the barbarous people whom he loved so well, his passing spirit was busy about his work, and even in the article of death, while the glazing eye saw no more clearly, and the ashen lips had begun to stiffen into eternal silence, visions of further conquests flashed before him, and his last word was "*Amplius*"—ONWARD. Brethren, let this be our motto and our cry, *Onward*. Until the last wandering sheep, far out upon the cold bleak mountain side, hear His voice, and be gathered into His fold.

Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors we shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldier, onward go.

Till mountain gorge and valleys ring,
Glad with the echoing cry—
"The Lord Omnipotent is King."
His chariot wheels draw nigh;
And earth's redeemed ones gladly come
And shout the song of Harvest Home.

Italy.

OUR dear friend, Mr. W. K. Landells, has sent us the following letter, describing the work of Signor Libonati, our evangelist in Trepani :—

"Trepani, 21st Sept., 1878.

"Triumph all along the line God has put us to the test, and it seemed for a moment to great humiliation; but all has turned out to the triumph of His Church and for His glory.

"I told you in my last that the priests were enraged because of the Circolo (Young Men's Christian Association) we are going to open in October. They have not ceased to molest us, sending the young men of the Catholic Circolo for that purpose. On one evening, especially, thirty of them presented themselves armed with sticks, wishing to thrash us. Fortunately, one of our young men was in time to call the guards of the Questura, who, as they ran to the rescue, saw the assailants from afar in full flight. Next day I presented myself with a declaration to the Prefect, who received me with marked courtesy, pressing my hand, and asking me to sit beside him. After having read the statement he asked me about our church, of its progress, how long it had been open to the public, &c., and then said that he would take the matter of the disturbance into his own hands. The next day the Marshal of Public Security came to my house, and, by order of the Prefect, put himself at my disposition for every evening of the meetings, and we have now two guards always at the door.

"The disturbers seeing that they could now do nothing by force, on the evening of the 11th inst., when we were about to begin the biblical study, entered in great numbers and filled the hall. One of them asked to speak, and, having obtained permission, he read a ridiculous lampoon on Confession. I wished to answer him, but two of the brethren asked to speak, and did so exceedingly well; at this, a second of the Catholics rose up and began to give utterance to other follies and falsehoods, but he also was worsted by the aforesaid brethren. The time was almost gone, and I could only say a few words in closing; but to satisfy the brethren, I invited the Catholics to come the following Tuesday to continue the discussion and to hear my confutation. During the week they formed a plot among themselves, by which they hoped to gain a victory by means of fraud and insult.

"The room was crowded to suffocation. They brought with them a great number of roughs, who were to applaud their ridiculous orations, and to laugh at and disturb us. Our two brethren desired to speak again, but the cunning Catholic who had asked to speak was so long in reading one of his lampoons that he took up all the time. In vain I asked him to be quick, and leave us time to speak. Backed up by the roughs, he continued. The guards could not keep order, and I called in vain for silence. While the Catholic talked absolute nonsense, his friends cried 'bene!' (bravo!) and when ours were at length able to speak they were received with hissing and groans. The guards turned out one of the most noisy; and, to put an end to this confusion, I allowed no one to speak, but commenced with arguments my confutation, but, after some time, seeing

that they would be reduced into the dust, the Catholics made so much noise that my voice was drowned, and I was obliged to close the meeting, giving notice that on the following Friday I would continue the argument. The guards cleared the room, and the roughs whistled about the streets, saying that they had gained the victory.

"The next day the Inspector of the Questura invited me to go to the office of the Prefect to report what had taken place. He asked me to abandon the Sunday evening services for a short time, as the people intended to continue the molestations; and although he had taken serious measures, still it would be prudent to do as he suggested, because on the Sunday evening the people are accustomed to drink. I agreed to do so for a time, and he promised to give me satisfaction. In fact he called up the Spiritual Father, of the Catholic Circolo, and also the young man who had spoken in our meeting, warning them, under pain of the severest measures not to repeat the offence.

"The falsehood was spread about Trapani that the Protestants and their minister were humiliated. The younger brethren were not able to stand so great iniquity; and without consulting me, knowing that I should object on the ground of my accord with the authorities, Buscaino, full of fire and zeal, put himself at the head of the others, and had the following notice printed.

"'NOTICE.

"'It is said about the city by certain young Catholics who came into the Christian Church to speak on confession, that they reduced those present to silence.

"'To free the Trapanesi from such a falsehood we recount the facts of the case.

"'Some young Catholics, accompanied by a great number of roughs, came to read certain lampoons, of a style so long and weak, as to drive away with disgust a large number of the people.

"'When the Evangelicals prepared to answer, the Catholics who had remained thought it well to retire, many of them under the influence of liquor fancying that they were in the wine-shop, and making much brawling.

"'These are the facts. Those gentlemen say that to refuse to listen is to reduce to silence, and we do not wonder at it after having heard from them that the words Remission, Conversion, Repentance, all mean confession.

"'Now that the Catholics have cavilled, it remains for the Evangelicals to answer. We, therefore, announce that to-morrow, the 20th of September, there will be a conference on 'The Confession,' in the Sala Cristiana, at 7.30 p.m.

"'CENCI CORIACO.

"Trapani, Sept. 19th, 1878.

"I knew nothing of the matter until it was all done. I was very sorry for it, because it compromised me with the authorities.

"On the evening of the 19th, at the time of the promenade, the notices were given to the people by the intrepid Lombardi. He had the courage to present himself to a group of priests, and, offering them a notice, he pressed them to read it. Two of them seized him by the arms and attempted to tear up the remainder; he however, got away from them, but not without having his coat torn.

"As I expected, I was next day called before the inspector, who ex-

pressed surprise that, after our agreement, we had been provoking fresh disturbances. I told him that it was done without my knowledge, and he then asked me to close the meetings; this I refused to do, and he next entreated me not to speak on 'The Confession.' I answered, however, that I must do so, looking to the glory of God and not fearing human persecution. His fears were unfounded, for the notices produced a generally favourable impression, and were received with applause.

"We expected a crowded meeting on Friday, and obtained forty additional chairs. The authorities also foresaw this, and we were honoured by a great force of police. There was a Marshal of Carabinieri with six men; there were a Marshal and Brigadier of Public Security, with their guards. Imagine how imposing was our hall. There was a crowd outside, and the balconies were filled with spectators who were eager to see so large a force of Government officials. There were about 200 in the sala, and among them students, sworn enemies of the priests, fathers of families; in fine, it would be difficult to find elsewhere so select an audience. There were many who were unable to gain admission, but who listened from outside. The audience was greatly moved, and the triumph was complete, the glory of God and of the Gospel being published throughout the whole of Trapani.

"Praise to the Brother Buscaino, to Dainotto, and Ciaccio, writers of the notice. Praise to Lombardi who knew so well how to play the part of distributor, although the action was blamed by me.

"I have written you in order that you may give glory to God, and rejoice with this church."

The late Rev. John Robinson, of Calcutta.

THE REV. JOHN ROBINSON was the son of one of our early missionaries, the Rev. William Robinson. He was born at Bencoolen shortly after his father's removal from Java, and a few years later was brought to Calcutta, where his father became the resident pastor of the Lall Bazaar Church. Mr. John Robinson's early education was carried forward at Serampore under the special care of the Rev. John Mack, whose memory he cherished with profoundest veneration. His desire was to become a missionary to the heathen, and when sufficiently advanced in knowledge he entered the college department at Serampore, and enjoyed the instructions of the Rev. Dr. Jeechman and others there. After the completion of his studies, however, he obtained employment as assistant to J. C. Marshman, Esq., the Bengali translator to the Government; and when Mr. Marshman returned to England the office of Translator was conferred on Mr. Robinson by Lord Dalhousie. Meanwhile his desire to be a missionary had not abated. He preached constantly to the Bengali congregation at Johnnugger, and lent valuable help in English preaching at Serampore, and in 1846 he was publicly set apart at the Lall

Bazaar Chapel, Calcutta, to the work of the ministry—his venerable father delivering to him the charge.

After the removal of the office of Bengali Translator to Calcutta, Mr. Robinson ceased to reside at Serampore, but he found in Calcutta a yet larger sphere for his exertions in English preaching.

In 1864 he visited England, and became favourably known to many of our churches as a deputation for the Society. After his return to Bengal he for a time resided at Dum Dum, and took the little church there under his charge. On the removal of Mr. Sale to Barrisaul, in 1868, Mr. Robinson became the pastor of the Lall Bazaar Church, a position endeared to him by many early recollections. Here he continued very faithfully and assiduously to labour until towards the close of 1875, when the state of his health compelled him to relinquish this beloved service, and made it necessary for him to withhold himself from any very active ministerial labour. He found delight, however, in frequent visits to Dum Dum, and endangered the aggravation of his disease by his efforts still to preach the Gospel of Christ.

His friends were now desirous that he should retire from the post of Bengali Translator, and claim the Government pension to which he was entitled for his long and valuable services. He was, however, anxious to complete a yet longer term of office; and as it was necessary that one of his younger children should without delay remove from the Indian climate, he sent away Mrs. Robinson and their little ones to England at the beginning of 1877, hoping in two years to join them there.

The recurrence of his malady in an aggravated form in August last frustrated all his plans for retirement, and after a very short illness our brother "fell asleep."

His life bore testimony to his love to the Saviour, and to the precious truths of the Gospel; unsustained by missionary funds, he rejoiced to do the work of a missionary and minister of Jesus Christ. Affectionate in his natural dispositions, genial in his demeanour, and highly endowed in an extensive and accurate knowledge of the Bengali language, he was a valuable helper to the work of the Lord. We can ill spare him in the field he so long helped us to cultivate, but we rejoice in his joy now that he hath entered into rest.

To his widow and children the Committee tender their hearty condolence. Their hopes have been painfully frustrated by the inscrutable providence of our Heavenly Father. May the consolations of the Gospel be theirs to mitigate their present sorrow, and sustain them by the assured hope of happy reunion in the kingdom of Divine glory.

THE

BAPTIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1878.

CONCERNING OURSELVES.

IT is not often that we trouble our readers with any references to the claims which this Magazine has upon the members of our Denomination for their support. Inasmuch, however, as the seventieth year of THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE is completed with the present number, a few words on this subject may not be deemed out of place. Comparatively few of the human race are permitted to reach the threescore and ten years which are the prescribed sum-total of life, but incalculably fewer of the order of existences to which this Magazine belongs attain to this distinction. Of the hundreds of monthly publications which appear in our own country, there are but four or five which exceed, or even approach, this Magazine in point of age. If our existence has been prolonged—thanks to those who have directed it—it has also been honourable, useful, and in a high degree independent. Standing upon its own merits, it has never been subsidized by public subscription, nor supported by adventitious aid of any kind. Steadfast in adherence to the principles laid down for its guidance by its projectors, its successive editors have remained faithful to the purpose avowed in its commencement.

"We have no Party Principles to promote; we hold the religion of Jesus Christ too sacred to be combined with such a design; but we possess an earnest wish to recommend ALL the Truth of God to the notice of our fellow-men, and to see all Christians walking in all the Commandments and Ordinances of Jesus Christ" (*Preface*, Vol. I., 1809). In harmony with this programme, the pages of this Magazine have aimed at fostering devotion—increasing Scripture knowledge—kindling holy zeal, encouraging Christian enterprise, and comforting patient suffering. We believe that the keenest scrutiny would fail to discover, throughout the long series of its volumes, a single discrepancy with the teachings of the Word of God either in the utterances given, or in the spirit that has pervaded them. During the earlier years of the history of the Magazine, the churches were indebted to it as the only vehicle for Denominational Intelligence; and even during the past year some of the leading provincial newspapers have transferred to their columns portions of THE MISSIONARY HERALD, which accompanies each issue of the Magazine.

If the Trustees of THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE could see it to be compatible with their position to exchange its distinctive title for an undenominational one, they would, no doubt, largely conciliate public opinion; but they do not covet the success that is purchased by the suppression of conviction, and, therefore, they appeal to the bolder spirits in the Denomination to assist them in their determination to make the Magazine more extensively known, and to co-operate with them in the effort to secure for it a future even more brilliant than the past. From the concurrent testimony of some of the editors of the highest serial publications, and that of the conductors of the provincial Press of our country, as well as from the opinions of the most capable and cultured of our ministerial brethren, we are entitled to say that this Magazine is highly prized for the instructiveness, the interest, and the variety of its contents. We are happy to announce that we have a large staff of contributors engaged for the New Year, and we entertain the pleasing hope of still greatly increasing the effectiveness and acceptability of the Magazine. Meanwhile we respectfully solicit the assistance of each of our readers in obtaining for us new subscribers; and we venture

to suggest that the twentieth year of our editorial labours in the service of the Denomination may be esteemed a justifiable ground for earnestness in our Appeal.

ALFRED TENNYSON'S TEACHING ON FAITH.

MR. TENNYSON is often called an effeminate poet, and as he is the laureate of an emasculated age there is possibly a suspicion of truth in the charge. Be this as it may, if the laureate lack masculine vigour, it is as compared with his predecessors, not with his contemporaries. The subject of his most remarkable poem, the exquisite finish of all his productions, and the pathos of his "May Queen" (vulgarised by would-be elocutionists) conspire to secure for him the unenviable epithet. Yet the reader of "Sea Dreams," with its fierce denunciation of the smooth-tongued hypocrite, or "Aylmer's Field," with its torrent of fiery eloquence, feels that their author does not lack strength to be righteously indignant. True, there is no expression of the deepest passion; but for such expression we may seek in vain, unless we wander as far from our own day as the age of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It is the aim of the modern poet to analyse ordinary feeling correctly, rather than to describe abnormal states of mind vigorously.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Tennyson is considered a religious trifler by those who have not studied him critically; and few men do so study a poet save in the discharge of professional duties. Our laureate may "darken sanctities with song," but it is not to him the many would look for an expression of the truth in its simplicity. There are some who view any poet's religious teaching with suspicion, thinking that he will probably, if not necessarily, sacrifice truth to artistic effect. The student will acknowledge that truth has suffered far more from the theologian's desire to square it with his theories, than from the poet's anxiety to give it harmonious utterance. We, at least, are very grateful to those who sweep aside the dust of ages, and remind us that Christ's teaching was as beautiful in form as sublime in substance. To this we think Mr. Tennyson has contributed not a little.

Mr. Tennyson's religious teaching is varied; he speaks much of the future state, and illustrates very beautifully the outcome of a pure

belief; but we confine ourselves to his teaching concerning faith. One unfortunate couplet, referring to honest doubt, has been quoted by the Osrics of scepticism, till many suppose that the poet means what these triflers would have them think. As a matter of fact, however, few poets possess a fuller sense of the value of faith, a truer estimate of the conditions of its strength, or a profounder sympathy with the struggles of those who seek it earnestly.

The exquisite verses which introduce "In Memoriam," strike the keynote to which the melody is true throughout. There is a desire for extended knowledge; but with it and holding it in subjection is the intenser craving for that faith through which alone we hold the highest truths. Our "little systems" are but "broken lights of God," valuable if they reveal our Maker, but to be cast aside if they hide Him from us. To know God and to rest in Him is our happiness, "alone we are but fools and slight." The poet tells us how he gained the faith which makes him strong, for the poem is written as a personal experience. He invoked Nature, and found her with empty hands, "her voice, a hollow echo of his own." The Materialist told him he was but a "magnetic mockery," a "cunning cast of clay;" if it be so, what is life to him? The Pantheist offered him a creed "unreal as unsweet," it did not satisfy the longings which he felt to be God-implanted. He holds that God is just, that "love is Nature's final law," and will accept no compromise. He will not relinquish as an idle dream his hope of rising to higher things; he will not believe that the man he loved, the man who battled for truth and justice, is but scattered dust; he will not forego all hope of that "far off interest of tears" which has made his sorrow sacred. He may be perplexed, his faith may falter for a moment; but his heart speaks, as it has felt, and he is but a child that cries;—

> "But crying knows his Father near."

Nor is his prayer unheard,

> "For out of darkness come the hands
> That reach thro' nature moulding man."

The truths "deep seated in our mystic frame" are not enough. It is only as he comes into the presence of God revealed in Christ that he finds peace. Our poet appreciates the divine simplicity of Gospel truth; he is not one of those who proclaim an Evangel as vague in its teaching as unsatisfactory in its motive power.

> "And so the Word had breath, and wrought
> With human hands the creed of creeds
> In loveliness of perfect deeds,
> More strong than all poetic thought;

> " Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
> Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
> And those wild eyes that watch the wave
> In roaring round the coral reef."

There is no affectation of culture here, no craving for mystery, but a grateful appreciation of the truth which gladdens the humblest.

Mr. Tennyson would not be true to the spiritual life of the age if he ignored the doubts which perplex so many. Bishop Butler tells us that speculative difficulties are the appointed trial of some; in battling with scepticism they may develop the strength which others attain in resisting more tangible temptation. The assertion is fully illustrated in the present day; we move in an atmosphere of unbelief, knowledge has increased and has rendered men vain rather than humble. There is a tendency to dwell on what science has taught, and to forget that so far as our higher interests are concerned, it has taught us absolutely nothing. We are disposed to believe what the many believe, to doubt what the many doubt, to assume that the argument which has convinced thousands possesses some value, though we fail to appreciate its bearing.

Perhaps it would be difficult for those who find faith unattainable to define the evidence they desire. Shakespeare has given a dramatic illustration of the words—" If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead;" an illustration the more valuable because undesigned. The reader will remember that Hamlet hesitates, despite the appearance of his father's ghost, and exclaims:—

> " The spirit that I have seen
> May be the devil: and the devil hath power
> To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
> Out of my weakness and my melancholy
> As he is very potent with such spirits
> Abuses me to doom me: I'll have grounds
> More relative than this."

Mr. Tennyson discusses the same question. He supposes the spirit of his friend to appear, to speak, yet he might hold the apparition " a canker of the brain." He goes further, and assumes that the shade foretells some event in the months to come, yet when their fulfilment came, his words might seem not prophecies but spiritual presentiments. Assuredly, moral evidence is the most convincing, as it is the most dependent on our internal state. Mr. Tennyson teaches that faith is the result of certain moral conditions, not the inevitable outcome of supernatural appearances, or the guerdon of intellectual prowess.

Lines in which he describes the experience of his friend, Arthur Hallam, will illustrate Mr. Tennyson's feeling :—

> " Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At least he beat his music out.
> There lives more faith in honest doubt
> Believe me, than in half the creeds.
> " He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
> He would not make his judgment blind,
> He faced the spectres of the mind
> And laid them—— "

The whole passage teaches the truth the age needs; the couplet, wrapt from its context and distorted in meaning, the half truth in which it delights. There is a tendency to fondle doubt, to look on it as a sign of intellectual life; it may be so, but of life immature, and, if the doubt be honest, very full of suffering. To be overwhelmed by the doubts, to see the spectres, is no great thing; to fight the one, to lay the other, is the true triumph. There is a general lack of mental and moral backbone, and few have either head or heart to acquire a simple faith unless it has grown with growing years. The merest tyro is educated into appreciation of difficulties, metaphysical, scientific, and critical; whilst few attain the higher knowledge which commands the position. Unfortunately, the life of a literary epicure is a self-indulgent one, and the heart engrossed in self can give little assistance to the perplexed brain. Honest doubt is confounded with careless scepticism. Doubt implies a belief in the possible truth of Christianity, and, while such a belief exists, rest must be the outcome of forgetfulness, temporary or permanent. To forget at times is a necessity of our complex being, to live in perpetual oblivion a mark of spiritual disease or death. To all it is easier, to some it is pleasanter, to sink into this state than to make that effort by which alone we can attain the kingdom of Heaven.

The qualities essential to a living faith on which Mr. Tennyson most strongly insists are humility, earnestness rising to self-forgetfulness, and purity of thought and deed.

Of the humility which becomes man in the presence of his Maker, and in all his efforts to find Him, the poet speaks repeatedly. There is in Mr. Tennyson's poetry none of that un-Christlike familiarity which so many display when they approach God.

> " We mock Thee when we do not fear,"

says our poet, and again—

> " So runs my dream: but what am I?
> An infant crying in the night:
> An infant crying for the light:
> And with no language but a cry."

Yet again, Sir Percivale, in the story of his wanderings in quest of the Holy Grail, tells how for a time he sought in vain, all things crumbling into dust at his approach, till he met one who said—

> "O son, thou hast not true humility,
> The highest virtue, mother of them all.
> * * * * *
> Thou thoughtest of thy prowess and thy sins.
> Thou has not lost thyself to save thyself
> As Galahed."

Then to the knight, purged of all earthly pride, the holy vision comes. The coupling of the two objects on which the thoughts of Percivale were fixed, shows how fully the poet has entered into the teaching of the Gospel.

Of the importance which Mr. Tennyson attaches to earnestness of purpose, we learn something from passages already quoted. In the person of Sir Gawain, the poet gives us a portraiture of a man whose character is the spiritual antithesis of his friend Hallam's. Under the influence of momentary excitement, Gawain vows himself to the quest of the Holy Grail; on his return, Arthur asks him, "Was the quest for thee?"

> "'My Lord,' said Gawain, 'not for such as I.
> Therefore I communed with a holy man,
> Who made me sure the quest was not for me;
> For I was much awearied of the quest:
> But found a silk pavilion in a field,
> And merry maidens in it;'"—

There is a touch of melancholy humour in the words "for I was much awearied of the quest:" to how many are they applicable? If faith were theirs without an effort they would rejoice; but they have their passing pleasures, and are easily persuaded the quest is not for them.

Milton has finely styled faith "pure eyed," and much of the Holy Grail may serve as a commentary on the phrase. The experience of Lancelot is the poet's fullest expression of feeling on this subject. It will be remembered that he attains but a momentary and imperfect glimpse of the vision. Coming into the king's presence, he says, a sin—

> "'So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
> Noble, and knightly in me turned and clung
> Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
> And poisonous grew together, each as each,
> Not to be pluck'd asunder;'"

and this sin not only blinded Lancelot to the vision, but produced the downfall of Arthur's knights.

Mr. Tennyson realises very fully that God reveals himself to the pure in heart. His creed is one which his brother, however ignorant, may share. It was not in the "petty cobwebs men have spun" he found his God, but in the revelation which comes as answer to the childlike cry. So the poet, whatever his own struggles, sympathises with the faith which comes of feeling. We are apt to be impatient, even suspicious, of this trust. We are beset with enemies who demand a reason for the faith we hold, and we are apt to forget that a noble life speaks with more resistless power than our syllogisms can boast. It is easy to distress those whose faith is simple, and the warning contained in the following lines is not unneeded:—

"Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

"Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!"

Sometimes the light we possess, and which we would have others share, is colder, not purer, than that in which they live.

J. M. MACMASTER.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY OF WOOBURN

II.

THE annals of Wooburn abound in illustrative incidents of the Puritan period of English history; and as Lord Wharton, a worthy Puritan nobleman, is the central figure of many of those incidents, we will say a few words concerning his connection with the village. In the year 1547, Bishop Holbeach gave Wooburn Palace, including the manor (which manor had been held by Earl Harold before the Conquest), to the Crown in exchange, and in the year 1549 it was granted to John Russell, Earl of Bedford. About the year 1580 it was sold to Sir John Goodwin, of Upper Winchenden,

whose ancestors had occupied the Palace as tenants to the Bishops of Lincoln above one hundred years. Sir Francis Godwin succeeded to the estates, and was several times Knight of the Shire, and the particular friend of John Hampden. Sir Francis's son, Arthur, afterwards inherited his estates. He was a Puritan, and a zealous friend of civil and religious liberty; connected also by marriage with the Hampdens and the Fleetwoods. His only daughter and heiress, Jane, was married to Philip, fourth Lord Wharton, mentioned above. This estimable nobleman was descended from a long succession of northern Barons, the surname being derived from a fair estate upon the bank of the river Eden, in the county of Westmoreland. On the birth of Thomas, his eldest son, the following letter was written to him :—"My Lord,—I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you, nor make you plot or shift for the young baron to make him great. You will say, He is God's to dispose of and guide for, and then you will leave him. My love to the dear little lady (Jane) better to me than the child. The Lord bless you both.—I am truly yours, Oliver Cromwell."

In the eventful life of the great Protector, "the 3rd of September" was, as is well known, a notable day; for then he gained the battles of Dunbar and Worcester, and on that day he breathed his last. The great fight of Dunbar took place in the year 1650, and the day after that "crowning mercy" occurred, he wrote the following letter to his friend, Lord Wharton :—"Dunbar, 4th September, 1650. My dear Lord, ay, poor I love you. Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing. I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating my grounds: I spake to my judgings of you, which were :—That you,—shall I say others?—Henry Laurence, Robert Hammond, &c., had ensnared yourselves with disputes. I believe you desired to be satisfied; and had tried and doubted your own sincerities. It was well. But uprightness, if it be not purely of God, may be, nay, commonly is, deceived. The Lord persuade you and all my dear friends.

"The results of your thoughts concerning late transactions I know to be mistakes of yours, by a better argument than success. Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments lead to your temptations or snare; much less let success,—lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments. It is in my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague, and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome my reason. I pray you judge me sincere, lest a prejudice should be put upon your advantages. How gracious has the Lord been in this business! Lord, hide not thy mercies from our eyes! My service to the dear lady.—I rest, your humble servant, Oliver Cromwell."

Lord Wharton did not take up his residence at Wooburn till the year of the Protector's death. His lordship was residing at Upper

Winchenden, when the above letter reached him from Dunbar; which fact will in part explain Carlyle's remark upon it:—"Dubitating Wharton might help to rally the forces; his name, from Upper Winchingdon in Bucks, might do some thing. Give him, at any rate, a last chance."

On the death of Lord Wharton's father-in-law, which occurred in 1637, his lordship became possessed, in Lady Jane's right, of the estates, and resided in the mansion at Upper Winchenden until her death in 1658, when his lordship removed to Wooburn Palace. Lord Wharton was a man of considerable culture, being a liberal promoter of the fine arts, displaying great taste for architecture and gardening, and possessing one of the finest collections of paintings then in England. He was also very assiduous in his attention to public affairs, being one of the lay members of the Westminster Assembly; and during the many years in which his once triumphant party suffered the disasters of a bitter defeat, he boldly professed his principles, and did all he could to succour those who suffered for them.

We need not repeat here the black story of St. Bartholomew's day —1662—when 2,000 clergymen, the *élite* of the English Church, forsook their livings, and preferred the endurance of the severest sufferings to the practical denial of God's truth. Whatever their faults, they were a band of heroic men, and richly deserved the praise bestowed upon them by the poet Wordsworth, whose ecclesiastical views were almost the opposite of theirs:—

> "Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject
> Those nonconforming, whom one rigorous day
> Drives from their cures—a voluntary prey
> To poverty and grief and disrespect,
> And some to want, as if by tempest wreck'd
> On a wild coast;—how destitute! . .
> . . . . . .
>
> "Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,
> Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
> And cast the future upon Providence.
> As men, the dictate of whose inward sense
> Outweighs the world; whom self-deceiving wit
> Lures not from what they deem the cause of God."

Lord Wharton was to these thrice good men "*Decus et columen*"—their glory and their defence; his mansion was freely and at all times open to them, his purse was at their disposal, and his power often put forth to shield them against the attacks of malignant and mighty foes. The feelings they cherished toward their distinguished friend are thus expressed by Mr. Oliver Heywood, a notable ejected

minister, in the preface of a sermon dedicated to his lordship:—"Whose morning star of early piety continues still shining bright in a good old age, and hath cast out resplendent beams of favour upon indigent persons, and opened the savour of divine knowledge amongst the ignorant, for which the loins of the poor and souls of the instructed will bless you in this and the other world." One of the villages of Buckinghamshire is called Grendon Underwood. This village is rather famous in literature as a place visited by Shakspeare, and where he is said to have found the original of Dogberry, the "ancient and quiet watchman." Some forty years after the time of the great dramatist, the parish of Grendon had for its rector the pious and learned Samuel Clark—one of the ejected of 1662. When excluded from his living he became the guest of Lord Wharton, and afterward the founder of a Nonconformist church at High Wycombe, which exists at the present time.

Dr. Owen, a far greater man than Samuel Clark, was also a welcome visitor at Wooburn. He found solace in the kind attentions of his cultured host when disease and old age overtook him. The choicest men among the Puritans were often invited to meet him at his lordship's table, and thence he wrote his admirable letter to the members of his church on resigning his pastoral oversight of them. During that part of the year in which Lord Wharton resided in London to attend to parliamentary duties, he was a regular attendant upon the ministry of the talented Dr. Manton. Of course the pious peer was a kind friend to his gifted pastor, allowing him the use of his town mansion, and often inviting him to his pleasant seat at Wooburn. Once, when Government spies indicted the Doctor for unlawfully holding a conventicle, and he had to pay a fine of forty pounds for the meeting-house, and twenty pounds for himself, his lordship readily paid the sixty pounds. The mansion and the meeting-house were close together, and situated in St. Giles', which was then a fashionable quarter of London. Near at hand was the residence of the Earl of Berkshire, a Roman Catholic nobleman. Notwithstanding his religious tenets he had a liking for Dr. Manton, and there was a secret understanding between them that when the preacher was in danger from spies he might pass over a low wall into his lordship's premises, and thus for a time give his pursuers the slip. When declining health came upon the Doctor, which compelled him to resign his ministry, he took up his abode with Lord Wharton at Wooburn, and shortly afterwards died. Dr. Bates, surnamed "Silver-tongued," and the magnificent John Howe, "the Plato of the Puritans," were also cherished friends at Wooburn—more than repaying by their conversation, advice, and prayers, the princely hospitality they met with there.

His lordship, as a peer of the realm, had the right to adopt in his private chapel the kind of service he saw fit, and place in the pulpit, for the time being, any minister he might choose. He naturally

selected as his temporary chaplain anyone of the Puritan ministers who happened to be his guest, and that Sabbath was a "high day" on which it had been previously arranged that Dr. Manton or John Howe would preach. Due notice having been given, the people flocked into Wooburn from all around, and sat down to a spiritual feast, which was talked of by them till their dying day. Nor was their bodily comfort overlooked; for after the morning service, his lordship, standing in the midst of his fellow-worshippers, invited them to become his guests, by promising them "a sop in the pan." A goodly number sometimes remained, partook plentifully of what some of their descendants call "a cold collation," listened to another fine sermon at least an hour in length, and then wended their way homeward praising the preacher, extolling the hospitality of his lordship, and unanimously affirming, that if all places on earth were like Wooburn, the said earth would be the best of all possible worlds.

Lord Wharton, like the rest of the Puritans, was a diligent student of the Holy Scriptures, and, wishing others to be like him, he in 1692 established, at his own expense, a sort of miniature Bible Society, which exists down to our own time. His plan was this:—He caused a sum of money to be invested, the interest of which was to be spent in the purchase of Bibles as a gift to young people, living in the four English counties in which his lordship's property chiefly lay; the one condition of the receipt of the gift, being the ability of the youthful applicant to repeat seven specified Psalms.

In closing our remarks concerning Lord Wharton, we wish to say that we do not represent him as an eminently great man, like his distant relative John Hampden, or like his wonderful friend Oliver Cromwell; but he was truly patriotic and pious, and, according to the measure of his ability, he served his country long and well. His patriotism led him to vote for the restoration of Charles II., and in a characteristic way he paid his personal homage to the monarch, on his return from exile. His lordship's wife having died about the time, he appeared before the King in a suit of black velvet, but, to express his joy at the King's return, had covered his "sables" with diamond studs. Years passed on, and the Stuart rulers had time enough in which to prove that, like the Bourbons of France, they had forgotten nothing and learned nothing during their exile. At length the cup of their iniquity was full, and the nation swept them away. Lord Wharton was a hearty helper in the work of their expulsion; he was, we think, the first English nobleman who welcomed William III. to our shores, and, as a reward for his service, the King soon after honoured him with a visit to Wooburn Palace. His lordship, now "well stricken in years," lived on a little longer, and rejoiced to see the firm establishment of the great principles of civil and religious liberty, now so highly prized among us, and which we long to see the happy heritage of the whole world.

Lord Wharton died, aged eighty-three, in the year 1695—the same year in which the good Archbishop Fenelon breathed his last.

"The vicissitudes of great families" supply thoughts to the moralist, as well as to the historian and the herald. Such "vicissitudes" are found alike on the pages of ancient and modern history. The Tenth Satire of the poet Juvenal has immortalised the fall of Hannibal,—a fall equalled by the reverses, in our own time, of the exile of St. Helena. We can almost hear the evil genius of Napoleon cursing him in the very words of the Roman satirist:—

"I demens et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias!"

"Go madly rushing through the horrid Alps,
And be a subject for a schoolboy's theme."

Or, as Dr. Johnson vigorously paraphrases the lines;—

"Leaving a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale."

Lord Wharton witnessed in his time a crowd of vicissitudes in connection with great families. He saw the grand career of the great Protector, and was probably one of the mourners at his more than regal funeral in Westminster Abbey, and yet in a few short months he might have seen Cromwell's dishonoured corpse gibbeted at Tyburn like that of the foulest of felons.

His lordship doubtless admired the superior talent of Cromwell's son Thomas, and had often paid courtly respect to him, such as is rendered to princes of royal lineage. And, in many respects, he was for a time possessor of little less than kingly power. As Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he had his court at Dublin Castle, dispensing profuse hospitality, and wielding a power in the country such as few kings have called their own. The return of the Stuarts stripped the Viceroy of all his honours, and he spent his future life as a farmer in the fens of Cambridgeshire. It is related of Charles II. that once on his way to, or from, Newmarket races, he stopped near Thomas Cromwell's farmhouse, not knowing who lived there, to ask for a glass of milk or wine. The Protector's son presented it to his sovereign, who was surprised to see a courtier walking behind the farmer, displaying marks of mock humility, with a farmer's fork carefully placed over his shoulder. The king inquired the meaning of the sport, and the courtier replied that it was the result of the revival of official instinct; for in former times he was one of the gentlemen in attendance at Dublin Castle, when the farmer was Viceroy of Ireland.

Cromwell's son Richard was for a few months virtually king of these

realms; and yet, while Thomas Cromwell was farming at Soham, he himself was skulking in foreign garrets, fearful of being arrested for the expenses of his father's funeral. He returned to England, and in his old age was compelled to appear at Westminster as witness in a lawsuit caused by the misconduct of some of his children. Curiosity led him to pay a visit to the neighbouring House of Lords While there the question was put to him—"How long is it since you were last here?" The reply was—"When I sat upon that throne."

In his old age, and in his quiet mansion at Wooburn, "Good Lord Wharton" heard of these vicissitudes, mourned over them, and doubtless did what he could to mitigate them. Troubles were in store also for his own lordly house; but we must reserve a reference to them for our third and last paper on Wooburn.

SPENSER'S DOUBTING CASTLE.

WE are all familiar with the graphic touches whereby John Bunyan has given us his conception of Giant Despair and his dungeon. We all know how roughness of the true way urges a pilgrim into the Bypath Meadow, and how the guidance of Self-Confidence entices those who follow him into the darkness and the deep pit, and the clutches of Despair. We have also a faithful suggestion of the suicide-end which befits those who reside in Doubting Castle. The tableaux which present this episode in the Pilgrim's Progress are vividly before the eyes of us all; but, perhaps, it may be worth while to contemplate another picture of a Christian in the hands of Despair—this time painted by the master-hand of Edmund Spenser.

The Legend of the Red Cross Knight, or the Knight of Holiness, occupies the first book of the Faerie Queene. This knight, deserting Truth his companion, and travelling with the false Duessa, is, by her treachery, betrayed to and imprisoned by Pride. He is rescued from this captivity by Prince Arthur, and, weak from his late imprisonment, is proceeding on his journey when he meets with a knight in sad distress. This stranger is

> "Dismaid with uncouth dread,
> Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
> Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
> In fowle reproach of knighthoode's fayre degree,
> About his necke a hempen rope he weares,
> That with his glistering armes does ill agree."

The Red Cross Knight asks of him his misfortune which causes "such mis-seeming plight," and finds it hard to make the stranger stay, so great is his fear lest his foe should pursue and overtake him. He (Sir Trevisan) had travelled with Sir Terwin, who was coming from an interview with the lady whom he loved and who loved him not in return, and, while they journeyed sad and comfortless, they fell in with Despair—"a man of hell"—

> "Who first us greetes, and after faire areedes . . .
> Inquireth of our states and of our knightly deedes,
> Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
> Embost with bale and bitter biting griefe,
> Which Love had launched with his deadly darts:
> With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe
> He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe."

This is Sir Trevisan's account of the giant, whose sophistries persuaded Sir Terwin, the hopeless lover, to kill himself, while the narrator only fled with the halter upon his neck. Now the quoted passage reminds us very forcibly of Giant Despair's address to the pilgrims whom he found in Bypath meadow. "So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since *they were never like to come out of that place*, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves." Spenser and Bunyan have both hit fairly upon one of the commonest and falsest insinuations of doubt. The evil is well done, if the doubting Christian can be made to believe that he has "no hope of due relief," and that he "is never like to come out" of his despair. Both our authorities notice this, how anxious the Tempter is to make man believe that he has no hope of succour, no opportunity of recovering his faith. As long as this temptation can be urged and entertained, that is as long as any temptation can be presented; so long is there danger when a Christian indulges doubts; for he who can be made to believe that there is no rescue for him is no longer like the companion of Hopeful and the keeper of Promise, but is like the Interpreter's man in an iron cage, who says, "God hath denied me repentance. His word gives me no encouragement to believe." To return to the Spenserian narrative. The Red Cross Knight is incredulous that a man may

> "With idle speech
> Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health"—

and he resolves to go and have an interview himself with this Despair. Bypath Meadow is a tempting walk as compared to the

rough and narrow highway wherein the pilgrims should have walked; but Spenser places his Despair in far other surroundings:—

> "Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
> His dwelling has, low in a hollow cave,
> Far underneath a craggy cliff y-pight
> Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
> That still for carrion carcases doth crave. . .
> And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
> Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
> Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees,
> On which had many wretches hanged beene
> Whose carcases were scattered on the greene
> And throwne about the cliffs."

Yet the difference in Bunyan is only concerning the approaches to the castle. The castle itself is the same sort of place in both accounts, for in the second part of the Pilgrim's Progress, we read—"It would have made you wonder to have seen the dead bodies that lay here and there in the castle yard, and how full of dead men's bones the dungeon was." This is the spot approached by the Knight of Holiness, accompanied by Truth. He finds Despair, a miserable shrunken creature—not the armed giant of Bunyan—resting amid his appropriate surroundings, and the bleeding body of the dead Sir Terwin lies at his feet. The indignation of the Red Cross Knight fires up. He longs to avenge the murder before the dead is cold; he would kill the miscreant who suggested the suicidal deed. Then Despair plies his arguments upon the Holy Knight himself. Bunyan puts into his mouth much less than Spenser. "Why, "said he," should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness?" Spenser amplifies this question considerably. With him Despair urges first his own defence; Sir Terwin died by his own hand, self-condemned; judged by "his owne guiltie mind deserving death"; but he ingeniously varies the end of his argument as he proceeds. The traveller hastening home (he pleads), if he find his way impeded by a flood, is he not grateful to the man who will help him over past? Why then should you hinder this knight who chose to end his weary journeying? You are selfish, for having long waited upon the bank without passing over yourself or allowing others the liberty. This knight now enjoys eternal rest; he has ended his cares; has reached sleep after toil, port after storm, ease after war,—all these in reaching death after life.

The Knight, doubtless staggered in his faith, returns an answer to the tempter—

> "The terme of life is limited,
> Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it"—

but Despair is far from silenced, and continues his statement of reasons—again, it may be observed, changing his argument, as though the number of his points would compensate for their intrinsic weakness. That God, says he, who fixed man's term of life has made the end as certain as the beginning—the time is already appointed for death "ordayned by destinie": leaving the auditor to draw the inference, as false as falsehood itself, that he who does the deed foreknown to God, necessarily does the will of God. Without receiving or waiting for a reply, Despair produces a further consideration;—the self-destroyed avoids further sin—

> "The longer life I wot the greater sin;
> The greater sin, the greater punishment; . . . .
> For he that once hath missed the right way
> The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.
> Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
> But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake"—

and thus avoid the ills of fortune which can regulate the human life. Having urged these doubts upon his listener, Despair then addresses his last and most forcible appeal to the knight. When Bunyan's giant found the trespassers, they went with him unresisting; having but little to say, "for they knew themselves in a fault." The Christian's own misdoing leads him into the power of such temptations, and both our allegories take this view. Spenser's fiend resumes:—Thou knight hast greatest need of death thyself, for never did any knight meet with more luckless misadventures; and specially remember that dungeon deep wherein thou wast of late confined. Why then canst thou consistently desire to live? Besides, thou hast despised thy lady, Truth, and taken up with Falsehood; and is not thy God just who seeth these things?

> "Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold
> And guiltie be of thine impietie?
> Is not His law, Let every sinner die,
> Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne
> Is it not better to doe willinglie,
> Than linger till the glas be all out ronne?
> Death is the end of woes: Die soone, O Faries sonne."

The Knight quivered and shook, in the consciousness of his own sin, at "the ugly view of his deformed crimes";—all power of will seemed to desert him, and he tacitly acknowledged the force of his opponent. Then this enemy showed him fair painted on a tablet the tortures of the damned, which present such an awful picture that death must remove it from the memory even if the same death hurries

into the reality. Then Despair reaches to the Knight, weak and uncertain, a dagger sharp and keen, which he receives and hesitates while the blood runs to and from his heart; until he decides to strike himself the blow. At this moment his lady, Truth, seizes his hand and stays him from his intention. In doing so she uses the two arguments by which Christian was persuaded at first to endure and finally to escape. Have you, mine knight, forgotten the object of your life—to champion me and slay the dragon to whose death you are devoted? Have you, says Hopeful to Christian, forgotten your bygone triumphs in the name of your Master; shall we not bear up "at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in?" Come, come away, says Truth to her knight; give no heed to the devices of the evil one; be not dismayed by devilish arts; leave the scene of danger. Then she closes her exhortation by the most potent reason of all:

> "'In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
> Why shouldst thou then despeire that chosen art?
> Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace.'"

And thus she persuades her knight to go with her. The promises of God's mercy are the only arguments that can crush the sophistries of Despair, the only key to open all the locks in his keep. We are all familiar with the delight of Christian, who finds out that while he has been in bondage he has all the while kept in his bosom "a key called Promise," which will certainly let him loose from captivity—and it is interesting to observe again a resemblance between the "Faerie Queen" and the "Pilgrim's Progress."

But the parallelism is hardly ended yet. Despair, in the Bunyan allegory, essays pursuit, but is seized by his fits (for you must know that he was subject to fits, from an inherent weakness which also prevented him from actually himself destroying the pilgrims), and was unable to follow. Spenser, like Bunyan, gives some account of the effect upon Despair of losing his prey; but the effect is not the same, and Spenser is not less appropriate in his finale than is Bunyan himself. When the Red Cross Knight had mounted steed and gone away; when Despair

> "Saw his guest
> Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight;
> He chose an halter from among the rest,
> And with it hung himself, unbid, unblest,
> But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
> For thousand times he so himself had dres',
> Yet, natheless, it could not doe him die
> Till he should die his last, that is, eternally."

It is curious and not profitless to see how two men like Spenser and Bunyan, so thoroughly different in everything but their respect for religious truth, have treated the same topic. And our writing is not in vain if we call attention to some of the truths hidden often very obscurely in the lines of the "Faerie Queen." Spenser is not very popular just now, and some outspoken praise of his honest and good purpose may encourage those who are dissuaded from studying him by reports of his involved and cumbersome treatment of his subject.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN HENRY GORDON, OF DARLINGTON.

THE Rev. John Henry Gordon, otherwise known as Pastor Gordon, died on the 10th March, 1878, during a voyage to the United States, and when within a few days' sail of New York. The telegram which brought to England the mournful tidings on the 13th of that month diffused much sadness among his numerous friends far and near. His health gave way, doubtless, in consequence of over-sustained devotion to the exhausting and exciting work in which he latterly engaged in connection with the Liberation Society. This work was peculiarly congenial to his temperament, and he pursued it enthusiastically, and in a manner somewhat ruinous to his own physical well-being. The Secretary of the Society he so worthily represented, frequently expostulated with him, and urged him to take more rest from time to time; but so impressed was Mr. Gordon with the importance of his work, the responsibility of his opportunities, and the uncertainty overhanging all human engagement and endeavours, that he determined to spend, and be spent, in that campaign which he had at length come to regard as the grand object of his life. The thought which was the mainspring of all his strenuous efforts seemed to correspond with that noble sentiment of the popular American poet:—

> Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
> Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
> Given to redeem the human mind from error,
> There were no need of arsenals nor forts!

Such unremitting diligence could not go on for ever: and towards the autumn of last year he became suddenly unstrung and utterly prostrated. The writer visited him about this time, and among the brief remarks he threw out as he tossed restlessly and painfully in

bed, were, "I cannot control my thoughts: my engagements greatly trouble me." Thus the earnestness of his purpose was apparent in sickness as in health. When he had recovered a little he went for a brief sojourn to Scotland, and returned somewhat restored. He then was possessed with a strong impulse to go to the United States for a few months, thinking such a radical change of scene would so benefit his constitution as to completely restore him to his wonted health. Some who beheld his enfeebled condition were of opinion that he ought not to adventure so far. But he still desired to carry out this purpose. Unfortunately, his constitution proved unequal to the strain put upon it by the turbulent state of the Atlantic at that season of the year, and he succumbed when he had all but reached the other shores.

Mr. Gordon was born in London, but soon after removed with his parents to Kendal—that picturesque little town which nestles among the breezy hills of Westmoreland. There he seems to have continued, receiving the rudiments of an elementary education. His parents attended the Congregational church, and it appears that at this early period Mr. Gordon was the subject of serious religious impressions. These, for the time being, seem however to have been dissipated, partly, perhaps, by his removal to Carlisle, where he began life on his own responsibility, as a journalist. While there, he embraced the tenets of Holyoake, and such was the hold these views took upon him that he abandoned the press, and resolved to devote his energies to the propagation of Atheism. Not long afterwards he made his appearance in Leeds as a Secularist lecturer. His *debut* was announced by the distribution throughout that town of large flaming posters, setting forth that he intended lecturing against Christianity. So profane were some of the subjects he had announced to the public, that the religious population of Leeds felt themselves scandalised, and sought to contrive means for putting down the lectures. As is usual, this only increased his acceptance among that large portion of the community who extravagantly worship "pluck," with little regard to the auspices under which it is displayed. In a very short time he created considerable stir by reason of the boldness of his utterances, and the unsparing severity of his attacks. He was always a master of repartee, and this power won him many advantages over his opponents. For two years he devoted himself to this work.

While in the zenith of his notoriety as a Secularist, and as the result of much solicitation on the part of his mother, he was induced to attend a service at Belgrave Church in that town, when the late Rev. G. W. Conder preached on John xiv. 8: "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." Mr. Gordon listened to the discourse with rapt attention. During its progress he discovered that his secularism was giving way and before its conclusion he was convinced of the unsatisfactoriness of the theories he had endorsed. Perceiving that Mr. Conder thoroughly understood the questions at issue, he afterwards conversed

privately with him, and ultimately became converted to the faith which for some time he had sought to overthrow. His next step was to address a sermon to his former associates from Mr. Conder's pulpit, when he selected for his text the one which had so recently proved such a blessing to himself.

His renouncement of Secularism caused great commotion in Leeds—doubtless all the more that he had been so determinedly bent upon its propagation. He summoned a meeting in the Cloth Hall to explain his reasons for his secession. The building was crowded, and great excitement prevailed. The indignation of his former friends was so intense that he found it impossible to obtain a hearing. He therefore subsequently issued a pamphlet vindicating his new attitude towards Secularism, together with his reasons for embracing Christianity.

He was now twenty-five years of age, and, having expressed a strong desire to enter the Christian ministry, he entered Cavendish College, an institution founded by Dr. Parker of the City Temple, London, and who at that time was the Principal. After he had been one year in the college, he became enlightened as to the unscripturalness of infant sprinkling and the Divine authority for believers' baptism. This further change of mind necessitated his retirement from the Congregational College, when he was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester. As a preacher of the Gospel he was widely known, and was shortly after called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Astley Bridge, near to Bolton in Lancashire. His labours there were not uneventful, and one or two popular lectures that he gave to the people on Christian subjects were afterwards published. While there he received a call to Darlington, whither he removed in 1865. During his pastorate at Darlington, in consequence of a division in the church, he resigned, and undertook the pastoral care of a new church which was then formed. A hall was opened for public worship in Northgate, and in it he continued his ministerial labours with increasing success. In the course of a few years he and his friends removed to a new chapel which they had built at the north end of the town.

About this time the local clergy instituted a Church Defence Association, in connection with which a series of lectures on State Churchism was announced. Mr. Gordon, having studied this great question, forthwith announced his intention to reply. The first lecture was delivered by the Vicar of Holy Trinity, and, according to promise, Mr. Gordon gave his reply, with the result that the clergy were disconcerted, and refrained from further carrying out their purpose; the remaining lectures of the course never were delivered. They brought however, from Warrington, the Rev. Dr. Massingham to champion their interests. Mr. Gordon promptly responded to their challenge, and in anticipation of the event the large Central Hall in Darlington was specially fitted up with extra temporary galleries. The discussion,

which duly came off, occasioned immense interest throughout the community. The hall was crowded to excess, and multitudes were unable to gain admittance. On that occasion Mr. Gordon achieved a signal triumph. A verbatim account of the discussion was afterwards published, and his enthusiastic friends presented him with a valuable timepiece and a purse of one hundred sovereigns.

This event led Mr. Gordon to devote more attention to the State Church controversy, and its importance so grew upon him that he afterwards relinquished his pastoral duties to become a lecturer of the Liberation Society. The duties of this position were very arduous; yet, the zeal with which he addressed himself to them, proved how congenial they were to his feelings. He lectured and debated all over the land. No man was more at home on a public platform, or revealed more patient endurance when subjected to contumely from unreasonable men, while his skill and earnestness as a controversialist won him many friends wherever he went.

But Mr. Gordon was not a man of only one idea. He did not restrict his energies solely to the Disestablishment agitation. During the winter of 1875, he announced a series of lectures against Unitarianism, in the same hall at Darlington in which previously he had successfully coped with Dr. Massingham. The hold he continued to maintain on the public was then very apparent, for the hall was crowded night after night. These addresses were not only expositions of Trinitarian views, but indicated how deeply he had drunk into the spirit of the Divine revelation as contained in the Holy Scriptures. His next and last great effort of this kind took place in the Livingstone Hall in the same town, in the autumn of 1876. Here, for two consecutive evenings, he discussed with Mr. Charles Bradlaugh the respective merits of Christianity and Atheism. The two opposite camps once more mustered their adherents in great force, so that this debate proved one of the most memorable of his many conflicts. Moreover, through all his campaigning he preached every other Sunday somewhere, and many confess to the profit they received from his ministrations, and testify to his power as an expositor of the grand old Psalms.

The Congregational minister of Darlington, the Rev. Henry Kendall, in the course of an eloquent sermon on Pastor Gordon, preached on the Sunday evening after the tidings of his decease came to hand, said: —

> Let me give an instance of the severity of his labours. On a certain Friday evening, he holds a debate, which goes on hour after hour without intermission. Midnight comes, and he and his opponent are fighting still; [illegible], in the early hours of morning, men on their way to work look in and [illegible] to the winding up of the protracted discussion. During Saturday he [illegible] his way across the country to a place in Derbyshire, where he lectures

delight. An artist and he were travelling together by railway one day when the sky became overcast, and soon the forked lightning began to display itself in all its sublimity. Mr. Gordon became so excited with what he saw and heard, that he went from window to window of the carriage, expressing his delight with even unwonted animation, and but for his known enthusiasm for natural phenomena, his conduct on the occasion was calculated to lead to vague surmisings as to his sanity. But his mind was open to impressions of an opposite character. More than once when in our society he has remarked the sweet repose he perceived to dwell among the dreamy clouds of an evening sky. One day we said to him while surveying his new study in his renovated home, "This window commands an excellent view of the meadows, and, in fact, a considerable sweep of both earth and sky." "That," he quickly rejoined, "is precisely the reason why I have chosen this room for my study." Then turning again to the window he said, somewhat rapturously, "Just look there—contrast the fresh brilliance of that green field with the livid clouds now overhead." Thus, in the words of good Dr. Beattie, he was—

> Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene;
> In darkness and in storm he found delight.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Whate'er of beautiful or new,
> Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
> By chance, or search, was offered to his view,
> He scanned with curious and romantic eye.

To him, even death was lovely. That event, so full of terror to many, was a welcome thought to him. The Rev. H. Kendall, in the sermon already alluded to, said on this point:—"The last time I was with him was at the house of the Mayor, where the Nonconformist ministers had been kindly invited to spend an evening in February. I sat beside him at tea, and in an undertone we talked long on a subject which might have been thought very much out of harmony with the happy surroundings: we talked about death and the departure from this world. Such things as these were said:—'That if we did but know the delights and glories of the spiritual world, all here would be so dull and tame that the heart would be taken out of us; that Paul was willing to stay, but wishful to go; whereas Christians commonly feel just the reverse, and are only willing to go but very wishful to stay.' Afterwards we lingered in the hall for awhile, and conversed in groups. A friend and I were talking together on the subject of prayer, when Mr. Gordon drew near and joined in the conversation. He said: 'For my part, the longer I live the less I pray, and the more I praise.' He was impressed with the ungratefulness of our conduct towards our Heavenly Father in

continually asking Him for things, and taking so little trouble to thank Him for what He has already done. This was the last I heard from my friend: the last utterance from his lips; and it was a lesson of thankfulness and praise to God."

He appears to have lived in great preparedness for his change. Every day's transactions were strictly attended to, all letters answered, and accounts balanced, so that if suddenly he should be summoned hence he should leave little or nothing unfinished.

The rest is soon told, and here we shall allow his oldest friend in Darlington, Mr. Councillor Morrell, to relate the story of his last hours:—"He went out in the *City of New York*. The passage was unusually rough. He very soon made friends of those around him; and he was not left for one moment. For four nights the purser sat up with him. He knew that his end was approaching, declared that he would never land alive, and begged that his remains should be taken home again in the same vessel—a request which was readily granted and faithfully carried out. Assuring those around him that he was not afraid to die, and breathing tenderness for those at home, he committed to the care of the purser his gold watch, other effects, and papers; the latter including some memoranda he had jotted at intervals on the voyage, and the last written being of a devotional character, as he felt the shadow of the valley nearing. On the 9th he became unconscious, and so remained for several hours, until early on the morning of Sunday, March 10th, he died, giving no sign save to press the hand of his faithful friend and attendant, the purser." He was in his fortieth year. The funeral took place at Darlington, on the 28th of March, and was largely attended by representatives from almost every communion of Christians. During the service, which took place at the chapel, Mr. John Fisher, of London, who came to represent the Liberation Society, said, in course of a fervid address:—"We are called upon to-day to bury the remains of a Christian soldier—one who fell in Christian warfare. He did not die on the tented plain, amidst the relics of bloody battle; but he nevertheless died in a great conflict. In that conflict he was privileged to bear an honoured part; in that conflict he displayed the intrepidity, the courage, the temper, the enthusiasm, the devotion of a true warrior; in that conflict he bravely fought and nobly fell. If he had been less devoted, less ardent, more mindful of self and less mindful of the cause he served, he might have been with us still; but his nature did not admit of the moderation and restraint which ordinary men impose. With him his work was an all-absorbing passion. We do not sorrow this day as men without hope. We have hope of him. And we have hope of the principles he advocated. They cannot die."

After the coffin was laid in the grave, another address was then delivered by Mr. Fisher, in which he remarked that they had laid in the grave the remains of one who was honoured amongst them. Many of them knew how simple he was, how brave he was, how true, how

earnest in every good work, how ready to stretch forth his hand to use those faculties which God in His high mercy had bestowed upon him in advancement of everything he believed to be good and true. That loving disposition of his remained with him till the end, for the officers on board the ship where he died, even they learned to love him, rough sailor-men that they were, weather-beaten that they were—and apparently the last to yield to tender emotions—they learned to bend with all the earnestness of little children in the presence of his loving soul. Although a stranger amongst them that day, he (Mr. Fisher) felt that in the bonds of Christian brotherhood they were not strangers at all. He felt sure that with one voice they would all lift up their hearts in prayer that those whom their beloved friend had left behind might enjoy the blessing of Heaven, and that there might be vouchsafed to them that care which loving hearts and generous minds could extend.

After the interment, a meeting of gentlemen was held in the Trevelyan Hotel, when it was resolved to raise a fund to assist the widow and her six children. Alderman Arthur Pease, Mr. D. Dale, J.P., and Councillor Morrell were appointed trustees. A fund of more than £1,100 was raised for this purpose, of which sum the Liberation Society voted £250, and large donations were given by local gentlemen. One of the boys, seven years old, has been sent to the Crossley Orphanage.

In addition to pamphlets published from time to time, Mr. Gordon was the author of a little volume of fragmentary "Thoughts," entitled, "Buds, Blossoms, and Berries," and it appears that he was engaged in the preparation of a larger work, and intended by his visit to America to collect materials for it. His hold, however, upon our recollection chiefly rests upon the activity and enthusiasm he displayed as a Liberationist, and the love and esteem he called forth in private friendship.

"Doubtless unto him is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In such great offices as suit
The full-grown energies of heaven."

H. D. B.

THE LATE REV. JONATHAN WATSON OF EDINBURGH.

By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D.

I HAVE spoken in the body of my discourse of the instructive diversity of the times and circumstances in which good men leave the world, and of these as always a matter of Divine appointment and arrangement, the Master in every instance signifying by what death they should glorify God. In the case of your departed senior pastor, Mr. Watson, life was prolonged to an unwonted period, and his active ministry extended over a length of years that is reached by very few. He died in the eighty-fourth year of his age and in the sixty-fourth of his ministry, and almost approached the old patriarchal measure. In him the words of the Book of Job were accomplished—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

It is not necessary that I should present you with more than the shortest biographical notice of our departed father. These have been supplied to you by other means. You have been told of his early and thorough secular education in a truly Christian home, leading to his early conversion and unreserved consecration to the service of Christ. It was while approaching to manhood that he took advantage of such facilities as were afforded by his native town for acquiring that knowledge of surgery and medicine which in some measure shaped the whole of his future life, while it supplied him with an instrument of good which he was not slow to use. The brief season spent by him as a young surgeon in the whaler *Neptune*, proved his aptitude for surgery as well as hard work, and, I have no doubt, formed a valuable part of his education, both as giving him that practical knowledge of men and of common life in which those who have not known anything but a student's life are often found to be deficient. The old Puritans and early Nonconformists showed much wisdom in sending for a time to business those sons who were intended for the Christian ministry; and it is not difficult to trace the benefit of a season or two spent in a scrivener's office, as in the case both of Henry and Doddridge.

After spending a short time in Dundee, where he united the labours of an apothecary with the care of a little Baptist church, he settled at the age of twenty in Cupar-Fife, where he continued for twenty-six years; combining here in the earlier years of his residence the work of a dispensing chemist and a pastor. He gave much of his medical advice gratis to those whom it would have straitened to re-

munerate him; and as it was impossible for such a man, while practising the healing art, not to speak out of the abundance of his heart of the Great Physician, he exemplified the principle which has since taken form in one of the most effective of our modern benevolent agencies—The Medical Missionary Society. As years went on, much of the care of the shop was transferred to other hands; and gradually the chemist became merged and forgotten in the Christian minister. It was in the year 1841 that Mr. Watson, now ripe in experience, and in the vigour of a matured manhood, removed from Cupar-Fife to exercise the co-pastorate of this congregation along with the venerable Dr. Innes; the congregation then worshipping in a comparatively small chapel in Elder Street. Mr. Watson could not have had a more desirable colleague than in that singularly genial and saintly man. I remember him well, for I loved him much. There was a sunny gladness which ever shone upon his countenance, and told of the Christian peace and joy within. Indeed, I never knew a man who more united in himself the most scrupulous conscientiousness and fidelity to conviction with the most sincere and far-reaching charity. With graceful manners, brought with him from the old parish manse at Gifford, he united a sanctified courtesy which drew little children to his feet. His treasury of Christian anecdote, and singular gift of narration, helped him to realise in a rare degree Dr. Watts' idea of parlour preaching; and on the decks of steamboats, in stage coaches, and railway trains, he was ever busy with his tracts, which even the indifferent and hostile could not refuse to accept from the hands of one whose very look and voice conquered opposition.

The united ministry of the two men was mutually confiding, and mutually strengthening. It would be superfluous were I to trace the history of Mr. Watson's long and successful pastorate among you, which would, in fact, be to narrate your own history as a church, nor should I now do more than refer to your removal to this more elegant and more commodious place of worship, which you erected more than twenty years ago, and to that invaluable help which was brought to Mr. Watson in his advancing years when one so eminently qualified as Mr. Newnam became his co-pastor. I should rather devote the few minutes that remain to some references to Mr. Watson's characteristics as a Christian minister.

Mr. Watson's theology was that of the good old school of which your own Haldanes were such eminent representatives. He did not fail to proclaim in clear and glowing terms the Fatherhood of God; but neither did he hold back or cast into the shade God's essential relations to us as our Moral Governor, and it is the only theology which presents these two aspects of the divine character and relations, that is Scriptural and full; and he preached the Gospel which recognizes and magnifies God in both of these aspects, as the matter of his own personal experience. It had met and satisfied his own spiritual necessities. He needed nothing else, and he spoke that which he

knew; he believed, and therefore spoke. The Gospel which he proclaimed through his long ministry was no barren theory or unfelt truth, but that which had brought a new life into his soul. This does much to make a ministry powerful, for hearers soon discover when a man is speaking from immovable convictions and deep personal experience. The testimony which one of our greatest statesmen gave, on hearing the famous Ebenezer Brown, of Inverkeithing, preach, might have been given of Mr. Watson—"That man speaks as if the Son of God were at his elbow." The consequence was that all through his ministry he was receiving welcome intelligence of cases in which God had used him as the instrument of converting sinners from the error of their way.

Then, so great and unreserved was Mr. Watson's self-consecration to his sacred work, and such might and adaption of his message as well as his love for it, that he had a passionate delight in preaching. His pulpit was his throne—I had almost said it was his paradise; had it been possible to hold him back from preaching so long as he had physical strength for it, I believe it would have embittered and even shortened his life. His experience in this respect reminds us of John Newton's words when some one asked him to spare his strength in his old age:—"What! shall the old African blasphemer give up preaching? No, not while he can speak." These qualities and attainments formed the solid foundation of his popularity; and these were aided in their effect by a remarkable facility and fluency of speech, by a considerable power of vivid description and a glow of emotion which was not produced by the rhetoric of the schools, but sprang from the love of a sanctified heart. His volume of sermons "Preparing for Home," now in its third edition, is a valuable specimen and memorial of his ministry.

He was essentially a man of prayer. This was not his task, but his chosen element, and his heart's joy. Instead of needing to be forced into his closet, no force could have kept him out of it. And when sore afflictions gathered round him, as they did at certain periods of his life, these brought him to the sanctuary of private prayer all the more. God was more and more his refuge and his strength, until his waking hours became an almost continual converse with God.

He was a minister of the Baptist church, through the preference of a sincere conviction; but he was a lover of all good men. Whenever he discovered a Christian, it was his joy to own a brother. What a bereavement to his Christian heart it would have been had it been possible to narrow his intercourse and his sympathies to any denomination under heaven.

In his last months, when he could no longer preach, he busied himself in preparing and issuing tracts and leaflets, all of them good; and some of them, such as "Jeannie Deans," written in our own homely Doric, of great excellence. And now the long, busy, useful, unblemished life is ended. The end came gradually, like the ebbing of a

tide, or the setting of a sun. There were no clouds to dim the setting as he sailed into the fair heavens. And his last words, "Glory everlasting to Him that loved us," seemed like the tuning of his heart for the high and eternal worship of heaven!

AN OLD AUTHOR ON BAPTISM:

WITH A PRELIMINARY TALK ON BOOKS IN GENERAL.

AN old author whose name is to us unknown, and whose work has already witnessed the flight of more than two centuries. For our acquaintance with him we are indebted to the genial editor of this Magazine, who is, in the best sense, a lover of old books, and who has in his library a collection which, if we may venture to confess it, we have sometimes felt disposed to regard with envy. But before we introduce our old author, we should like to have a chat with our readers about books in general. They are an inestimable boon to us, and have had an influence on the intellectual and moral development of the race which we cannot easily exaggerate. The best thoughts of the best minds are enshrined in them, and made our permanent possession. They are "the life-blood of master-spirits, embalmed and treasured up in order to a life beyond life." Just as we had planned our article, there fell into our hands a report of Mr. Gladstone's address to the working men at Buckley, in which he refers to the multiplication of cheap literature as a fact of the utmost importance. "I wish you to understand that multitudes of books now are being constantly prepared and placed within the reach of the population at large, for the most part executed by writers of a high stamp, having subjects of the greatest interest, and which enable you at a moderate price not only to get a cheap literature, which is secondary in its quality, but to go straight into the very heart, if I may say so, into the sanctuary of the temple of literature, and become acquainted with the greatest and best works that the men of our country have produced." The advantages of the present generation are in fact unparalleled, and it would be ungenerous either to ignore or depreciate them. To pass into the society of good books, after we have been occupied with the stern and burdensome duties of life, is as restful as it is invigorating. It is to exchange the hard and dusty road for the pleasant arbour or the rich meadow-land; the turmoil of the street, the whirl of machinery, the clamour of the mart, for the solemn and reverential stillness of a grand and ancient cathedral. "Books," as an old writer quaintly expresses it, "are the

masters who instruct us without rods, without anger, or without reward. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you interrogate them, they do not hide themselves; if you mistake them, they never murmur; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you. O books! alone liberal and making liberal, who give to all who ask and emancipate all who serve you!"

It is, of course, important to remember that all books are not worthy of this eulogium, for, as Carlyle has pithily said, books may, like men's souls, be divided into sheep and goats. Some go up, and carry us heavenward—"others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more, and the wider and the wilder mischief." Nothing is more imperatively necessary than the power to discriminate between good and bad books, between such as are really useful and such as are worthless. On almost every subject there is an enormous amount of literature which we can well afford to neglect—works of second and third rate merit which yield few solid results. "There are many echoes in the world, but few voices," and, if we are wise, we shall be so bent on listening to the voices that the echoes will have few attractions for us. The one or two great books in the various branches of knowledge—thoroughly mastered and absorbed into our mind, will yield us far more intellectual nourishment and delight than we could possibly secure from a hundred common-place authors. It is well to converse with the master-minds of the world, "the First of those who know."

Books are, as we have said, invaluable. And yet it would be an error to regard them as the only means of culture and growth. There are, even, highly educated men, men whose powers are fully drawn out, of keen observation, large knowledge, well-balanced judgment and strong will, who are not great readers. Never, perhaps, has there been an age so distinctively a reading age as the present. But can we claim for it an equal pre-eminence as a thinking age? Go into whatever society we will, we are asked whether we have read such a volume, what we think of such an article or review, and if we know who is the author of such a work. To read everything which issues from the hundred-headed modern press would be a sheer impossibility, even to men who have an absolute command of their time. To attempt to do so would be intellectually suicidal. Excessive reading, like excessive eating, is hurtful; the precursor of weakness, weariness, and misery. Mental dyspepsia is as depressing and obnoxious as physical. If reading is to be of any service to us, to supply us with nourishment, to increase our strength, the mind must re-act on what it reads. We must "mark, learn, and inwardly digest," or we shall suffer the natural and inevitable effects of a voracious appetite. There are many men who would have been immeasurably stronger and happier, if two-thirds of their library had been burned; and if after reading a volume they had been compelled to give a full and accurate account of its contents before being allowed to take

another into their hands. Superficial and desultory reading is worse than useless. It blunts our powers of perception, begets a feebleness and hesitancy of judgment, makes a man halt and totter as one who is intellectually lame. The common saying, that a man may have his mind so filled with the thoughts of other men that he has no room for any of his own, is deeply significant. How often is the saying illustrated? It is a deplorable thing that the very abundance of the means of culture should in so many cases render culture itself impossible. We are always glad when we hear of intelligent and thoughtful men who have the courage to confess that they have not read the latest book of the season. More of us should make up our minds to such blissful ignorance!

One other thing we are anxious to say in connection with this matter. We must not imagine that the only books worth reading are such as we include under the somewhat high-sounding term, modern literature. Each generation probably thinks itself wiser than its predecessor, and is apt to boast too loudly of its discoveries and achievements. Recent advances in physical science, and in various other departments, are, no doubt, very wonderful, and we not inaccurately describe them as triumphs. But other ages had their triumphs too, quite as wonderful as those of our own day. We are no great admirers of Lord Beaconsfield—in some respects we should rank with his severest critics. But he has written many wise and weighty words, to which we may fittingly take heed. In the preface to the collected edition of his novels, he insists that "there is no fallacy so flagrant as to suppose that the modern ages have the peculiar privilege of scientific discovery, or that they are distinguished as the epochs of the most illustrious inventions. On the contrary, scientific invention has always gone on simultaneously with the revelation of spiritual truths; and more, the greatest discoveries are not those of modern ages. No one for a moment can pretend that printing is so great a discovery as writing, or algebra as language. What are the most brilliant of our chemical discoveries compared with the invention of fire and the metals?" So again in regard to astronomy. Copernicus does but illustrate and enforce the system of Pythagoras. There is, therefore, little room for the boundless self-admiration of which the age is so full. Genius of the highest order existed before any of us were born; and the history of the past, from the remotest to the nearest times, is studded with names whose glory will never be eclipsed. The most efficient instruments of intellectual discipline are associated with the names of Euclid, Plato, Aristotle, and others of "the great of old, the dead but sceptered sovrans, who still rule our spirits from their urns." And this surely should convince us of the folly of reading only the books which have been written in our own age. Many of these will doubtless live—others of them, though popular and eagerly run after, are mere ephemera. They flash like a meteor across the face of the sky, and

then sink into congenial darkness. We have often thought that it would be the reverse of a misfortune if the operations of the press could for a series of years be brought to a standstill, so as to afford men time to look about them, and to realise what vast and priceless treasures they already possess. No country in the world has so noble an inheritance in its literature, native and transplanted, as England. God has in it conferred on us a boon which we cannot value too highly, and which the bulk of us certainly do not appreciate. For while it is the fashion to speak with loyal and patriotic enthusiasm of our great writers, we cannot on that account conclude that they are widely read and studied. For ten men who praise Shakespeare, can we find one who has systematically and intelligently read him? How many admirers of Milton could stand an examination in "Paradise Lost"? And if this be so with these foremost of our poets, what shall we say in reference to Chaucer and Spenser; Bacon, Newton, and Locke; Hooker and Chillingworth, Howe and Charnock, and a host of others in philosophy and theology scarcely inferior? It has been sarcastically said "that the classical works of any language may be defined to be the books that every one feels bound to talk about, but that very few feel disposed to read." There is, we fear, too much ground for the sarcasm, and we should be glad if any word of ours could help to roll away the reproach and bring men to "a better mind."

Such is the train of reflection into which we have been led by the sight of this old author on Baptism, and he—with the Editor of the MAGAZINE, without whom we had not known him—must share the responsibility of what we have written.

And now, with a clear conscience, we can go on to speak of the book itself. It is a duodecimo volume of 410 pages, printed in good large type, with bordered edges, and strongly bound in sheepskin. The volume affords no clue either to its authorship or to its printer and publisher, nor have we been able to discover any reference to it in any of our "Baptist Histories" or other works bearing on the subject. Here is the title page:—

"OF BAPTISME. The heads and order of such things as are especially insisted on, you will find in the table of chapters. Printed in the yeare 1646."

The copy is not quite perfect; a part, and probably the greater part, of the preface being lost. The few lines which remain excite our regret that we have not the whole of it. The author has apparently been referring to his purpose in writing, to the nature of his arguments, and the spirit in which he hopes they will be received.

He desires that any who shall examine them more seriously and particularly, and shall not in everything be of the same mind (for light is not administered to all by the same measure), would be content that men should

enjoy their judgement (since nothing is more our own) till cause be given to alter them, and would in the meantime be so friendly to him, who professes to be greatly a friend to truth, in order TO THE TRUTH JESUS CHRIST, that in the difference of opinions there might be a just sympathy and unanimity of the opiners.

The tone of these words is a plain indication that the opinions advocated in the volume were not popular, and that they had to contend with strong opposition, not only from Papists and irreligionists, but from men with whom on most points the author was more thoroughly in sympathy. There is, at the same time, a candour, a manliness, and a generosity which augur well for the character of the book. The expectations thus formed are amply fulfilled.

The work traverses well-nigh the whole ground of the subject. It is the product of what our forefathers were accustomed to call a *painful* writer, a man well versed in patristic and general ecclesiastical literature, scholarly, vigorous in his methods of thought, logical and incisive, a man who did his work thoroughly.

There are in all eighteen chapters. The first four illustrate the meaning and use of baptism, as "the sealing up of our union with Christ," "assuring us of our justification in the remission of all our sins," "the sealing of our Communion with Christ in His holynes, to wit, a death unto sinne, and a rising to newnesse of life," and "the report which the ceremony of baptisme hath to the forementioned ends and uses of that ordinance."

On this last point the author states his position very clearly.

> The externall forme or Ceremony of Baptisme lyes properly in three things, Immersion, or Drowning, or Burying, by putting under the water; some stay under it, and emersion or rising out of it.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> First, therefore, the dipping or drowning in the water signifies the great depth of divine justice, with which Christ for our sakes was swallowed up; and so we are dead and buried with Him, reaping in a ceremony the fruit of that which he suffered indeed, pertaking of His death for sinne, and thereby obliging our selves to death for sinne. Secondly, the stay under the water, though never so little, represents unto us Christ's descending to hell, that is, the lowest degree of his abasement, when Hee was sealed up and watcht in the grave, and was, as it were, cut off from among men; of this abasement wee reape the fruit by Baptisme, and are hereby secured against that abasement *and everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord* to which sinne would have brought us; and therefore sinne, as it is destroyed in us in respect of the guilt and cut off by the abasement of Christ, so it should be apprehended by us for our justification, and it should be utterly dead and mortified to us, in respect of its power and vigour: *dead*

and buried to sinne. Thirdly, the emersion, or rising out of the water, is a representation to us of that victory which Christ, being dead and buried, got over death, and in his rising triumphed over it, with whom also wee rise triumphing over sinne and death, and all evill whatsoever, clearly above the guilt of all sinne, and secure against the evill of sin, rising up to holines and newnes of life. And thus there is a sweete and excellent proportion betweene the ceremony and the substance, the signe and the thing signified, and we are confirmed to be of the union and communion with Christ in everything that is for our good and comfort.

This admirable expcsition of the symbolic force of baptism is followed by a series of inferences and practical applications of especial weight. Take the following:—

The worke of this ordinance, or dying and rising, is advanced much by holy reasonings, both in the time of communicating and afterwards, for wee are apt to forget our selves and our conditions, as he that would have forgot that he was an Emperour, if he had not been remembred of it by others. Thinke therefore much on these things, what you have done in this ordinance, what are the consequences and results of it, which wil be a mighty not onely help, but ingagement to faith and holines; it is a seale on both sides; wee seale to God as well as He to us, it is in our own choyce no more, wee are ingaged by our owne act; wee have subscribed and can recall no more, and certainely this as it ingages much, so it helpes much: to act an act of faith in thought is much, but to speake it is more, but to signe and seal it in an ordinance, by professing subjection, by going downe into the water, by suffering yourselves there to be drowned or buried, by rising or coming out again, all as a ceremony or ordinance for such an end, is both a great ingagement and a great help to us in beleeving.

The fifth chapter vindicates the proper ceremony of baptism by the force of the word, Scripture practice, the suffrage of learned men, and the use of ancient times. Some parts of this argument have, since the days of our author, been illustrated more fully than was then possible. Recent linguistic and antiquarian researches have proved of immense service to us in this controversy, and our position has in every respect been strongly corroborated. But as to the Scripture practice and the objections which we have had so persistently forced on our attention by some who ought to know how worthless they are, nothing could be finer than the statements and refutations found here. The learned men to whom appeal is made, include Maldonatus, Lucas Brugensis, Cajetan, Piscator, Cornelius a Lapide, Calvin, Lorinus, Estius, Deodati, Chamier, &c., &c. What shrewd sense there is in this paragraph:—

When we have a clearnes of Scripture practise, agreable as is confest to the force of the word of institution and expressing it, which also accords, as wee have already showne aboundantly with the use and end of the ordinance, which is the scope and intent of it, and apparently conformable to the most evident antient practise, it were a boldnesse (to say no more) to leave or desert that practise, which, upon the former grounds, wee know to be safe and warrantable, for another, which we have little reason to beleeve was used, but because wee see not how in some instanced particular circumstances, it could be well otherwayes; and as it is ever dangerous to depart from known and approoved Scripture practise in the matter of ordinances, upon our owne surmises, so it can be no where of worse consequence then in such ordinances (of which Baptisme and the Lord's Supper are) the being and good of which lyes much in the right administration of a ceremony.

Then, after a course of powerful reasoning in reference to the practice of the earliest ages, our author "takes a knit from this to observe what a tyrant custome is."

I say you see here the tyranny and boldnesse of custome, that having shaped (as it is apt to doe) our mindes to one way, dares now pretend for that alone, with the exclusion of others, and would persuade us that nothing should be, but what we have seene to be, and counts everything error, that hath not fallen under our sense or experience. In things civill and indifferent, I can be content that custome shall be my guide, and shall take that for good coyne, that the world stampes; but in matter of ordinances, and things sacred, the rule of which lies in institution, and not in our liberty or choyce, and the blessing of which lies in conforming to the rule and institution: I beseech you let us be wairy to judge with righteous judgement, and not by that appearance which the customes of this world upon their worldly and carnall though seeming wise considerations hold forth to us.

The grounds on which infants are said to be entitled to Baptism by Protestant Divines are then submitted to a rigorous examination, and so thoroughly devoid of reason and Scripture are these grounds shown to be that our only marvel is that men can continue to urge them. The five chapters which enter into the consideration of the great argument for infant baptism drawn from the circumcision of infants are perhaps the most valuable in the book. In answer to this argument five particulars are handled. 1. "What circumcision was to the Jewes, and whether this qualification requisite to it was regeneration or the infusion of gratious habits." This was not the qualification required, and hence there is a great and essential difference between the two rites. 2. How far the ordinances of the Old Testament should regulate and determine by way of rule and institution those of

the New. It is shown that the ground of instituted ordinances lies only in the revealed will of the institutor. We cannot lawfully alter a New Testament regulation, or substitute one from the Old Testament in its place. 3. How we are ingrafted into Abraham's covenant and by what title we are called his children. The answer is, of course, by faith; and hence infants cannot on that score be baptized. 4. How far the Jews by virtue of their being Abraham's seed could pretend to New Testament ordinances. The author makes it evident that they had no claim to participate in them on the ground of their birthright, and that no others can have such a claim.

And, lastly, it is proved that though infant baptism cannot be supported from Scripture, yet "the privileges of Christians and their state may be justly said to be as great as the privileges of the Jewes and their state." This argument is conclusively established, although subsequent writers have more fully developed it, and presented it in perhaps a more striking light.

The well-known words in 1 Cor. vii. 14, "Else were your children unclean; but now are they holy," are examined with a carefulness and accuracy which controversialists would do well to imitate. The view advocated is in substance identical with that to which the pages of this MAGAZINE have often borne witness, and which would, we feel persuaded, commend itself to any unprejudiced reader. The passage has not the remotest connection with baptism, and if it had it would prove too much, inasmuch as the unbelieving husband or wife would stand on precisely the same ground of privilege as the "holy" children.

"The authority of the Fathers and the practise of ancient times is to many a great argument for the baptizing of infants; to me that look upon such argumentations, as not of the first magnitude, collaterally, and such as may truely and as often be brought for the patronizing of errors as truth, they are of no great consideration, yet to satisfy others more than myself there must be something spoken to this head."

And so our brave old author allows his opponents to bring forward whatever evidence they can in support of their case. He gives the quotations in *Bellarmine* (and these are the best our Pædobaptist friends can adduce), from *Dionysius the Areopagite* (so called), *Origen*, *Cyprian*, *Jerome*, *Augustine*, &c. This, however, does not take us back to the earliest Christian age, and even these fathers only claim for the practice of Pædobaptism the authority of tradition, not of Scripture. They may "justly be reputed ours, and of our side, for they judge it not from Scripture, and therefore are forced to fetch the rise of it from tradition, which tradition because it will not bear the weight of an institution, as you have heard, therefore the whole building is to fall, which is falsely bottomed, and their authority upon that ground is nothing, saving that by flying for a bottome and refuge to tradition, they doe with us

affirme that there is no better ground for infant baptisme than humane traditio, which is indeed none at all. So as you find how all these testimonies and authorities and many of the same kind become ours."

Not content with thus turning the tables on his opponents, our author shows that infant baptism grew out of a false and pernicious belief that baptism itself regenerated, and was absolutely necessary for salvation. He proceeds still further, and produces "some testimonies that the Lord's Supper was administered to infants as well as Baptisme, as necessary to salvation, and if antiquity be to be esteemed a great argument for the administering of one Sacrament, why not of the other?"

The remainder of the book is occupied with various cognate questions, such as "whether baptisme be to be repeated;" the time and rank it should hold in the order of ordinances; the "Minister of Baptisme," &c. It would be interesting as well as profitable to follow the line of argument throughout, but the length to which our article has already extended warns us that we must close.

Our principal regret in connection with this book is one in which our readers will share,—that it is not better known, and that it cannot be procured by "ordering it at our bookseller's." We do not say that it is the best book on Baptism, or that it meets all the exigencies of the controversy as it now exists, but it is unquestionably one of the best books on the subject, and its arguments are irrefragable. Such books as this are invaluable. They afford evidence of the strength, the wisdom, the learning, and the piety of our ancestors, and stimulate us to prove ourselves worthy of our lineage. They show us, too, how hopeless it is to bring our opponents over to our side by intellectual methods alone. In point of scholarship and logical power, this work cannot be surpassed. If competent knowledge and conclusive reasoning could settle the controversy, it would have been settled long ago by such a work as this. Intellectual weapons are indeed indispensable. We must make good our ground, and be able to justify our opinions and practices by the severest and most adverse tests. But there are other than intellectual barriers to be overcome, and we, as Baptists, must remember this, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* No doubt. But it will be a long time before that desired consummation is reached, and in the meanwhile error prevails to an alarming extent in political, speculative, and religious life—not only among ignorant and reckless men, but among men who are wise, conscientious, and upright. How to counteract the influence of popular errors and uproot them is a problem which we do not profess ourselves able to solve. This only will we say, that, while we must not relax our efforts in the intellectual sphere, we must seek more than ever to commend our distinctive doctrine by a Christian life in harmony with it. On no one is it so incumbent as it is on Baptists to keep very near to Christ, and continually to walk with

Him in newness of life. Our principles give us a vantage ground, not only in the great controversy with Romanism and Ritualism, but in the sphere of practical Christian ethics. Let us be true to them in every sense, in practice no less than in theory. Baptism should be administered only as the sequel of faith. Let us prove by our works that we have faith. It is only a symbol—not a regenerating or saving power. If it is no more than a symbol, let us at least show that it is no less, and lay fast hold of the reality which it should ever enshrine.

REVIEWS.

THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

AMONGST the attractive *menus* which the publishers put forth at this season of the year, the catalogue of the Sunday School Union deserves particular notice, and that, not only from the conductors of schools, but from the heads of families. The books which are issued by this society are exemplary for Evangelical truth, careful writing, skilful adaptation to the young, and in their glittering appearance will compare favourably with the most attractive exploits of the binder. KIND WORDS, the annual volume for 1878, cloth gilt, price four shillings and sixpence, is one of the most attractive of the children's magazines. It has a good blending of grave and gay in its contents. The picture puzzles and other "nuts to crack" fascinate both old and young. The series of Science papers entitled, "England's Wealth; or, a Peep into her Workshops," by Mr. Bower, Science Master of the City Middle Class School, is worth more than the cost of the whole volume. —THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE, cloth gilt, two shillings, provides with great skill for the gratification of a still younger class of readers; its letter-press and pictorial adornments are of unquestionable merit, and sure to plant book-love in the hearts and minds of babes and sucklings.—THE MORNING OF LIFE, cloth gilt, two shillings, rightly bears the supplementary title, "A Treasury of Counsel, Information, and Entertainment for Young People." We are glad to announce that it will appear in January, enlarged from twenty to forty-eight pages, under the new title EXCELSIOR, and will be published at twopence monthly.—MARY MORDAUNT; or, Faithful in the Least, by Annie Gray, crown 8vo, price three shillings and sixpence, is a story of every-day life, in which the blessedness of a life of faith and usefulness is set forth in a forcible and taking manner.—MONKSBURY COLLEGE: a Tale of School-Girl Life, by Sarah Doudney, price two shillings and sixpence, is perhaps scarcely equal to some of Miss Doudney's books, but it has a robbery, a false accusation, a sham ghost, and similar attractions for young lady readers, in addition to sounder moral teaching than we usually find in such surroundings.—ARCHIE DUNN'S

STORIES, AS TOLD BY HIMSELF, price two shillings, will find eager listeners among the boys, who will be glad to learn that it has a fight in it, and a runaway, besides rabbits and guns, and these, not only in the text, but in pictorial representation also.—SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS; or, the Reward of Gentleness, by Frances I. Tylcoat; and the YOUNG REBELS: a Story of the Battle of Lexington, by Ascott R. Hope, price two shillings each, are also excellent, the former for girls, the latter for boys.—GEORGE'S TEMPTATION, by Emma Leslie; LITTLE BESS, or the Pure in Heart, by Mary Ellis; THE INFANT ZEPHYR: a Tale of Strolling Life, by Benjamin Clarke, eighteenpence, are each of them excellent for gift-books or prizes in the younger classes. The last of the three is by the editor of *Kind Words*, and partakes of the vivacity which distinguishes that periodical.—THE CHAINED BOOK, by Emma Leslie, and WHO SHALL WIN, by Mrs. Seamer, at one shilling each, deserve commendation.—THE PICTORIAL DESCRIPTION OF THE TABERNACLE IN THE WILDERNESS, by the late John Dilworth, price one shilling and sixpence, is valuable for educational purposes, as it contains a trustworthy description of the tabernacle and its services.—THE CHILD'S CABINET, of 24 small books, price one shilling, is suitable for distribution both in and out of school.—THE TEACHERS' POCKET BOOK AND DIARY, price two shillings, is indispensable to the thoroughly-furnished teacher, and only requires THE CLASS REGISTER, price fourpence, to secure a complete record of school subjects, attendances, and other useful details.—THE BEST NEW YEAR'S GIFT, by Rev. Alfred Bax; BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS, by Rev. J. H. Hollowell, are addresses to children; QUIET WORDS WITH SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS, by J. Macgregor, Esq.; TAKE PAINS, an Address to Parents; all four of them published at six shillings per hundred, should be circulated in every school in Great Britain.—THE NEW YEAR'S MOTTO CARD, illuminated in twelve colours, with space for the holder's name or name of the school, at one shilling per dozen, is equal to any of the numerous cards published at the same price.—THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL SHEET ALMANACK, at one penny, contains the international lessons for the year, and other useful information. We congratulate the Committee of the Sunday School Union on these numerous exhibits of their zeal in the interests of the schools, and cheerfully note that they are abreast of the times in the spirit of their publications and the style in which they are produced.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT & CO., EDINBURGH, whose books may also be obtained of Hamilton, Adams, & Co., Paternoster Row, are sedulous caterers for the young. All the works issued by this firm have an indent of superiority. Amongst their Christmas and New Year's gifts we notice THE YOUNG DESERTER: a Tale of the Thirty Years' War, in which much historical information is blended with exciting narrative. — ONE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT, AND OTHER STORIES, by Edward Garrett, and THE YOUNG CRAGSMAN, AND OTHER STORIES, by Robert Richardson, B.A., are sure to be favourites with youthful readers. "The Lighthouse Keeper's Story" in Mr. Garrett's book is particularly good.

THE ROYAL INVITATION; or, Daily Thoughts on Coming to Christ.

LOYAL RESPONSES; or, Daily Melodies for the King's Minstrels.

By Frances Ridley Havergal. London: James Nisbet & Co., 21, Berners-street. 1878.

WE have before now had occasion to speak in no uncertain terms of Miss Havergal's capabilities in the poetical field, and to commend the way in which she has exercised them (*vide* review in THE BAPTIST MAGAZINE for July last).

"Loyal Responses" presents features very similar to those of the "Ministry of Song" and "Under the Surface." The writer's style is all her own, and is a right cheerful one. It had from the first its peculiarities and defects as well as its beauties; but, if we may judge from the present volume, the peculiarities survive chiefly as excellences, and the defects—with the exception of an employment of italics which is unintelligible—are becoming modified, and tend to a minimum. This work may properly be considered as a supplement to the above-named former productions of the author. In it time and practice have effected a higher polish than was attained in its predecessors. We fear that we must add that there is hardly the old strength. Our readers may do worse than read one out of the thirty-one daily portions comprised in the book, on each day of the coming month. They may, perhaps, agree with us in thinking that on reaching the end the memory goes back with special satisfaction to the piece for the fourth day.

The "Royal Invitation" is a series of short prose treatises on matters of faith and doctrine, with one or two original pieces of verse interspersed. It is likewise arranged in daily portions to extend over a month. The views expressed are set forth with much clearness, and the whole is well calculated to impress the reader with a sense of the reality and tangibility of things spiritual, as also of the copiousness of the stores of truth and the completeness of the instruction to be found in the Holy Scriptures.

MR. DICKENSON'S PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Theological Quarterly.*
2. *The Homiletical Quarterly.*
3. *The Study and Homiletic Quarterly.* London: R. D. Dickenson, Farringdon-street.

MR. DICKENSON supplies us with so many good things that it is difficult to say which is best. A friend of ours solves the difficulty by saying that they all are. The *Theological Quarterly* is perhaps most to our mind. The articles by Prof. Oosterzee on "The Son of Man," by Prof. Dawson on "Evolution," and by Prof. Green on Kuenen's "Prophets and Prophecy in Israel," are especially noticeable. But they are only a sample of some nine or ten more. In the *Homiletical Quarterly* the Clerical Symposium which we mentioned some months ago is concluded. Prof. Bruce continues the exposition of the parables, and altogether the Editor has provided a budget such as can nowhere else be found. The *Study* is also good.

THE MINISTER'S POCKET DIARY AND VISITING BOOK, 1879. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row. Price Two Shillings.

THIS is a most complete and convenient ministerial diary; nothing seems to have been omitted that is requisite in such a publication.

SYMBOLS OF CHRIST. By Charles Stanford, D.D., Author of "The Plant of Grace," "Central Truth's," &c. A New Edition. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THERE is not a Church in Christendom which would not be thankful to have in its ministry our beloved friend Dr. Stanford. We certainly are thankful for him, and for the influence he has exerted in the pulpit and through the press. His books have long been regarded as classics. We have read and re-read them, and always with increasing pleasure. There are few works so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our Divine Master. Every reader is attracted by their clear and graceful style, their calm, strong thought, their beauty of illustration, and their intense earnestness. "Symbols of Christ" has been for some time out of print. It is now issued in a neat and elegant form by the Religious Tract Scciety, and will doubtless command a more extensive circulation that it has formerly had. It cannot be too widely known and read. The chapters on Melchizedek, on the captain of the Lord's host, and on the Refiner watching the crucible are especially powerful.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

Denton, Northamptonshire, November 7th.
Dunnington, Evesham, November 13th.

INVITATIONS ACCEPTED.

Bowser, Rev. S. (Regent's Park College), Exeter.
Bradford, Rev. J. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Leytonstone.
Dowding, Rev. T. (Torrington, Devon), Huddersfield.
Feltham, Rev. F. (Metropolitan Tabernacle College), Winslow.
Finch, Rev. R. R. (Mile End), Bermondsey.
Jenkins, Rev. E. W. (Haverfordwest College), Rowley, Durham.
Mackenzie, Rev. A. P. (Regent's Park), Biggleswade.
Perkins, Rev. W. H. (Bootle), Goodshaw, Lancashire.
Wood, Rev. W. (Market Harborough), Bradford, Yorkshire.

RECOGNITION SERVICES.

Bromsgrove, Rev. E. E. Coleman, October 20th.
Derby, Rev. W. H. Tetley, October 24th.
Fakenham, Rev. W. Hall, November 5th.
Huntingdon, Rev. W. S. Davis, October 24th.
Idle, Rev. J. Lee, October 23rd.
Stony Stratford, Rev. T. Baker, B.A., October 25th.

RESIGNATIONS.

Collins, Rev. J., John-street, Bedford-row.
Giles, Rev. W. L., Greenwich.
Middleton, Rev. R. J., Watchet.

DEATHS.

Evans, Rev. Shem, Ullesthorpe, Leicestershire, Oct. 18, aged 77.
Watson, Rev. Jonathan, Ann-street, Edinburgh, Oct. 19, aged 84.

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